9 December 1978 U.S. $1.10c/Canada 80c 20p

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

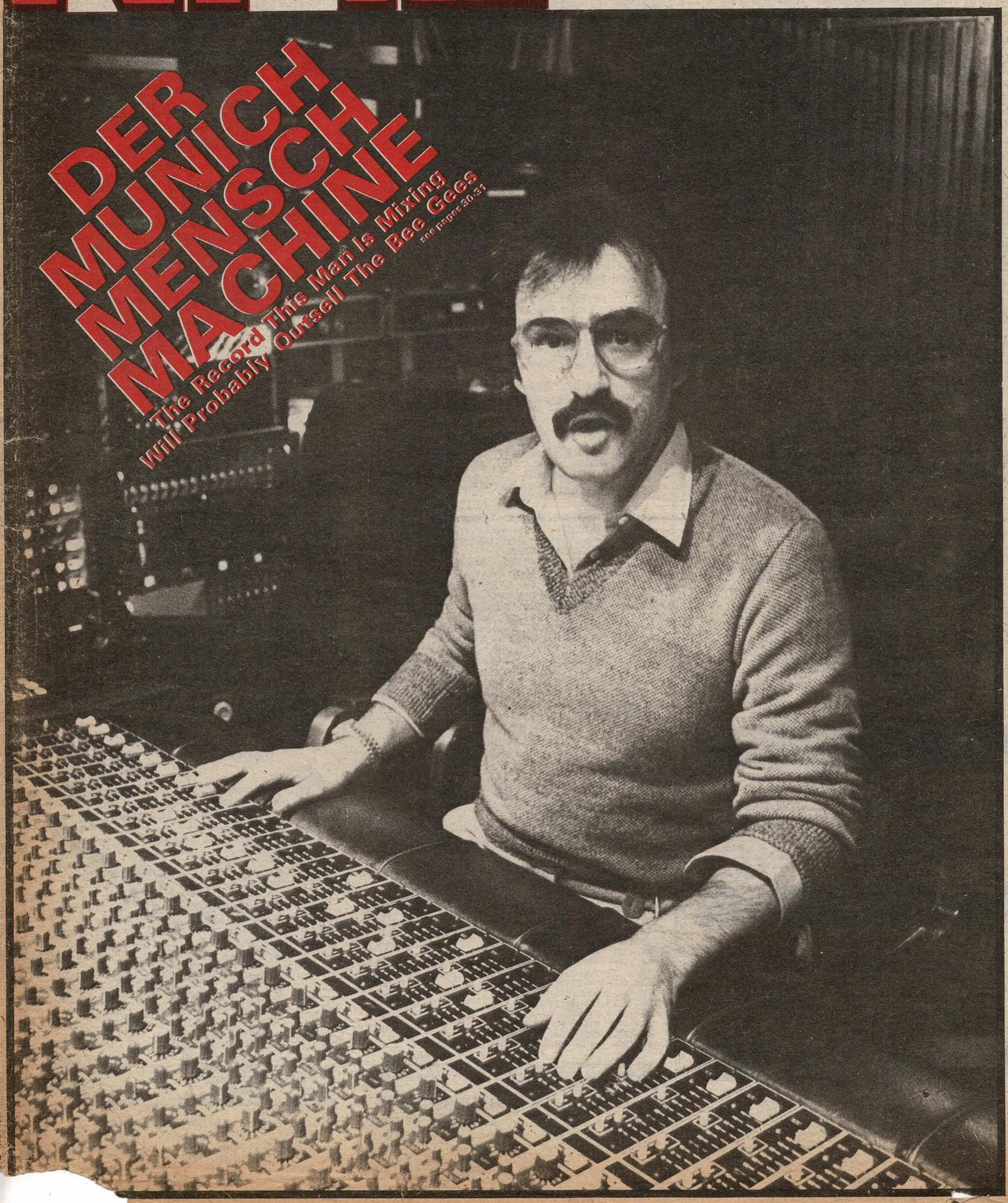
DEVO — Invasion Of The Spud Snatchers p.25

BOWIE MOVIE — The Sound And The Führer p. 11

DER MUNICH MENSCH MACHINE

The Record This Man Is Mixing Will Probably Outsell The Bee Gees

see pages 30-31



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FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending December 4, 1973

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	I LOVE YOU LOVE ME LOVE	Gary Glitter (Bell)
16	2	MY COO—CA-CHOO	Alvin Stardust (Magnet)
11	3	PAPER ROSES	Marie Osmond (MGM)
2	4	LET ME IN	The Osmonds (MGM)
3	5	DNYA-MITE	Mud Lark (Rak)
4	6	PHOTOGRAPH	Ringo Starr (Apple)
5	7	WHEN I FALL IN LOVE	Donny Osmond (MGM)
10	8	WHY OH WHY OH WHY	Gilbert O'Sullivan (MAM)
8	9	DO YOU WANNA DANCE	Barry Blue (Bell)
14	10	LAMPLIGHT	David Essex (CBS)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending December 4, 1968

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	ELOISE	Barry Ryan (MGM)
2	2	THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE UGLY..	Hugo Montenegro (RCA)
3	3	THIS OLD HEART OF MINE	ISLEY Brothers (Tamla Motown)
4	4	BREAKING DOWN THE WALLS OF HEARTACHE	Bandwagon (Direction)
12	5	LILY THE PINK	Scaffold (Parlophone)
11	6	AIN'T GOT NO — I GOT LIFE	Nina Simone (RCA)
9	7	ELENORE	Turtles (London)
6	8	ALL ALONG THE WATCHTOWER	Jimi Hendrix Experience (Track)
13	9	I'M A TIGER	Lulu (Columbia)
17	10	HARPER VALLEY P.T.A.	Jeannie C. Riley (Polydor)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending December 6, 1963

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	SHE LOVES YOU	Beatles (Parlophone)
3	2	DON'T TALK TO HIM	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
7	3	YOU WERE MADE FOR ME	Freddie & The Dreamers (Columbia)
6	5	SECRET LOVE	Kathy Kirby (Decca)
4	6	I'LL KEEP YOU SATISFIED	Billy J. Kramer (Parlophone)
5	7	SUGAR AND SPICE	Searchers (Pye)
8	7	BE MY BABY	Ronettes (London)
9	9	MARIA ELENA	Los Indios Tabajaras (RCA)
17	10	I ONLY WANT TO BE WITH YOU	Dusty Springfield (Philips)

CHARTS

SINGLES

Week ending December 9, 1978

This Last Week			Weeks in Chart	Highest Position
1	(2)	DO YA THINK I'M SEXY — Rod Stewart (Riva)	4	1
2	(15)	MARY'S BOY CHILD — Boney M (Atlantic Hansa)	2	2
3	(1)	RAT TRAP — Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	8	1
4	(8)	HANGING ON THE TELEPHONE — Blondie (Chrysalis)	4	4
5	(—)	A TASTE OF AGGRO — Baron Knights (Epic)	1	5
6	(3)	HOPELESSLY DEVOTED TO YOU — Olivia Newton-John (RSO)	6	2
7	(21)	I LOST MY HEART TO A STARSHIP TROOPER — Sarah Brightman & Hot Gossip (Ariola Hansa)	3	7
8	(9)	TOO MUCH HEAVEN — Bee Gees (RSO)	2	8
9	(5)	PRETTY LITTLE ANGEL EYES — Showaddywaddy (Arista)	5	5
10	(12)	LE FREAK — Chic (Atlantic)	3	10
11	(7)	INSTANT REPLAY — Dan Hartman (Blue Sky)	7	3
12	(11)	ALWAYS & FOREVER/MIND BLOWING DECISIONS — Heatwave (GTO)	5	11
13	(16)	Y.M.C.A. — Village People (Mercury)	2	13
14	(6)	MY BEST FRIEND'S GIRL — Cars (Elektra)	4	5
15	(4)	DARLIN' — Frankie Miller (Chrysalis)	8	4
16	(18)	GREASED LIGHTNING — John Travolta (Midsong)	2	16
17	(—)	TOMMY GUN — Clash (CBS)	1	17
18	(—)	DON'T CRY OUT LOUD — Elkie Brooks (A & M)	2	18
19	(13)	BICYCLE RACE/FAT BOTTOMED GIRLS — Queen (EMI)	6	12
20	(10)	I LOVE AMERICA — Patrick Juvet (Casablanca)	5	10
21	(14)	PART TIME LOVE — Elton John (Rocket)	4	14
22	(26)	SHOOTING STAR — Dollar (EMI)	2	22
23	(—)	YOU DON'T BRING ME FLOWERS — Barbra Streisand & Neil Diamond (CBS)	1	23
24	(—)	I'M EVERY WOMAN — Chaka Khan (Warner Bros)	1	24
25	(—)	DON'T LET IT FADE AWAY — Darts (Magnet)	3	18
26	(19)	IN THE BUSH — Musique (CBS)	3	19
27	(23)	GERM FREE ADOLESCENCE — X Ray Spex (EMI Int)	4	23
28	(—)	SONG FOR GUY — Elton John (Rocket)	1	28
29	(—)	I'LL PUT YOU TOGETHER AGAIN — Hot Chocolate (RAK)	1	29
30	(—)	DR WHO — Mankind (Pinnacle)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

BREAKING GLASS E.P. — David Bowie (RCA). ANYWAY YOU DO IT — Liquid Gold (Creole). NUMBER 1 DEE JAY — Goody Goody (Atlantic). DESTINATION VENUS — Rezillos (Sire).

ALBUMS

Week ending December 9, 1978

This Last Week			Weeks in Chart	Highest Position
1	(2)	NEIL DIAMOND'S 20 GOLDEN GREATS — Neil Diamond (MCA)	4	1
2	(1)	GREASE — Original Soundtrack (RSO)	22	1
3	(25)	THE SINGLES 1974-1978 — Carpenters (A & M)	2	3
4	(4)	NIGHT FLIGHT TO VENUS — Boney M (Int Hansa)	21	1
5	(7)	MIDNIGHT HUSTLE — Various (K-Tel)	2	5
6	(6)	JAZZ — Queen (EMI)	4	6
7	(16)	BLONDES HAVE MORE FUN — Rod Stewart (Riva)	2	7
8	(20)	THE AMAZING DARTS — Darts (Magnet)	5	8
9	(11)	TONIC FOR THE TROOPS — Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	17	4
10	(5)	EMOTIONS — Various (K-Tel)	6	2
11	(3)	GIVE 'EM ENOUGH ROPE — Clash (CBS)	3	3
12	(21)	LIONHEART — Kate Bush (EMI)	3	12
13	(9)	A SINGLE MAN — Elton John (Rocket Records)	6	5
14	(11)	IMAGES — Don Williams (K-Tel)	19	2
15	(28)	THAT'S LIFE — Sham 69 (Polydor)	2	15
16	(19)	EVERGREEN — Acker Bilk (Warwick)	3	15
17	(10)	WAR OF THE WORLDS — Jeff Wayne (CBS)	23	2
18	(22)	OUT OF THE BLUE — Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	51	3
19	(8)	IF YOU CAN'T STAND THE HEAT — Status Quo (Phonogram)	6	3
20	(—)	THE SCREAM — Siouxsie & The Banshees (Polydor)	1	20
21	(15)	25TH ANNIVERSARY ALBUM — Shirley Bassey (United Artists)	6	12
22	(—)	GREATEST HITS — Commodores (Motown)	1	22
23	(—)	SHOWADDYWADDY'S 1976 GREATEST HITS 1978 — (Arista)	1	23
24	(17)	BOOGIE FEVER — Various (Ronco)	2	17
25	(—)	SMURFS IN SMURFLAND — Father Abraham & The Smurfs (Decca)	1	25
26	(13)	ALL MOD CONS — Jam (Polydor)	5	3
27	(—)	DON'T WALK BOOGIE — Various (EMI)	3	27
28	(23)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER — Various (RSO)	32	1
29	(14)	MANHATTAN TRANSFER LIVE — Manhattan Transfer (WEA)	6	10
30	(18)	LIVE & MORE — Donna Summer (Casablanca)	8	11

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

GREATEST HITS — Steely Dan (ABC). CARS — Cars (Elektra). INCANTATIONS — Mike Oldfield (Virgin). AD NAUSEUM — Derek & Clive (Virgin).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending December 9, 1978

This Last Week		
1	(1)	YOU DON'T BRING ME FLOWERS — Barbra & Neil
2	(3)	I JUST WANNA STOP — Gino Vannelli
3	(2)	HOW MUCH I FEEL — Ambrosia
4	(5)	SHARING THE NIGHT TOGETHER — Dr Hook
5	(4)	MACARTHUR PARK — Donna Summer
6	(7)	I LOVE THE NIGHT LIFE (DISCO ROUND) — Alicia Bridges
7	(11)	TOO MUCH HEAVEN — Bee Gees
8	(10)	(OUR LOVE) DON'T THROW IT ALL AWAY — Andy Gibb
9	(9)	TIME PASSAGES — Al Stewart
10	(13)	MY LIFE — Billy Joel
11	(12)	STRANGE WAY — Firefall
12	(17)	LE FREAK — Chic
13	(14)	ALIVE AGAIN — Chicago
14	(20)	HOLD THE LINE — Toto
15	(15)	SWEET LIFE — Paul Davis
16	(21)	Y.M.C.A. — Village People
17	(6)	HOT CHILD IN THE CITY — Nick Gilder
18	(19)	STRAIGHT ON — Heart
19	(25)	OOH BABY BABY — Linda Ronstadt
20	(22)	CHANGE OF HEART — Eric Carmen
21	(8)	KISS YOU ALL OVER — Exile
22	(27)	PART TIME LOVE — Elton John
23	(26)	HOW YOU GONNA SEE ME NOW — Alice Cooper
24	(30)	PROMISES — Eric Clapton
25	(28)	I'M EVERY WOMAN — Chaka Khan
26	(—)	WE'VE GOT TONITE — Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band
27	(16)	READY TO TAKE A CHANCE AGAIN — Barry Manilow
28	(—)	BICYCLE RACE/FAT BOTTOMED GIRLS — Queen
29	(24)	DOUBLE VISION — Foreigner
30	(18)	DON'T WANT TO LIVE WITHOUT IT — Pablo Cruise

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

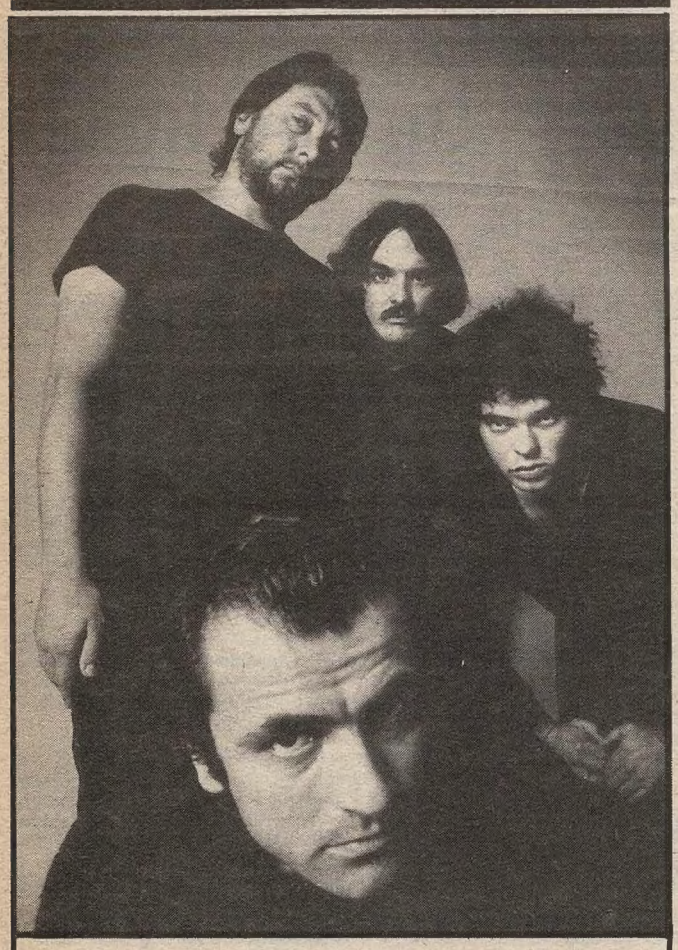
U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending December 9, 1978

This Last Week		
1	(1)	52nd STREET — Billy Joel
2	(2)	A WILD & CRAZY GUY — Steve Martin
3	(3)	LIVE AND MORE — Donna Summer
4	(4)	DOUBLE VISION — Foreigner
5	(6)	LIVING IN THE U.S.A. — Linda Ronstadt
6	(5)	GREASE — Various Artists
7	(7)	TIME PASSAGES — Al Stewart
8	(22)	BARBRA STREISAND'S GREATEST HITS VOL. 2
9	(10)	BROTHER TO BROTHER — Gino Vannelli
10	(11)	PIECES OF EIGHT — Styx
11	(8)	SOME GIRLS — Rolling Stones
12	(18)	LIVE BOOTLEG — Aerosmith
13	(14)	A SINGLE MAN — Elton John
14	(16)	WEEKEND WARRIORS — Ted Nugent
15	(9)	DON'T LOOK BACK — Boston
16	(—)	GREATEST HITS — Barry Manilow
17	(—)	BACKLESS — Eric Clapton
18	(19)	CHAKA — Chaka Khan
19	(20)	CRUISIN' — Village People
20	(—)	JAZZ — Queen
21	(25)	GREATEST HITS — Steely Dan
22	(12)	COMES A TIME — Neil Young
23	(27)	ELAN — Firefall
24	(21)	THE STRANGER — Billy Joel
25	(30)	TWO FOR THE SHOW — Kansas
26	(28)	WAVELENGTH — Van Morrison
27	(—)	THE BEST OF EARTH, WIND & FIRE VOL. 1
28	(17)	TWIN SONS OF DIFFERENT MOTHERS — Dan Fogelberg & Tim Weisberg
29	(15)	HOT STREETS — Chicago
30	(—)	ACE FREHLEY

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

NEWS



STRANGLERS BUSY IN '79

THE STRANGLERS, who have been keeping a low profile since their bust-up with students after walking out of a gig at Guildford Surrey University, have announced major plans for the first half of next year — including two albums, a new single, overseas tours and British dates.

The latest single — recorded last weekend, and co-produced by Martin Rushent and the band themselves — is a brand new song, not taken from any previous album, and is set for late January release. Out at the same time will be their live album, recorded over the past 18 months, which they're just finishing mixing. Also nearing completion is Jean Jacques Burnel's solo set "Euro Man Cometh" on which he plays bass, drums, guitar and synthesiser.

An extensive tour of the Far East — taking in Japan, Australia and New Zealand — is being lined up for the late winter, and it's expected that they'll then go on to tour America. But before setting out on their overseas jaunts, they'll be undertaking a number of British dates to promote their various record releases, and details are expected shortly.

It's not yet known if they'll be undertaking any college dates, following Guildford's attempts to have them banned from the campus circuit. But NME enquiries indicate that several universities are still willing and keen to book them.

It was confirmed this week that Ian Grant is now sole manager of The Stranglers. But at the same time, he admitted that he's involved in a dispute with his Albion Music co-partners Dai Davies and Derek Savage, who seemingly want to relinquish control of the group. The current argument concerns the final financial settlement.

'Classic Rock' at R.A.H.

"CLASSIC ROCK", the hit album featuring symphonic treatments of standard rock material, is to be presented on stage in the New Year. The London Symphony Orchestra, who recorded the LP, are giving two big concerts at London's Royal Albert Hall on January 30 and 31 — when they'll be accompanied by a 200-strong choir, plus a special rhythm section comprising some of Britain's top rock session musicians. Conductor is Harry Rabinowitz.

It's the first time a symphony orchestra has performed an entire rock music programme. And besides all the material from the "Classic Rock" album, the concerts will also preview music from the follow-up LP — titled "Classic Rock — The Second Movement", it's due for release by K-Tel later in the winter and includes such items as "Pinball Wizard", "River Deep Mountain High", "Hey Joe" and "Space Oddity". It seems certain to emulate the success of the original album, which has now sold over half-a-million in Britain.

Tickets for the Albert Hall concerts go on sale tomorrow (Friday) at the box-office and through the usual agencies, and prices are £6, £4.50, £3, £2 and £1.50. Both shows start at 7.30 pm, and the promoter is Peter Bowyer, who hopes to arrange subsequent dates in the provinces.

XMAS CONCERTS FOR CLASH, JAM & GEN X

THE CLASH have now confirmed that they will play their previously-reported Sid Vicious benefit concert at London Camden Music Machine on Tuesday, December 19. Proceeds from the show will help to pay Vicious' legal costs for his upcoming murder trial in New York. Also on the bill are their current tour supports, The Slits and The Innocents, and it's likely that one or two guest bands will appear. Advance tickets cost £2.50.

Two other London dates for The Clash are at the Strand Lyceum just after Christmas — on December 28 and 29. Ticket prices and booking details will follow next week.

Other newly-confirmed Clash dates, tacked on to the end of their British tour itinerary and leading up to Christmas, are Bath Pavilion (December 12), Portsmouth Locarno (17), Purley Tiffany's (18), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (20), Hastings Pier Pavilion (21) and Aylesbury Friars (22).

GENERATION X have now confirmed their London Christmas show — it's at the Electric Ballroom in Camden Town on Wednesday, December 20 — a day later than originally planned, to avoid a clash with The Clash's gig just down the road at the Music Machine.

Tickets priced £2.50 go on sale tomorrow (Friday) at the venue's box-office, London Theatre Bookings, Premier Box-Office and Edwards and Edwards. Promoters Straight Music say that a big-name guest act is also being lined up for the show.

This booking now supercedes reports that Gen X would be playing London Rainbow on December 20, as the second in the series of budget-price new-wave nights being presented there — reports which, say the band, were always unfounded becasue they weren't even approached to do the Rainbow gig! Meanwhile, another new booking for Gen X — just confirmed — is at Leeds Fan Club at Brannigan's next Monday (11).

THE JAM are also playing a special Christmas show at London's Music Machine, and their date is Thursday, December 21. They'll be supported by Jab-Jab, The Gang Of Four and The Nips. Tickets cost £2.50, and are available now from the box-office and usual agencies.

The band have just completed an extensive U.K. tour, culminating in a headlining appearance at Wembley Arena in the Great British Music Festival last Wednesday, but they don't regard this as their official London date. In any case, it was cut short by police, because the event was running late due to a sudden outbreak of violence earlier in the evening.

The Jam's concert at Canterbury Kent University, scheduled for last month but unavoidably postponed, has now been re-arranged for tonight (Thursday).

STEVE GIBBONS BAND, just back from a European tour, are to play a one-off Christmas concert in their home town. It's at the Birmingham Odeon on Saturday, December 23. As reported last week, they're expected to gig more extensively in the New Year.

SIOUXSIE And The Banshees have now fixed a date as a replacement for the show they cancelled last month at Croydon Greyhound, due to stage problems at that venue. It's a few miles down the road at Purley Tiffany's on Tuesday, December 19.

GONG are staging a Christmas Party at London Camden Electric Ballroom on Friday, December 15. Taking part are Daevid Allen, Gilli Smyth and Mother Gong.

BILLY IDOL (right) and TONY JAMES of Gen X.

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FRIDAY 15th DECEMBER at 7·30
TICKETS £4·00, £3·50, £3·00, £2·50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE 10·30 AM - 8·00 PM. MON - SAT TEL: 021 643 6101, OR ON NIGHT

NEWS WAVES

DEVO were forced to call of their scheduled concert at Sheffield City Hall on Thursday of last week. Due to freezing fog on the motorway, they arrived from Newcastle over five hours late — and to complicate matters still further, the truck carrying their gear was involved in a multiple pile-up. The Sheffield gig has now been re-arranged for next Wednesday, December 13, when all existing tickets will still be valid.

THE UNDERTONES have fixed a few dates in their own right, following the collapse of The Rezillos' tour which they were supporting. They play London Camden Electric Ballroom this Saturday (9), followed by a string of gigs in Ireland including Belfast The Pound (13 and 14), then return for London Kensington The Nashville supported by The Squares (18 and 19) and Manchester Russell Club (21). Their new single "Get Over You" will be issued by Sire in mid-January.

ADAM & THE ANTS' concert at London Rainbow, originally planned for last night (Wednesday) as the first in a series of budget-price new-wave shows, was put back at short notice to Wednesday, December 20. The reason was that it proved impossible to remove the seats from the venue in sufficient time for a gig this week. Support acts are U.K. Subs and The Pack, plus two more bands still to be named.

SHAM 69, who were scheduled to play two nights at Canterbury Odeon last Saturday and Sunday, were forced to cancel the second show because of poor ticket sales. The promoters blamed bad advance publicity in the local Press. Meanwhile, the band's benefit for One-Parent Families at London Rainbow on December will not now feature Merger in the supporting bill, and Hi-Fi come in to join Doll By Doll and The Invaders.

PURE HELL, the all-black punk band who've recently been playing a short debut tour of Britain, are returning in late winter to headline a more extensive itinerary.

Lurkers show is off — Wall seriously ill

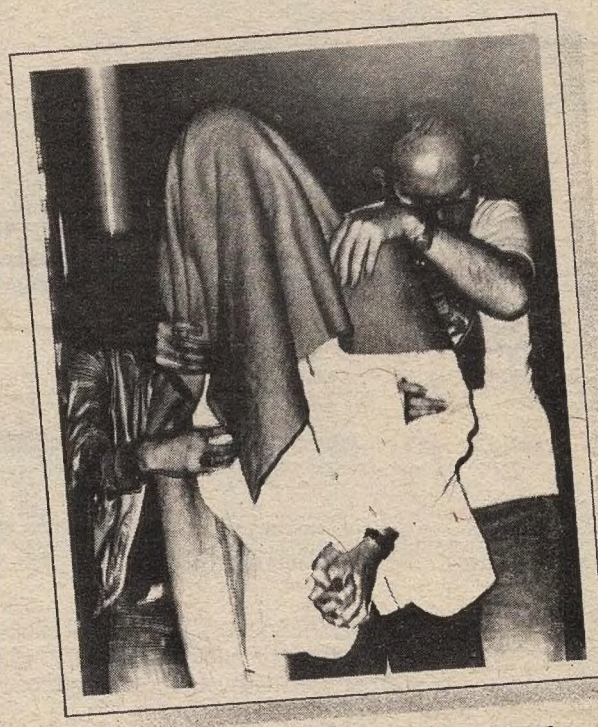
THE LURKERS have been forced to cancel their major London appearance at Camden's Electric Ballroom this Sunday (10) — and all their gigs leading up to it, at the tail end of their "Fulham Fallout" tour — because lead singer Howard Wall is seriously ill in hospital suffering from meningitis, a disease which attacks the central nerve system.

At press-time he had just undergone a lumbar puncture and was reported to be "fairly comfortable", and he's expected to recover without any side effects. He is currently in Ayrshire Central Hospital in Irvine, but hopes to be moved back to London by Christmas.

The Electric Ballroom show will now be re-scheduled for as early in the New Year as possible. But meanwhile, in view of the plans to hand out free flexi picture discs this Sunday, Beggars Banquet have now instead decided to give them away with all "Fulham Fallout" albums over the Christmas period.

LABRITAIN'S SETBACK

999 drummer Pablo Labritain — who, as reported last week, was admitted to hospital suffering from a broken arm following a road accident — is now faced with a major setback to his career. He underwent surgery in Whittington Hospital, North London, last week and something appears to have gone seriously wrong. It looks as though the radial nerve in his arm has been severed, and there's a risk of permanent paralysis of his left hand. The final outcome won't be known for at least another month — so, at the very best, his chances of a quick return to 999 are now non-existent.



10cc, ELP: XMAS TV

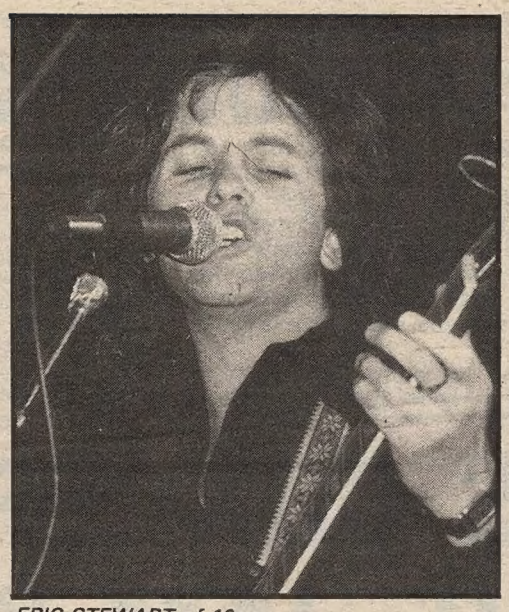
10c.c. are in line to play a special Christmas concert at the Wembley Conference Centre in North London on Friday, December 22. At press time, it was still in the final stages of confirmation, but the object of the exercise is to film the show for transmission as BBC-2's traditional Christmas Eve "Old Grey Whistle Test" special. Producer Michael Appleton explained: "As Christmas Eve falls on a Sunday this year, we can't do a live show, but we expect this to have the same impact."

There's another "Whistle Test" special being screened on Friday, December 22, when viewers will see Emerson, Lake & Palmer performing in concert in Montreal, accompanied by a full orchestra. And Appleton is again hoping to present a two-hour compilation special on New Year's Eve, though this is dependent upon the industrial dispute currently affecting some BBC programmes.

"Rock Goes To College" returns to BBC-2 in January, among the first shows lined up are Bethnal at London University, Cars at Brighton Sussex University, The Rubinoos at Reading University, Rory Gallagher at London Middlesex Polytechnic and Ian Dury at Belfast Queen's University. Subsequent shows will feature Cheap Trick, Van Morrison and Herbie Hancock.

KINKS COLLEGE GIGS

THE KINKS are playing four last-minute college dates during the coming week, which they describe as "back to the roots" gigs. They are at Manchester Polytechnic (tomorrow, Friday), Reading University (Saturday), Exeter University (December 11) and Keele University (13).



ERIC STEWART of 10c.c.

BIGGEST TV SPECIAL EVER FOR BRITAIN?

ONE OF THE most star-studded spectaculars ever assembled for TV is being networked across the States by NBC on January 10. It features Elton John, Rod Stewart, The Bee Gees, Kris Kristofferson, Rita Coolidge, Abba, Earth Wind & Fire, John Denver, Olivia Newton-John and Andy Gibb, among others. Titled "A Gift Of Song — The Music For UNICEF Concert", it's been organised by Robert Stigwood and David Frost, with all proceeds in aid of the children of the world. The concert is taking place at the United Nations General Assembly, and Paramount will distribute the TV special on a worldwide basis — which means there's a very strong probability of it being screened subsequently in Britain.

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FEBRUARY TOUR CONFIRMED

More Jacksons venues

MORE DETAILS of the British tour by The Jacksons in the New Year, plans for which were exclusively revealed by NME two weeks ago, have now been confirmed. Promoter Derek Rawden has firmed up several dates for the group, though there are still some aspects of their itinerary waiting to be finalised.

Six dates are now definite, and these are at Preston Guildhall (February 11), Sheffield Fiesta Suite (13), Manchester Apollo (17), Cardiff Sophia Gardens (21) and London Rainbow (23 and 24).

Rawden is still negotiating a West County concert by The Jacksons, and at press-time he told NME it would be either Bournemouth Winter Gardens or Poole Wessex Hall on February 14 or 15. The group will also play Glasgow Apollo and at present February 16 in pencilled in for them, but it's possible they may be booked for a BBC-TV special on that date, in which case the Glasgow gig would switch to February 19. Also waiting to be resolved is a Birmingham venue for February 18, still undecided between the Hippodrome and the Odeon.

As previously reported, in order to peg ticket prices at the lowest possible level, they are expected to play two performances every night. Full details of booking arrangements will be announced as soon as their final schedule is completed.

● Rawden is also promoting a New Year tour by composer-pianist Michel Legrand, who'll be supported by a top jazz trio at Southport Theatre (February 25), Croydon Fairfield Hall (27), Oxford New (March 1), London Royal Festival Hall (3), Manchester Ashton Tameside Theatre (4), Sheffield Fiesta (5), Poole Arts Centre (6) and Hatfield Forum (7), with more to come.

JOURNEY & TRAVERS CO-HEADLINING TOUR

JOURNEY and the Pat Travers Band are to co-headline a major tour of Britain and Europe in March, and details of dates and venues will be announced early in the New Year. Journey, whose last album "Infinity" recently went Platinum in America, will have a new LP out in March — and former Jean-Luc Ponty drummer Steve Smith has now replaced Aynsley Dunbar in the line-up. The Travers outfit — whose revised personnel now features ex-Black Oak drummer Tommy Aldridge, Patrick Allen (lead guitar) and Mars (bass) — will also have an album out to coincide with the tour, titled "Heat In The Street".

Rory: four Belfast dates

RORY GALLAGHER has now confirmed the Irish dates for his extensive tour of the British Isles. They are sandwiched between the two legs of his U.K. itinerary, opening this weekend, and they include a string of four successive nights at Belfast Ulster Hall (January 3, 4, 5 and 6). He's also playing Dublin National Stadium (December 27—30) and Cork (31 and January 1). He'll be releasing an EP on Chrysalis in the New Year comprising "Shadow Play", "Brute Force And Ignorance" and two other tracks.

CHARLIE WATTS AND KORNER: LONDON GIG

ROLLING STONES drummer Charlie Watts and occasional Stones pianist Ian Stewart are members of an all-star pick-up band, also featuring veteran bluesman Alexis Korner on guitar and vocals, who play a one-off gig at London Camden Dingwalls this Sunday (10) to celebrate 50 years of Boogie Woogie! Also in the line-up are Bob Hall (keyboards), Dick Morrisey (tenor sax) Colin Smith (trumpet), Jonny Pickard (trombone) and Dave Green (bass), with others likely to be added . . . And blues giant MUDDY WATERS, who's been touring Britain with Eric Clapton and headlines his own concert at London Rainbow tomorrow (Friday), plays his final date at Dingwalls next Monday (11).

Sniff tears round clubs

SNIFF & THE TEARS, recently signed by Chiswick Records, have scheduled three London appearances before Christmas and are currently setting up a nationwide tour for the New Year. Their December gigs are at London School of Economics (11), Kensington Nashville (14) and Camden Dingwalls (18). With their debut album "Fickle Heart" now on release, the band's line up includes front men Paul Roberts and Luigi Salvoni, plus Alan Feldman (keyboards), Chris Birkin (bass) and Loz Netto (lead guitar). They've just returned from a string of gigs in Spain, where their single "Driver's Seat" is a best-seller.

COUSIN JOE RETURNS FOR DECEMBER TOUR

COUSIN JOE from New Orleans has arrived in Britain for a short tour to promote his new Big Bear single "You're Never Too Old To Boogie" — and he should know, because he's 71 this month! He's appearing at Sheffield Polytechnic (tonight, Thursday), Kirklevington Country Club (Friday), Leicester Polytechnic (Saturday), London Central Polytechnic (December 14), Bracknell Arts Centre (15) and London Oxford St. 100 Club (17). One or two more gigs may be slotted in at short notice. He also has a new album currently on release, with one of the longest titles ever — "Gospel Wailing Jazz Playing Soul Shouting Rock'n'Rolling Tap Dancing Bluesman From New Orleans"!

On The Road

CLIFF RICHARD headlines an extra **London** concert at the Dominion Theatre, Tottenham-Court Road, next Tuesday (12) . . . and **CHRIS REA**, who's currently touring Britain with Lindisfarne, has his own bill-topping show at the same venue on Saturday, December 16.

THE SMIRKS celebrate their first anniversary in the business with a combined birthday and Christmas party at **London Kensington** Nashville on Friday, December 15.

THE RUBETTES promote their newly-released Polydor single with gigs at **Norwich** Cromwells (tonight, Thurday), **Blackpool** Winter Gardens (December 15) and **Watford** Town Hall (27).

TONY McPHEE & Terraplane return from a Euro-tour and launch straight into U.K. gigs at **Porth** Cymmer Pioneer Club (tonight, Thursday), **Coventry** Lanchester Polytechnic (Friday), **Tonypandy** Naval Club (Saturday), **London Woolwich** Tramshed (December 12) and **London Camden** Brecknock (22).

AFTER THE FIRE have added more gigs to their initial New Year date sheet, reported two weeks ago. They are **Stafford** North Staffs Polytechnic (January 18), **Coventry** Lanchester Polytechnic (19), **Oxford** Polytechnic (22), **London City** University (26), **Coventry** Warwick University (27) and **Leeds** Fforde Green Hotel (28).

JACK THE LAD, the Lindisfarne splinter group who were launched in 1973 but broke up a year ago, are re-forming to play just three gigs this weekend — at **Portsmouth** Polytechnic (tomorrow, Friday), **London Kensington** Imperial College (Saturday) and **Portsmouth** Centre Hotel (Sunday). Apart from a deputy drummer, they'll have their original line-up, but a spokesman said there's no question of a permanent return.

GOTHAM CITY SWING BAND are making three special seasonal appearances in **London** — at the Young Vic Theatre in Waterloo (December 21 and 22) and Woolwich Tramshed (24). The gigs are described as the band's "Xmas Xpose and Xtravaganza" and, in true Gotham City tradition, they are allegedly promoted by the Wayne Foundation!

MATCHBOX, arguably Britain's top rockabilly band, are set for another two New Year gigs in **London** — at Covent Garden Rock Garden (December 30) and Southall White Hart (31). As reported two weeks ago, they also appear with Marty Wilde at Southgate Royalty on New Year's Day, and then set out on a massive three-month one-nighter tour.

DOLLAR, who made their chart debut last week with the single "Shooting Star", will not be making any live appearances until after the release of their first album in early spring. The six-piece outfit, fronted by singers Thereza Bazar and David Van Day, are currently recording the LP with producer Christopher Neil.

RAMROD, the band launched by former Rory Gallagher sidemen Rod de'Ath and Lou Martin together with three ex-Salt members, are the support act in Muddy Waters' concert at **London** Rainbow tomorrow (Friday).

DAVID KUBINEC, whose debut album "Some Things Never Change" has just been issued by A & M, is playing five **London** gigs with his nearly-formed five-piece band called Excess. They are Kensington Nashville (tomorrow, Friday), Camden Music Machine (Saturday), Stoke Newington Pegasus (December 11), Marquee Club (16) and Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle (18).

THE BISHOPS have added more dates to their December gig list, reported last week. The new bookings are at **Birmingham** Barbarella's (tonight, Thursday), **Taunton** Somerset College of Art (14), **Manchester** The Venue (17), **Leeds** Fan Club (19) and **Bolton** Institute of Technology (21). And on December 16 they now play **Halifax** Good Mood Club instead of **London** Thames Polytechnic.

MIKE WESTBROOK Brass Band present their "Mama Chicago" jazz cabaret in a four-day pre-Christmas season at **London** Scala Cinema, Tottenham St, W.1, from December 14 to 17 inclusive. Other dates include **Coventry** Bull's Head (tonight, Thursday), **Preston** Polytechnic (this Saturday) and **Lancaster** Dukes Playhouse (December 12).

FISCHER-Z, the United Artists band who've recently been supporting Wilko Johnson on the road, play their own gigs at **Leicester** University (tomorrow, Friday), **Manchester** The Venue (Saturday), **Bedford** College (December 15), **Leeds** Fforde Green (16), **Workington** Down Under Club (18), **Stafford** North Staffs Polytechnic (19), **York** Revolution Club (20) and **London** Islington Hope & Anchor (28).

THOSE FOUR, the French re-make of The Beatles, are touring Britain this month visiting **Bristol** Granary (tonight, Thursday), **London** Royal Veterinary College (Friday), **West London** Institute (Saturday), **Swansea** University (11), **Nottingham** Trent Polytechnic (12), **Leigh** Casino (13), **Fife** St. Andrew's University (14), **Dundee** Technical College (15), **York** Revolution (16) and **London Fulham** Golden Lion (17).

UFO SIGHTED IN 29 CITIES

U.F.O. return from their present exile in California early in the New Year to headline their longest-ever British tour, a nationwide itinerary taking in 30 major dates, including two in London. And to tie in with their outing, the band's live double album "Strangers In The Night", recorded during their last American tour, will be issued by Chrysalis on January 19.

The tour will mark the British debut of the band's permanent new guitarist, ex-Lone Star sideman Paul Chapman, who replaces Michael Schenker in the line-up. Schenker dropped out of U.F.O. in June last year, when he "went missing" for several months, and Chapman stood in for him on that occasion. This time Schenker's departure is for good, though his reasons for quitting are still unknown, and this enables Chapman to take over as a full-time member. He joins regulars Phil Mogg (vocals), Pete Way (bass), Andy Parker (drums) and Paul Raymond (guitar and keyboards).

Dates and venues are Cardiff University (January 12), Liverpool Empire (14), Bradford St George's Hall (15), Carlisle Market Hall (16), Lancaster University (19), York University (20), Oxford New Theatre (21), Birmingham Odeon (23), Sheffield City Hall (24), Blackburn King George's Hall (25), Ipswich Gaumont (26), Chelmsford Odeon (27), Bristol Colston Hall (28), Brighton Dome (29), Southampton Gaumont (30) and Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (31).

The tour continues in February at Wolverhampton Civic Hall (1), Hanley Victoria Hall (2), Leeds University (3), Coventry Theatre (4), Leicester De Montfort Hall (5), Glasgow Apollo (7), Edinburgh Odeon (8), Aberdeen Capitol (9), Dundee Caird Hall (10), Newcastle City Hall (11), Manchester Free Trade Hall (12), Portsmouth Guildhall (14) and London Hammersmith Odeon (15 and 16).

Tickets for the two London concerts cost £3, £2.50, £2 and £1.50. Elsewhere they vary considerably, and readers should contact the respective box-offices for details. The support act has still to be named.

U.F.O. vocalist PHIL MOGG

PERSONNEL CHANGES, COMINGS AND GOINGS

RAINBOW will still be touring Britain next April, despite the departure of two of their members — Ronnie James Dio (vocals) and Bob Daisley (bass) — both reportedly sacked. It's understood that the remaining three — Ritchie Blackmore, drummer Cozy Powell and keyboards man David Stone — have already found replacements, though their names haven't yet been revealed. Recording sessions for Rainbow's new album begin in France next month.

STEEL PULSE have lost singer and percussionist Michael Riley, who quit the band midway through their British tour. His departure was due to increasing musical differences with the other members, coupled with his own ill-health. The band are not replacing Riley and are continuing as a six-piece. They start recording their new Island album next month, for release in the spring.

MENACE have ceased to exist following the departure "for personal reasons" of the band's lead singer Morgan Webster. The other three members have decided to continue working together with a new singer, but will operate under a different name. Meanwhile, the last Menace single "I Need Nothing" will be issued on Illegal Records at the beginning of the New Year.

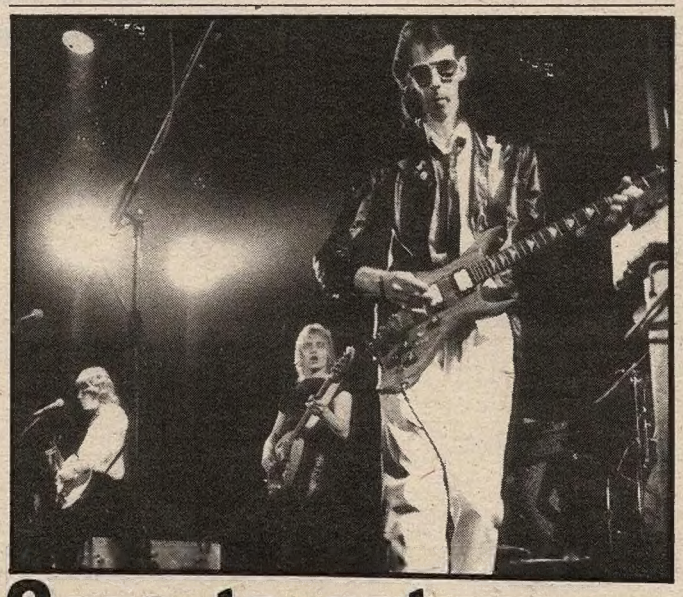
Top gospel team due

TOP AMERICAN gospel group Andrae Crouch and The Disciples return to Britain in the New Year to play a string of major concerts, highlighted by an appearance at London's Royal Albert Hall. Dates are Glasgow Apollo (January 26), two shows at Belfast Grosvenor Hall (27), Newcastle City Hall (30), Manchester Apollo (31), London Albert Hall (February 1), Bristol Colston Hall (2) and Birmingham Odeon (3). Tickets are on sale now priced £3, £2.50, £2 and £1.50, and tour promoters are Scope, the agency division of Word Records. Their double album "Live In London", recorded at the Hammersmith Odeon when they were last here two years ago, will be issued to coincide with their visit.

Rock in Manchester: the good news — and the bad!

MANCHESTER Apollo Theatre, the city's leading rock concert venue, is to undergo a £100,000 facelift starting immediately. It involves re-decoration and re-seating of the auditorium, a new stage, foyer improvements, a new bar development and the building of a 150-capacity mini-cinema. This is the direct result of the venue being purchased by Maximus Investments, who already run the Oxford New and Glasgow Apollo. The work will not affect existing concert bookings.

But the Mayflower Club, one of Manchester's newest rock venues, has closed just five weeks after opening. Formerly known as The Stoneground, the venue was visited in its short span by such acts as Alex Harvey, Gillan and Slade. A spokesmand commented: "It's a good venue, but lack of interest from the public has forced us to close." He explained that only 30 people turned up to see a recent Bram Tchaikovsky gig, and even Ian Gillan was only able to attract 70 people.



Cars to return

THE CARS, who've created an enormous impact with their smash hit single "My Best Friend's Girl", will be returning to Britain in the late winter or early spring to headline a full-scale tour. The band flew into London last month to play a one-off concert at the Lyceum, and a spokesman for their record company told NME: "This was by way of being an exploratory gig, and it was always intended that they would tour later if the Lyceum show was successful — which, of course, it was." A new Cars single is planned for January release, with March as the most probable period for their upcoming tour.

OFF THE RECORD

Rats reactivate

ENSIGN RECORDS are making available from this week all Boomtown Rats' singles in their original picture sleeves. Retailing at the normal price of 85p, they are "Looking After No. 1", "Mary Of The Fourth Form", "She's So Modern", "Like Clockwork" and "Rat Trap". The first four will be in a limited edition of 25,000 each, with the figure increased to 50,000 for "Rat Trap".

Pistols film LP

VIRGIN RECORDS confirmed this week that they have now acquired rights to the double soundtrack album of The Sex Pistols' film "The Great Rock-'n'Roll Swindle", and will be rush releasing it on January 5. At present there are no plans for a single to be extracted from it. First screening of the movie itself is now expected in late winter or early spring.

● **Vangelis,** the keyboards virtuoso and composer who was formerly with RCA, has signed a worldwide deal with Polydor International. He's currently recording his first album for the label, to be issued early in the New Year.

● A live album by ex-Shadow **Jet Harris,** his first for 11 years, is out this month. It was recorded at a concert he gave for the inmates of Gloucester Prison, and is believed to be the only LP ever recorded inside a British gaol. Not surprisingly, it's called "Inside Jet Harris"! At present on limited release through Red Lion Records of Gloucester, it's expected to be taken up soon by a major distributor.

● Roxy Music guitarist **Phil Manzanera** has his second solo album out this month on Polydor. Titled "K-Scope", it features such well-known musicians as Lol Creme, Kevin Godley, Mel Collins, John Wetton, Simon Phillips and Tim and Neal Finn.

● **Minnie Ripperton** has signed a long-term worldwide deal with Capitol, who will issue her new album early in the New Year. Meanwhile, out this weekend on the same label is the new **Glen Campbell** LP "Basic", and a compilation set of soul tracks recorded during the '60s and titled "Capitol Soul Casino". Upcoming on January 5 is **Freda Payne's** 12-inch single "Happy Days Are Here Again", taken from her newly released LP "Supernatural High".

● The Miracle label, a division of Gull Records, has secured U.K. rights to the U.S. hit disco single "Ain't That Enough For You?" by the **John Davis Monster Orchestra.** It's available as a 12-inch lasting over nine minutes, and there's also an edited version in conventional seven-inch form.

Blondie: new single fixed

BLONDIE have a new single issued by Chrysalis on January 5. Titled "Heart Of Glass", it's a disco version of a track from their "Parallel Lines" album, running almost six minutes. The B-side is a dub version of the same song and, besides the normal seven-inch version, there will also be a limited edition of 30,000 12-inch copies. The band spend the first three months of next year recording their fourth album, and there are no plans for another British visit for the time being.

● Five-man London band **Steppin' Out** have their first single released this weekend, under their recently-signed three-year deal with Charly Records. Titled "Who's To Know", it's a 12-incher pressed in blue vinyl. Their debut album follows in January.

● **Barclay James Harvest's** new single "Loving Is Easy", previously announced but subsequently delayed, is now set for December 29 release by Polydor.

● **The Enid's** debut LP for Pye has now officially been titled "Touch Me". It comes out in February to coincide with their first major concert tour.

● **Neil Diamond's** new album (as opposed to his current compilation chart success "20 Golden Greats") is "You Don't Bring Me Flowers", issued by CBS this weekend. Of the 11 songs featured, seven are new Diamond compositions — including the title track on which he duets with Barbra Streisand — and which is also his new single.

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SUBWAY SECT'S Vic Godard. Pic: MURPHY/HERSHMAN

War Poet of The Modern World

VIC GODARD of SUBWAY SECT emerges from the post-punk maelstrom as an Interesting Individual . . . a Person With Something To Say. Here he says it (very slowly) to PAUL MORLEY

Pic: BRYN JONES

Old conceptions justified
Tradition stays in tune
You make guitars talk information
That tells you what to do
The lines that hit me
Again and again
Afraid to take a stroll
Off the course of 20 years
Out of Rock'n'Roll
We've just been waiting
For it to fall
We oppose all rock'n'roll
It's held you for so long
You can't refuse
It's too much to lose
"A Different Story"— Vic Godard

VIC Godard has been leading Subway Sect with sincerity and persistence for two years. He is one of the new writers in rock who deftly and intuitively rode along the punk swell, objectively using the sub-culture for access and experiment, and who was hardly harmed when the seductive nihilistic sparks were stamped out.

He is a songwriter, vague, straining, craving, who has the sensitivity to achieve in his own way something as important and valuable as greats like Morrison, Coyne, Buckley, Hammill (who, let it be said while we're hanging around, have more to do with the Public Image masterpiece than any New York, Dolls or David Bowie).

With Sect, Godard has performed steadily since the beginning of 1976, appearing all but anonymously on key dates and tours as the new rock developed.

They popped up as support to Patti Smith at the Rainbow earlier this year, and most recently and noticeably, they supported Buzzcocks on that quartet's long autumn tour.

It would be hard for you to be unaware of Sect's existence, yet you're probably totally ignorant as to how they sound, or did sound. Early on they were a shambles. They systematically tighted up, into simple, sparse rock, with Godard self-importantly whining packed lines of incoherent syllables and adjectives.

The line-up until the middle of this year, was Godard, Rob Symmons (guitar), Paul Myers (bass) and Bob Ward (drums). This group recorded both the fumbling first single "Nobody's Scared," on Braik Records (Bernie Rhodes' label) — which implied nothing except, that Sect were probably very ordinary — and the massive new single on Rough Trade, "Ambition", a sublime, wise song that is the definite beginning of Godard's *real* development.

The bare structure of the song is as old as the group itself, but the way it's presented is how it should be measured. And it's a triumph that's more to do with Godard than anyone else . The group has since parted company with both Symmons and Myers.

The sound and devices in "Ambition" lie snugly between two of this year's best pop singles — "Shot By Both Sides" and "Jilted John" — i.e. an innovative use of pressure, atmosphere and subtle aural trickery. Lyrically, it's bright and fierce, Godard wobbling and warbling weakly yet somehow right — like a harsh "Unicorn" Marc Bolan.

The single is whole and compelling, and juts out in even such a year of wealth. The B-side, "A Different Story", is as mature and exciting, a frivolous, exaggerated musical structure with a defiant, realistic lyric (quoted in part above), with Godard whistling unconcerned and jolly through the last few bars. As with all Sect's songs, its appeal is one of irresistible challenge and certainly.

Musically, as with John Lydon and others, Godard is as much a comedian as anything, parodying rock's limitations and using all sorts of incongruous idiocies in his song's make-up. The music seems straightforward, but isn't. It's subtle and layered.

Godard is also another rock person who isn't adjusted to normal rock routines. His point of view is that he doesn't mind the crassness and glitter as long as it doesn't interfere with his art — and he thinks nothing does. He's probably right.

For this interview, I met him at the second floor cafe at the Camden Town Co-op. He loped in 40 minutes late, from rehearsals. Micky Foote, who produced the first Clash album and Sect's "Ambition", swapped small talk with me while we waited.

When Godard arrived the earth didn't shake. His clothes were as ragged and shapeless as his physique, his face an overlarge mass of angles and protrusions. He remained ironically tight lipped most of the time, with only an occasional trace of a smile or an alarming gutteral giggle.

His conversation was painfully slow, withdrawn, mocking, any word with more than a couple of syllables drawn out and emphasised with a kind of self disbelief. It took a lot of work to extract anything from him. In the cafe, we talked about Sect music.

How did you find the group you've got now?
Um, Colin the bassist, he's a friend of mine, Steve the pianist is a friend of Mickey Foote's and John the guitarist is a friend . . . of no-one (ha ha ha ha). He used to be in this group from Bristol who practised in the same studios. Bob's from the old group.

Are these people into what you're doing?
Yeah, I think all of them are. They like other stuff too. Colin likes funk. But he still likes the songs. Have you seen any of this group?

At Hammersmith Odeon on the Buzzcocks tour, how was it playing such a large place . . . it seemed like you weren't aware there was an audience?
Yeah, that's what we usually do in a place like that. We cope alright. We're getting used to it by now.

You played The Rainbow 18 months ago with Buzzcocks, Clash, The Jam, The Prefects. You didn't like that.
No, I wasn't ready for it. At small places you tend to get covered in gob, while the next night you'll play a big place where everyone just sits there. So eventually you begin to prefer the big places.

But there never seems any communication in a place like that. Especially when you're supporting . . . you have to fight to draw people's attention when you might not feel like it in such a place.
I never think of it like that . . . fighting to get people's attention. I just do what I want to do. I don't sort of fight. I just look at people. It's really funny, when you're playing, looking at these people showing other people to their seats. It looks really funny from stage — all the torches going around.

But doesn't that disturb you? You're playing away and people are loping in,

■ Continues over

■ From previous page

scuffling to their seats with their ice cream and peanut Treets.
No I think it's quity funny. I reckon we did quite well at Hammersmith for a support group. When I used to go there to see groups I never used to arrive for support groups. Support acts used to be booed off. Remember the support for Lou Reed . . . Ducks Deluxe . . . they got booed off.

People are more open minded these days?
I don't know. I think it was just that our name was associated with the same music as Buzzcocks. So people probably thought they'd better watch and listen.

What kind of image do you think people associate with Subway Sect . . . just tagging along with Buzzcocks?
I think people on this tour have seen that we're completely different from the Buzzcocks.

Was there any specific reason that you did the Buzzcocks tour?
It was just a really good chance to get a new group together . . . it didn't really work out . . . ha ha ha ha . . .

So what are you looking for with this new Sect, musically?
I've got an ideal of what I want, but we haven't got that exact sound yet . . . I want a sort of really lightweight kind of thing, but jumpy . . . not like pop. We're getting towards it gradually, but we've got to get each individual instrument worked out — and we haven't yet.

Are there any reference points for this sound — like, something that's gone before?
It's bit like northern soul, slightly. That's about the nearest thing. But it's just coincidence. I was telling Colin, our bassist, what kind of sound I wanted, and I was trying to explain by singing . . . and he said oh it sounds like northern soul. And he brought a load of northern soul records over, and it did except they've got big brass bands on.

Why did you never go after this sound with the other Sect?
Because we had a different sound in mind. It was far more worked out in the old group than it is now. All it involved of was kind of making the guitars as trebly as possible and having a deep bass. It was very simple.

It seems very consistent now — it didn't before.
Yeah, probably. That's because the musicians in this Sect are better.

You weren't pleased with the first single, "Nobody's Scared"
Not when it came out. I like it now. It sort of grows on you. But I wouldn't listen to it at home, whereas I would listen to the new single. If I had a copy.

Would you dance to it?
No, I don't dance anyway.
It is a dance record.
Yeah. The new sound I want to get is dance music. Sort of a disco version of the old group.

Could you work solo somehow, or you do you prefer five ideas going into the group?
It's not exactly five ideas. It's just sort of five people. I'm glad we've got the people we've got, because everyone is different. So there's a good chance of getting something good. It's like five people from completely different corners.

But does this 'something good' have to be something just you alone have to be pleased with, or do all five members have to be satisfied?
I think all five members will be pleased with it. They *will* be pleased with it (ha ha). No, because it's got a bit of each at the moment. The only person it might not have anything of at the moment is John the guitarist. He's the one who's got to change more than anyone else.

Does he know that?
Yeah. He's already changed his style.

Who writes the music?
I just write a song as if it was an acoustic number, then I play it to everyone and they join in. It's a lot easier than the old group — I had to teach them everything. But it's not as disciplined as the old group. They couldn't play their instruments very well so they had to work hard to get numbers done, whereas this new group know they can play so they tend to fiddle about more.

How do you see the development of Sect from the early days. Do you see lots of changes.
Three. There was the first, bass, drums, guitar, voice, sort of, the first single . . . then there's the in-between bit where I started playing guitar — that was a good period — and then there's the new Sect.

After half an hour, we moved to a pub the other side of Camden Town tube station. When we got to the pub, Godard said that he had left his scarf behind in the cafe. He went back to collect it. Five minutes later he returned, admitting he wasn't wearing a scarf in the first place.

As we settled down in the pub, he revealed under pressure that Sect was a lot about growing awareness. He outlined a song cycle that he had composed that specifies development.

Godard: The song cycle, yeah. . . there's "Birth And Death", which is about someone. . . sort of the futility of lots of people's births. . . then there's "Chain Smoking" . . . which is about someone's battle to get out of what's preordained for them. . . then there's "Ambition", which carries on the same thing a bit further.

Sect's pattern is about growing up, about growing awareness. .
Like "Watching The Devils", where that actually happens in the song. You get one verse which is a sort of uphill struggle, slope, then the person goes uphill, then downhill, then uphill, then again. Then the solo portrays the same thing.

Is this abstract representation of growing up is something you've been trying to communicate all the time Sect have been together?
Yeah, in much simpler forms earlier on, obviously.

And you don't feel anyone else is saying this sort of thing in rock?
Er, you'd be the expert on that. You'd probably know more about that than me.

No way. . . but you must be aware or hope that you're alone. . .
Yeah.

And proud?
I wouldn't use that word. Horrible word. Hate that word. I just sort of think that it's a natural thing. Because it's unnatural for people like me to be involved in the rock business.

Why?
Because I'm not the sort of person you'd expect.

You mean rock as a career?
Yeah.

Don't you think certain things can be said in rock without being embarrassed?
Yeah, but up until now it's been restricted to a special type of person. Now you're getting in rock quite a lot of people that you wouldn't expect to find. Which is quite good.

You mean they're introverted or something like that?
Yeah, and they're not sort of flash.

Did you ever consider using another medium?
Yeah. I did try making a film once. I've got a film script somewhere. I tried to write some stories.

Did they deal with the same things you concentrate on with Sect.
Exactly. Growing up.

How did your growing up process develop. Did major things happen that made you see things more clearly?
Yeah — at school. When I did my O-levels I was sort of a good boy, but after the O-levels — well, before them really — I just really didn't want to do it anymore. For some reason I just completely changed my outlook. I don't know what influenced me to do that.

What did you begin to think?
Just started to wonder why I was doing all this.

Is this the time you started to express yourself?
Yeah, Iwas trying to write songs then. Not very successfully.

So what happened between that discovery and Sect? You left school?
I went to college. I did European Studies.

Didn't you ever wonder why the heck you were doing that.
No, because it was something that I wanted to do. But after a while I didn't get on with the teachers.

What happened between Sect and college.
Started doing blues stuff at first. . . it gradually became more serious as I started to write songs. Then we didn't do any more blues.

You were trying to represent something that you felt as you were growing older?
Yeah.

Do you think you're succeeding?
In the songs, yes.

When did you start to realise about life and death?
When I was doing my O-levels. About then.

Was it a big blow to you?
No. I felt much better. It happens to most people at sometime. It just has not happened to some.

And that's what you're trying to represent?
In some songs?

Do you see a place for it, in rock?
Yeah, there should be. I don't think at the moment the people who listen to rock are interested.

You printed the words to the songs on the new single.
There are some things you can't really understand if you just listen to them. It's not sung particularly clearly. It's a bit wobbly. It's very difficult to hear certain things. It's also really easy to get the wrong idea.

How did you develop that warble, It's a new trick.
I dunno.

But in saying the things you want to say you seem to be going out of your way to make the music more accessible. More 'poppy'.
Yeah it's good contrast to have someone with my voice, which isn't really pleasant on the ears, with a very pleasant backing.

Also what you're singing isn't necessarily pleasant.
Yeah. That's the big kick I get doing really pleasant music with really unpleasant lyrics. Making things that are sad sound really happy.

Doesn't it distract in any way?
No. It makes it seem more poignant.

Do you thing you're naive?
One part is. The other part of me is really instinctive.

Do you think this naivity comes out in the songs?
Not at all. That's me as a *person*. I don't think any of the songs have anything to do with me — the me that talks to people. It's a completely different person. I usually don't say what I feel when I'm talking to people. Only when I write. About serious things, y'know. . . I'm not a serious person.

You don't seem the sort who gets pissed every night.
No, not that. It's just that I like laughing. If you read the lyrics it's like a completely different person.

Do you feel embarrassed about what you're saying?
No. It's just that if I went around all day as the same person who writes the songs I wouldn't have many friends.

Do you ever write happy songs?
No.

There must be other things to sing about?
I think all the songs will roughly be as they are now. It may not be the same style, but it'll always be the same basic thing it comes down to. The music will probably really change.

How would you present an album? Would you try and impress a pattern?
Yeah, that pattern I was talking about earlier on. Oh no, I couldn't do that. . . "Ambition" has already been released as a single. I'd forgotten about that. I'll have to write a new cycle.

It is that easy?
Yeah, quite easy. I get quite a lot of ideas for words and music. I find it easier to write the music than the words, funny enough. I could write loads of songs like the Buzzcocks — those lyrics are really easy.

But honest.
There's no point in being dishonest about the subject they're tackling. But they're much the same from song to song.

How do you feel, working within rock?
I don't really see myself as being within rock.

So how do you operate?
I just do what everyone tells me.

As long as it doesn't interfere with what you're saying you don't mind?
Well, I usually don't do it.

But don't you think that working within the rock biz can disrupt and distort what you're trying to say.?
I don't see how.

All sorts of ways. . . the glamour, the gloss, because people expect to be merely entertained — they're not looking for anything else.
That factor still doesn't corrupt in any way what we're trying to do. It only would if we reacted in any way. And we don't.

Do you ever see yourself becoming popular. . . like 'Ambition' is very commercial.
I don't think it is. We've got far more commercial songs than that. The B-side, for a start.

But what happens if you do get popular. . . could you cope?
There's nothing really to cope with.

What about fiddling around with record companies, all sorts of irritating pressures?
I wouldn't do any of it.

Being recognised in the streets?
That doesn't really bother me anyway. . . I get recognised sometimes now. People come up to me and say how bad the group is. . . and I agree. I don't think it's that much of a pressure.

So essentially whole thing is just a need to do something. You could remain in a corner as long as you were creating something.
I do it in a corner now. But it'd get very boring after a while.

Can you see yourself getting bigger and bigger?
Yeah, I can and I can see ourselves getting smaller and smaller as well.

Do you want to get bigger and bigger. .
I'd like to get bigger and bigger and bigger and then get smaller and smaller and smaller. I want to get bigger to see what it's like and then when I get fed up with being bigger I get smaller and see what that's like again.

If you weren't doing this what do you think you'd be doing?
Probably writing some very bad books.

So you feel that for you rock's the best medium?
I don't know. It's the only one I've tried. It's the easiest one to get in to. It's the only one you can get into.

And it you get fed up with rock?
I don't think that far ahead. The only thing planned is that I'm going towards that sound.

What would happen if your four colleagues walked away tomorrow?
I'd get a new group together immediately.

And is what you're doing satisfying?
Yeah. It's great to write a song and see what it's like, see how it works out when you've practised it, see what the final product is, and to see how close you can get to your initial idea.

Are you a loner?
No. I don't like going to places on my own. I haven't been anywhere on my own for ages.

What about love? That doesn't seem to come into what you're singing about.
No. Not really. I never really think about it.

A lack of interest?
Yeah. . .

What are you interested in?
Me? Geography. . . birds, the feathered variety. I used to be interested in stamps but not any more. Anything that's not scientific.

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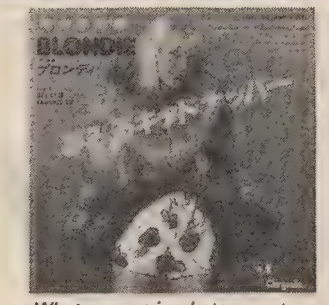


What you see is what you get— see p.15

The Killing Of Henry

TONY STEWART reports on the Old Bailey 'Bully boy' trial.

ON THE seventh day of the trial the tension mounted in the Old Bailey's West Court 3. Sitting in the dock charged with manslaughter and assault at a Subway Sect gig last year John William Godden was understandably nervous.

At 10.25 that morning Judge Peter Mason had directed the jury to retire and consider their verdict. Just over an hour later they returned to clarify a point of law. An hour after that they told the court they could not reach an unanimous decision, and Judge Mason said he would accept a majority verdict.

At 3.25 pm the six men and six women forming the jury yet again returned to the court. The foreman assured the judge that given "a little more time" they could reach their decision. But when they were brought before him at 4.45 pm they had still been unable to do so.

Godden, who'd shown little emotion throughout the trial and remained impassive while witnesses described his involvement in the death of rock fan Henry Bowles, was now under considerable stress.

Not wishing to "exert pressure", Judge Mason nevertheless explained the consequences if the jury remained "hopelessly divided". There would be a re-trial involving not only a lot more expense but a continued strain on the defendant.

It was less than half an hour later when they finally returned to a hushed courtroom and the foreman said they had reached a majority verdict.

It had taken them six hours and 27 minutes.

Godden, who was employed as an £8 a night bouncer at The Bell on London's Pentonville Road at the time of the alleged offences, again showed no signs of emotion as the verdict was announced.

The 33-year-old service station manager with a wife and four step-children was found guilty of unlawfully killing 24-year-old Henry Bowles on November 4, 1977.

The jury was discharged and the court adjourned until the next morning when sentence was to be passed.

Illustration by JACK BOWLES

Also charged with assault was 23-year-old Frank Joseph Flood, who had also worked as a bouncer at The Bell. He pleaded guilty. On the fourth day of the trial the judge directed the jury to return not guilty verdicts on charges of causing Bowles grevious bodily harm against both men, due to insubstantial medical evidence.

FOR THE music business and rock audiences this was possibly the most important trial ever to come before the courts, highlighting the disastrous consequences of untrained bouncers 'policing' a gig.

The tragic death of Henry Bowles, a parts manager for the Clapham firm Mocheck, came as a result of being evicted from The Bell on October 23, 1977 by a number of bouncers including Flood and Godden. And those two, said Judge Mason when sentencing them, behaved "disgracefully".

Bouncers using strong arm tactics and often acting outside the law have long been criticised by the music press to little avail. Riots have gone uncontrolled at gigs, fans have been seriously injured and even killed.

But this was a significant trial, because a bouncer was found guilty of unlawfully killing a member of the audience. At last it brings attention to one of the most serious problems in rock entertainment: gig security and the "bully boy" methods sometimes used.

It's a deplorable situation, but ironically none of the daily papers chose to publicise this case.

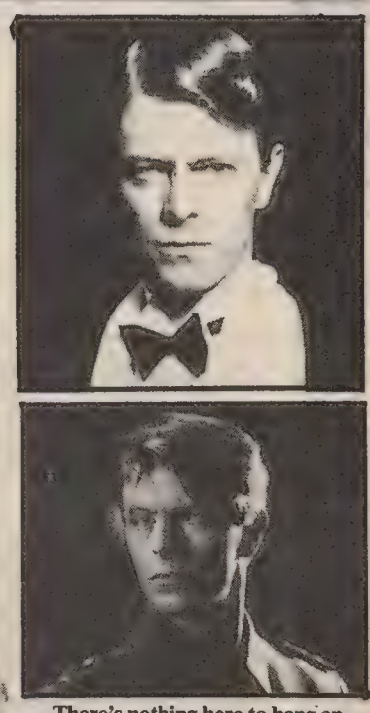
Yet the prosecution witnesses included Sebastian Conran, son of Habitat's Terry Conran and a friend of The Clash; Viv Albertine of The Slits; Robert Simmons, a former member of Subway Sect who played The Bell on that fateful night; and Nigel Thomas, who used to be Joe Cocker's manager, and Robin Turner — now both directors of the Vortex Record Company.

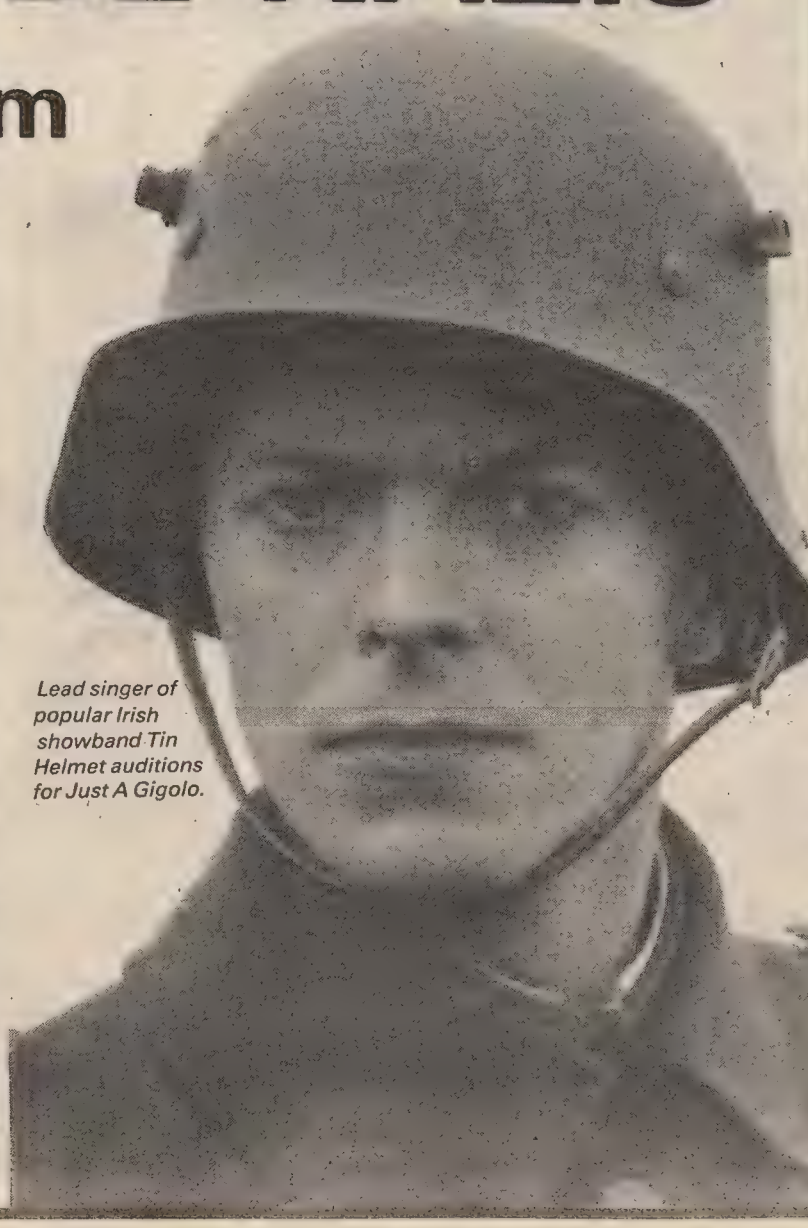
Their evidence illustrated both their concern that justice should be done and their horror at the way Bowles was treated inside the pub.

● *Continues over page*

WE CAN BE NAZIS

Just for one film





Lead singer of popular Irish showband Tin Helmet auditions for Just A Gigolo.

A SHELL-SHOCKED *THRILL* knots its silk dressing gown cord and retires to the cocktail cabinet: "Come on, David, time to find a home and go there. You're lost in a Harold Pinter play without a script . . ." The actor who went to seed, starring in a remake of *Cabaret,* and quite a carry on it is.

Through the pre-WW2 world of Berlin, to be exact — it's time for another superfluous, superficial film "about" the rise of Nazism, although the makers declaim any attempts at analysis thereof.

Bowie plays the 'Michael York' naif character—adritt in a "twilight" world of turberculosis, political turbulence, and transvestites — and meets the 'Liza Minnelli' scatter-brained amoral nightclub singer, played by Sydne Rome.

Da-ah-shingly decadent, dears, doncha just lurv those laughing legions of belligerent Brownshirts?

Just A Gigolo comes from a song of the same name. Some stringer spun it out into a script, and someone suss shelled out 12 million Deutschmarks to make the film of the script of the song. They got Marlene Dietrich out of cold storage to sing the song, and David Bowie out of suspenseful animation to give her someone to sing it to.

Bowie plays Paul von Pryzgodski (try putting *that* in sequins on your denim jacket), a young Prussian lieutenant who enters WW1 just in time to see it end, copping a sneeze of shrapnel in the skull for good measure (and plot).

He hops it back to Berlin, where his house is not a home but a brothel, his mum works in the Turkish baths, and his ex-Commanding officer (David Hemmings) is getting into Nietzsche, Goethe, Wagner, and blond-haired boys who like to be slapped. Join the dots. Pryzgodski mumbles about in a daze, and won't be seduced by Cilly (Rome) — his childhood friend, now a slinky siren (sic).

He ends up (or vice versa) the way of all flesh, eventually, with the widow (Kim Novak) of a Prussian General — a crumby, *Carry On* seduction scene, typical of the movie — flopping next to the coffin while the stained glass windows keep the Communist bullets outside.

Moving through a "twilight" world of stilted script, laughable locations, and spurious relationships, Bowie mumbles about for days, saying cruelly appropriate things like "I feel useless" and "I feel uncomfortable". *Just A Gigolo* . . . selling, playing a "self" lovelessly, shiningly. Cruelly appropriate, Thomas Jerome?

He trips into the gigolo trade via the 'Lutzower Lampe Night Club', a lounge of lascivious young male lizards masterminded by the Baroness von Semering (Dietrich), who purses her lips a lot and sings like Marlene Dietrich with a mouthful of smarties.

Bowie drinks absinthe and looks like a potted plant. He's finally seduced by Cilly — empty mansion, log fire, rug, lipgloss — and a "political" twist is dropped in at the end, just for bittersweetness, just for conscience, just for Hollywood . . . but nowhere near *The Third Man,* I'm afraid. That's progress. That's progress?

There's nothing here to hang an image on. Even I fell in love with *A Man Who Fell To Earth* — but now, the benefit of retrospect, *that* film's steely, hypnotic success seems down even more to Nicolas Roeg's eye for image than David's contact lenses than it did at the time.

This certainly doesn't seem like the missing link between "Station To Station" and Egon Schille (Bowie's next cinema role).

The real title of *Just A Gigolo* is *I Don't Think We Should Play Until The Kaiser Comes . . .*

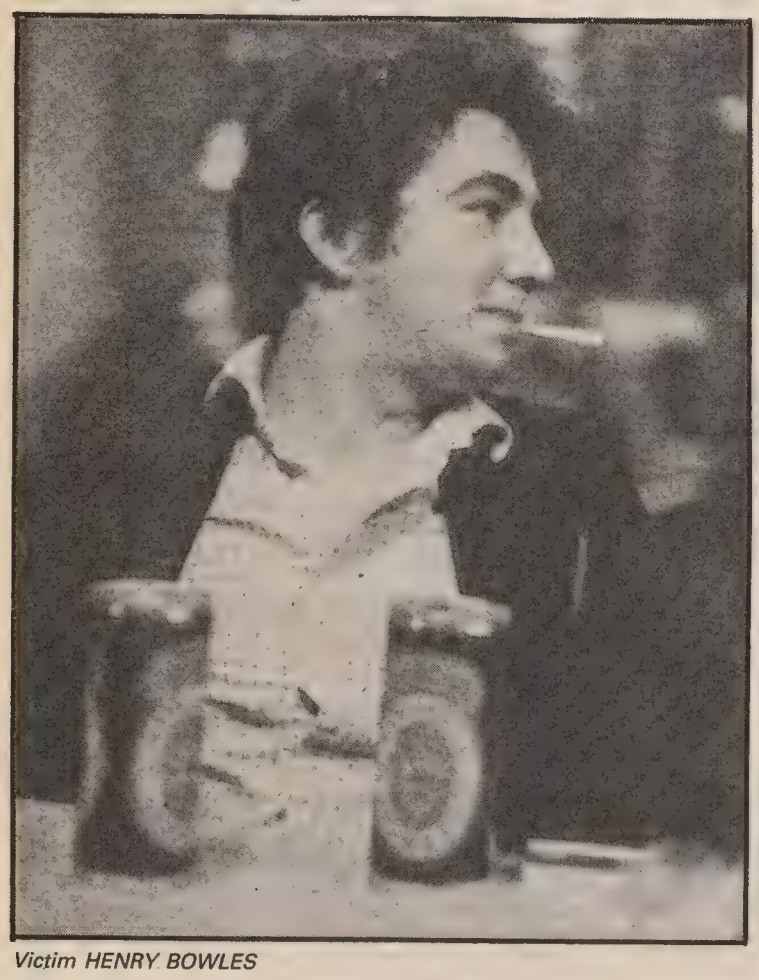
The right wing will love it: Low farce.

IAN PENMAN

THRILLS

The Killing Of Henry

Continued from previous page



Victim HENRY BOWLES

While ejecting Bowles from The Bell, prosecuting counsel Michael Neligan told the court on the first day of the trial, the bouncers used a "totally unnecessary degree of violence upon him."

IN THE early hours of a Sunday morning, two weeks before Guy Fawkes, at Subway Sect gig at The Bell, a firework explodes in the front bar, and the bouncers come looking for the culprit . . .

Some of the customers and staff thought Henry Bowles was responsible.

One person pointed him out and then, Mr Neligan continued, "steps were set in train to eject Mr Bowles from the public house and in so doing both these defendants played a part."

According to the pub doorman Leonard Guthrie, "There was a certain amount of punching, kicking and shouting" as Bowles was hustled out. Flood gashed his left arm when it went through the door window on his way into the street.

Once outside, Flood kicked Bowles in the stomach and then was pushed back into the pub by Godden. *He* then hit Bowles in the face, knocking him on his back.

Mr Neligan told the jury that Bowles struck his head in the fall and fractured his skull, causing injury to his brain from which he died in hospital on November 4.

When interviewed by the police, said the prosecutor, Godden was asked how hard he hit the dead man.

"Hard, I expect," he replied. "When I hit someone they usually go down."

It was the first of many accounts of the violence inflicted on Henry Bowles that the jury was to hear over the next seven days.

HOWEVER, the Crown's case against Godden was not conclusive, and relied on a stream of eye-witness accounts to describe the aggressive behaviour and unreasonable force used by the bouncers *inside* the pub. Their testimonies were by no means consistent.

Viv Albertine of The Slits, the prosecution's first witness, was talking to the Sect's Robert Simmons in the front bar of The Bell when the firework went off.

She said a man "definitely connected with the management" asked Henry Bowles, "Did you do that?"

She continued, "The boy didn't say anything. He shrugged his shoulders as if bewildered. The man grabbed the boy and started hauling him out of the bar."

Three men who she assumed were bouncers rushed to help the man. "The boy was really quite viciously bundled towards the door."

Under cross-examination by Godden's lawyer John Lloyd Eley, she said Bowles wasn't struggling when he was evicted.

"He seemed to be rather weedy about it all, I thought."

The next witness, dancer Angela Merrigan, told the court she was "positive" that Bowles had thrown the firework — which had, in fact, hit her ankle. She had pointed him out to the landlord, Joseph Fawcett.

But fashion student Krystina Kolowska said that Henry Bowles did *not* set off the firework. At the time of the bang, she and Henry were together by the bar. He was holding a packet of cigarettes in one hand while offering her one with the other.

She said "three or four" men dragged Bowles from the bar while he protested, smashing into the glass paned doors on their way. Once Bowles was outside, she continued, a man stationed by the now closed doors refused to allow her out.

It was only after she enlisted the help of Sebastian Conran (confirmed in his own evidence) that she was able to persuade the man to let her leave. By this time Bowles was lying across the pavement with his head cradled in a girl's lap.

Other prosecution witnesses described similar scenes inside The Bell October 23.

Nigel Thomas claimed that first the landlord hit Bowles and then the bouncers beat him "in a very vicious manner . . . there was nothing he could do. He wasn't offering any resistance."

According to Thomas, two of the bouncers returned to the bar after evicting Bowles and, "incensed" that one had been injured during the struggle, decided to go outside again. They did so, returned, and then went out yet again.

"I can't remember their exact words, but their intention clearly was to reap some further damage on Mr Bowles."

Asked by Flood's lawyer Tony Docking why he hadn't gone to Bowles assistance, Thomas said that the atmosphere was intimidating and the men involved aggressive.

He added, "I think most people in the pub were appalled by the violence of the attack."

Robin Turner, who had been with Thomas, told a similar story. "The level of general violence in the public house was far higher than necessary," he claimed.

However, this evidence was refuted by Fawcett when he was called as a prosecution witness. No longer licensee, he said that after the firework exploded Bowles was pointed out as the culprit.

"I then asked him if he threw the firework, and he just looked at me and gave me a sarcastic grin. I asked him again, still no reply from him. I then told him that he'd have to leave the premises.

"I then took him by the collar of the jacket to take him out and then Mr Godden and Mr Flood came and took him off me."

Asked if Bowles was resisting, Fawcett replied, "He was sort of pulling back." He couldn't comment further because at that point was distracted.

But under cross-examination, he said that no excessive violence had been used, and although The Bell was a "rough pub" it was their policy to talk to people rather than use force.

A GREAT part of the prosecution's case depended on the evidence of the doorman Guthrie. He was their only witness who saw Godden strike the fatal blow, though he didn't see the deceased hit his head.

Also, as Bowles was removed from The Bell Guthrie saw another person in the crowd strike out at him. But he was unable to identify the "mystery" assailant.

What happened to Henry Bowles on the pavement was by no means certain; except that when his friends Michael Harrison and Caroline Thorpe (who were to meet him inside) came along he was already critically injured.

When interviewed by the police, Godden said that Flood lost his temper when he injured his arm, and kicked out at Bowles.

"Frank would have killed him if he could have because he'd done his shoulder."

Godden also said he struck Bowles himself.

"He hit me in the stomach," he told the police, "then I hit out at him. I must have hit him hard because he went down."

Godden told the court he had worked as a bouncer at The Bell for six months and had previously evicted people without using violence; he last had a fight eight years ago. He had only hit Bowles after the young man attempted to strike him in the testicles.

Asked in court if Bowles went down when he punched him, he replied, "I didn't see him go down. I wish I had. Then I'd know if I was responsible for his death or not."

"It's possible?" prodded Mr Neligan.

"I've already said that."

THE CASE for the defence obviously rested on Godden's testimony.

The evidence of the post-morten on Bowles revealed that the linear fracture at the base of the skull, which subsequently led to brain damage and death, could have been caused by the man falling from his own height *without* being knocked to the ground.

The autopsy also showed that Bowles had a "fatty liver". This, the pathologist said, could have been the result either of the degenerative process of a dying man, or the chronic ingestion of alcohol.

The head injury, said the pathologist, was consistent with a drunk stumbling over. (Mr Lloyd Eley had already established in cross-examing several witnesses that Henry Bowles had been drinking, though not excessively.)

Clearly the defence intended not only to prove self-defence but to cast doubt on the prosecution's charge that Godden knocked Bowles to the ground.

BUT ON the fifth day there was a dramatic development in the trial. Mr Lloyd Eley called John Stafford to give evidence.

On the day of the incident he was working as a potman at The Bell and testified that Bowles was evicted by Flood and a man called Vince Parker. It was Parker, wearing steel-capped shoes, and Flood who kicked the young man.

He claimed that before he went away, Parker kicked Bowles in the head three times. Flood remained outside and then Godden came and pushed him back into the pub.

The boy aimed a punch at Godden's stomach and the bouncer retaliated with a blow to the chin.

"He went down," said Stafford, "and then got up." Bowles walked to the pub steps and sat down beside a girl, he added.

Cross-examined by Mr Neligan, it was revealed that Stafford had a long list of convictions for dishonesty. But throughout the questioning he maintained he was being truthful.

Asked why he hadn't stopped the men attacking Bowles, he replied, "It was nothing to do with me."

Recalled to the witness box, Inspector Terence Mansbridge said that on October 26, 1977 he asked Stafford if he was able to help with inquiries. Stafford declined.

ON THE eighth and final day, Mr Lloyd Eley said in mitigation that Godden was previously of good character, now a service station manager and no longer a part-time bouncer; nor would he ever be again. A witness described him as "a model father . . . virtually a model husband".

Mr Docking said Flood had only worked as a bouncer for two weeks. At the time of the offence he lived in a social security hostel and received £10 a week benefits. After he'd gashed his arm it was a "sudden burst of temper" that caused him to assault Henry Bowles.

Now Flood had the chance of full-time employment in Sutton, Surrey.

But Judge Mason told both men, "You behaved, in my judgement, disgracefully."

Godden, he continued, acted like a "bully boy and a thug".

"Your act cut short this young man on the threshold of his life. To that I cannot close my eyes."

Flood was sentenced to three months in prison, Godden to a year.

Neither men showed any emotion.

PAID £8 a night for acting as bouncers, Flood and Godden's 'disgraceful' behaviour on October 23, 1977 conclusively proves why there is alarm about rock gig security.

Anybody can unofficially 'police' a theatre, club or bar. Under the law there is no training required. Yet these men, employed at the discretion of licensees, must maintain order — and they often do so with brawn rather than brains, aggression rather than persuasion.

Even the GLC, in its role as public entertainment watchdog, does no more than *recommend* that attendants "should be properly trained" in their booklet, *Code Of Practice For Pop Concerts.*

Clearly such people often are not.

There is no government body to licence bouncers; they are not obliged to wear recognisable uniforms; they are not required to be of 'good character'.

In short there is no guarantee that a bounder can deal adequately with delicate confrontations. And no official body — from the breweries to the councils and government — has yet seen fit to stipulate a code of behaviour.

Every rock fan must ask one question: will I be killed at the gig tonight?

The threat is unfortunately real.

Thug law?

Sir.—On November 10 you reported that two public house bouncers killed a man and were gaoled for life. The interest centred on a policeman who witnessed the fracas, but did not intervene.

Today (November 29) two more bouncers were sent to gaol for throwing my son out of a pub in Pentonville Road. They fractured his skull and it killed him.

Is it a sign of the times that public house landlords feel it necessary to hire violent men to control their clients? What has become of the police?—Yours faithfully,

Jack Bowles.
Cambridge CB4 1BU.

The Guardian letters page, December 4, 1978

GEORGE BODNAR

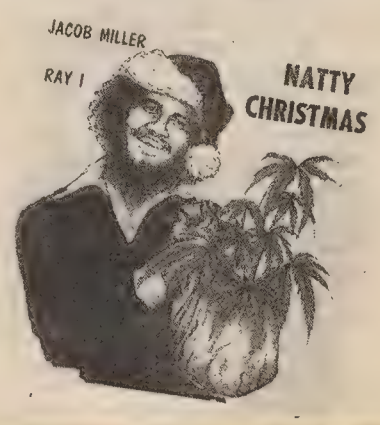
Killer JOHN GODDEN

XMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR

— THANK GOD

*WE HERE at **New Musical Express** are accustomed to taking a loftily amused attitude to the absurd vinyl objects thrown up (and we use the term advisedly) by the vagaries of the seasonal variations in record marketing patterns **(Get to the point — Ed),** but the cheesy little biscuit pictured above, which incidentally, comes pressed on the most guesomely ugly vinyl known to humanity, is our current entrant in the "Worst Christmas Record Of All Times" stakes. The product of the deformed sensibility of one Harold Bronson (former onlie begetter of The Savage Young Winos), it is so dreadful that we're betting that even Fred Dellar's Christmas Records Survey (appearing in **NME** next week) will not throw up (and we use the term advisedly) anything worse. You have been warned. Bla-a-a-a-a-a-a-g-g-h-h-h-h-h-h*

*Meanwhile, below, is the proof that yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus in Jamaica (even though the red combs get a bit funky under the armpits come Boxing Day). Jacob Miller (undoubtedly going, "Ho ho ho" with a **lot** reverb-'erb-'erb) together with Ray presents **Thrills** with a well thoughtful Xmas gift for I & I (fade out babbling inanities, falling off chair, etc). This artefact available on JA's Top Ranking label from reggae stockists*



FAY FIFE by GREGORY PAXTON

BEHIND EVERY great group, and even some lesser ones, there's a whole lot more goes on than ever meets the eye.

The Rezillos broke up last week because of "differing expectations of the music industry", as the press statement accurately and diplomatically put it. As they announced the split, their new single "Destination Venus" was climbing the chart. The Rezillos always were a star-crossed band.

Signed to the American Sire label on the strength of one of '77s primo indepenent singles, "Can't Stand My Baby", their first single for Sire managed to get released in two separate batches over last year's yuletide record rush — "Good Sculptures"/"Flying Saucer Attack" was effectively lost.

Then they were flown over to New York to make an album with hot shot Sire producer Tony Bongiovi. Bongiovi was so in tune with the group's style that he wanted to leave "Cold Wars", "No" and the hit-single-to-be "Top Of The Pops" off the album. Luckily Bongiovi only turned up for an hour or so every few days and they were able to get on with making the album with engineer Bob Clearmountain. Unluckily, in his capacity as 'producer', Bongiovi got three per cent of their royalties.

They were again on the wrong end of circumstances when their first major tour and the release of the album was blown out as a result of Sire switching distributors. When finally Sire went under the banner of WEA the album made Top 20 and the tour was a huge success. "Good timing", said the company, ignoring the staunch following The Rezillos already enjoyed.

Still, at last it looked like things were falling into place. I remember going up to extend a congratulatory hand at their London gig, expecting to find the raucous, good humoured bunch I'd met earlier in the year in even better mood considering their wildest pop star dreams had just come true. Instead they were ratty and dispirited, bickering over trifling annoyances at the gig. The fun, it seemed, had gone out of it.

"Yeah, that's exactly it. There were so many other problems that took the good things out of it," says the irrepressible Fay Fife. "Things that you're really bothered about go down the drain because the record company is such a big organisation, and you're just a wee part of it. You lose control, and that spoils it — which it had by then."

Fay and her equally irrespressible partner, Eugene Reynolds, are ensconced in a late-nite pizzeria, chewing over the dissolution of something they've devoted the better part of their energies of the past few years to. It's an amicable parting, with a brace of farewell gigs — two down south and two in their Scottish homelands near Christmas — yielding a possible live album. After which guitarist and songwriter John Callis and the Rezillos rhythm section will carry on their good name, while Eugene and Fay concentrate on a new band. But whichever way you slice it up, The Rezillos were a *combination* of Callis' cynically comic songs and Fay and Eugene's brash visual and vocal dynamo.

"No way have we fallen out with the rest of the band," asserts Fay. "If we went on for another six months or so then we would have, because there are a lot of differences. John, who I really admire, is getting into a really different thing because of the environment he's in now."

"It's become a job," says Eugene. "It's great to earn money from being in a group and having hit singles but I don't think it's great when you have to treat the whole thing — which is essentially spontaneous — as a job."

The brunt of Eugene's bitterness isn't financial though — despite the fact that they never made more than £25 a week from their success he doesn't feel that they've been ripped off, and reckons they were lucky to end up owing only a thousand pounds. It's more the draining effects of trying to deal with the corporate monolith. He and Fay didn't want to be called upon to make records to order and then have them packaged and promoted in a way that merely reflects the latest market treands. Eugene calls it a fear of becoming just another standard rock act, adding shrewdly that "the trade is set up for that."

In fact the split was partly caused by what he says amounted to veiled threat from the company of the if-you-want-to-get-on-then-you-two-better-toe-the-line order.

"But it's supposed to be a working relationship. Not just sitting around getting as many free meals out of the company as possible. It's about producing something and doing it right. So you put up with these people and poxy stories about how many women they screwed in New York as long as they do their job right. But then, when they don't, what's the point?

"I'd rather sell 20,000 copies of our own single to people that are genuinely interested in it than see myself on *Top Of The Pops* again."

The moral of this story is that when it comes to companies and contracts, to paraphrase Marx's immortal words, there is no Sanity Clause.

PAUL RAMBALI THRILLS

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ENTER THE WOOLWORTH

Spot the singer

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Spend £3 or more in the Woolworth Record Department and you'll get an entry form to "Spot the Singer."

It's the great competition that's on everyone's lips.

Match the famous singers to the famous lips and you could win two tickets to the concert of your choice, anywhere in the world.

And anywhere means anywhere — Europe, America, Australia — the choice is yours.

You'll stay for at least a week — plus £200 pocket money.

There are other fabulous prizes, too:

* Second Prize of two tickets to the concert of your choice anywhere in Europe.
* 10 Third Prizes of Alba Music Centres.
* 1,000 consolation prizes of £3.50 Woolworth Special Gift Vouchers for use in Woolworth or Woolco Record Departments.

Competition closes 31st January 1979. So visit the Woolworth Record Department now.

They've got the greatest albums and tapes, many at fantastic 'money-off'* prices, including the latest releases from Elton John, 10cc, Bob Marley, and many others.

*Savings are against man. rec. price.

Fly PAN AM.

The choice you want at the prices you want.

WOOLWORTH

Also at Woolco

The KISS movie

HEY! HEY! WE'RE THE MUNSTERS!

Are they not Kiss? They are dildoes

IT WAS, perhaps, the most exquisite peak that the macabre tradition of Western cinema has ever produced.

The humour, the pathos, the beautifully constructed plot, the deft, faultless sensitivity of the lighting, the inexorable, sure-footed pace of the editing, the titanic performances by the stars, the delicate ironies . . . why, the theological implications alone were staggering.

All in all, it was one of the finest movies I'd ever seen in my life, and during many times during the 90 minutes that I spent watching *Kiss Meet The Phantom Of The Park* I wished that I was seeing the Universal Pictures production of *Son Of Frankenstein* again. As it was, I was trapped in a theatre where you couldn't even smoke watching the most ludicrous waste of $2,000,000 since the invention of celluloid.

This year, escapism, high adventure, comic-books and juvenile horror are back in favour with a vengeance, which is more than fine, as more and more characters move from the glossy graphics of Marvel and DC to the movie and TV screen, the happier your correspondent is. *The Incredible Hulk* is the finest imported TV series of the year (even though *Wonder Woman* had zilcho going for it except Lynda Carter) and I even got off on the *Spider-Man* movie. But Kiss. . .

I recently saw Alex Harvey, a man of taste and sensitivity in any man's space-time continuum, reduced to apoplectic, spluttering speechlessness at the thought of the Kiss comics outselling anyting else in the history of Marvel while his beloved *Silver Surfer* and *Nick Fury* went out of print. One can sympathise. As superheroes, Kiss are about as convincing as a cardboard hippopotamus (plus those boots make them walk funny).

The only sections of the movie less convincing than the fights and stunts are the concert sequences, where Kiss churn out the most mind-numbingly stultifying sludge-rock imaginable while an audience of clean-cut American kids in California leisurewear and silly make-up go berserk (but only in the healthiest and most vitamin-packed manner, natcho).

This towering monument to terminal cancer of the imagination was produced by Kiss' management in conjunction with Hanna-Barbera (famous for Yogi Bear and Boo Boo, among other things) as a made-for-TV movie which was shown highly successfully on NBC-TV in Los Estados Unidos some while or two back. Over here, it's intended for cinema showing, and I'm sure that the date of its release will be determined when major distributors are made aware of precisely how much Kiss mean to the general public in the UK (more than Leer/Rental but less than The Dooleys).

Dildoes get to grips with a phantom FIN COSTELLO

The plot, such as it is, concerns a foundering amusement park based around the cybernetic inventions of a wimpish middle-aged mad scientist who is highly disturbed by the fact that the park is doing so badly that Kiss have to be drafted in to play three gigs there to raise money. For some unknown reason (possibly explained in the original script but edited out) he decides to use his deadly androids and the people who he has converted into cyborgs to wipe out Kiss and destroy the park. Great, huh?

Kiss appear in the movie as both superheroes (Demon, Starchild, Catman and Space Ace) and rock stars (Gene Simmons, Paul Stanley, Peter Criss and Ace Frehley). Simmons does a crashing-through-a-wall Hulk-type number where he actually looks genuinely unnerving, but once the Kabuki-woogie bug-eye boys open their mouths (either on or offstage), they come on more like some charmless cross between the Monkees and the Munsters.

Perhaps their finest moment comes when they are attacked by a herd of cybernetic wolfmen (me, I was rooting for the wolfmen) before their capture by the mad scientist, who then sends Kiss androids (stop laughing) to sing destructive lyrics to the kids to make them tear the park down (the androids were better than the real Kiss, actually).

It's kind of amusing (in a pathetic kind of way) to see combination of warmed-over glitter, Mondo Pervo and post-Alice Cooper Petit Guignol being packaged up, microwave heated and flogged to hordes of ten-year-olds, but the sheer ineptitude of the movie eventually sours it.

Comparing the movie to the synopsis, it would appear that large chunks of the film have been left on cutting-room floor (pity the whole thing couldn't've stayed there): characters jump from one location to another alluding to incidents that haven't appeared on screen, sequences are transposed (and don't come the Nick Roeg with me, mate, I can tell Art from butter) and characterisations are drawn in thick, shaky crayon strokes.

Even by the standards of juvenile TV adventure, the whole thing displays such couldn't-give-a-shit contempt for its audience that I would've thought that Kiss, Bill Aucoin (their mangler) and director Gordon Hessler would've been ashamed to take the money.

Silly me. This megabuck showbiz we're talking about, O Prince, and in this man's racket *no-one* is ashamed to take the money.

CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

THRILLS

JIM MORRISON

An American Prayer; An Album that has taken two years to complete, featuring a unique collection of previously unreleased Jim Morrison recordings, together with new music from the original Doors. Plus an 8 page booklet of Jim Morrison poetry and drawings.

THE Doors elektra

An American Prayer - Jim Morrison. Music by the Doors. Available on Elektra records and tapes. K52111.

FROM TIME to time, you've probably wondered who writes the pithy picture captions in this esteemed chronicle. Have you ever considered trying to beat us at our own game?

Well — here's your opportunity.

As it's the season of goodwill and owt fer nowt, we here at the World's Most Generous Rock Weekly, will be putting various ***desirable*** *items up for grabs each week. And, all you have to be is witty enough to score 'em.*

For their next single, Blondie have re-worked an extended version of "Heart Of Glass", which now clocks in at just under six minutes. This record won't go on sale in this country until January 1979.

However, we have blagged five American-pressed 12-inch disco cuts from those nice people over at Chrysalis Records, and if you want a copy, all you have to do is supply an appropriate (printable) caption.

Speed is of the very essence. So all entries must drop on the "Welcome" mat by first post December 11.

Next week, copies of a promo-only Sire Records compilation album pressed on emerald green vinyl and housed in a pink quilted sleeve will go on offer.

Bon chance!

Beeeeeeeeeeeeep . . .

This is the sound of record companies hope you'll soon hear on your 'pirate' tapes.

THE BATTLE against record piracy continues apace. With the pirates moving strongly into counterfeiting, the record companies are looking to the laboratory to find an answer to their problems.

The companies dream of a system whereby everytime anyone attempts to copy a disc or a tape, it would self-destruct, refuse to play or produce an unacceptable sound. This is called "anti-copy" and, though often considered impossible, it still capures the imagination of inventors due to the vast financial returns should a viable system be discovered.

Surprisingly, such a system was patented in 1968 by 'Magic Alex' Mardus, the resident mad inventor at Apple, the Beatles company. Press stories at the time claimed that tape recording a disc pressed according the the Apple system would result only in a high-pitched whistle on the tape. This was done by implanting some kind of signal on the disc which, when it combined with a frequency in the tape recorder, would produce an audible sound. Alas, Alex's system did not actually work and the Apple patents lapsed.

Another system, less fanciful, involves imprinting records and tapes with some kind of indelible watermark, and this is the area where the main thrust of record company research is being directed. EMI has been working on such a system for some years which involves implanting into blank tape a magnetic digital code — in some respects similar to that used by the National Wesminster Bank cash card system — which can be recognised when the tape cassette is played on a decoder.

The disadvantage of this system is that it can only be used to prove that a tape does not originate from EMI. For example, if Kate Bush cassette is

on sale in a shop, and when played through the decoder the watermark signal is absent, then it is good grounds for supposing it's a counterfeit.

In the courts this is described as "negative proof" — where the absence of something is regarded as positively something else. But a defence counsel could argue the case that until EMI watermarked tapes are available in every tape factory, then it is possible that the tape was old stock or the like. Alternatively, when and if it becomes available worldwide, the pirates could find ways of ripping off the new tape, and putting EMI back to square one.

A more fiendish system which promises a greater chance of success was proposed by Adrian Hope, a writer in *Hi-Fi News and Record Review*. His system involves watermarking the recording, rather than the blank tape with a narrow frequency bandwidth 'Window' cut out of the audio spectrum, which would carry a recognisable coded signal.

According to Hope: "This in itself will prove a deterrent to the pirate. When illegitimately copying a recording, he will be faced with the knowledge that somewhere in that recording (although he's not sure where), is notched out a window (of unknown frequency) including an identification signal coded (in some unknown fashion) which is positively identifiable by the owner of the copyright. And of course a notch is virtually impossible to repair even if you know where it is."

He comments: "Such a situation would enable the copyright owner to point, electronically as it were, to a tell tale watermark in the sound on an illegitimate recording, and thereby identify its original source. This would provide *positive* proof of piracy that the record companies require, in addition to the *negative* proof of authenticity that the EMI trademark can offer."

DICK TRACY

THRILLS

ELO, ELO, ELO...

Including
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Evil Woman
Strange Magic
Nightrider
Hall of the Mountain King
Ma Ma Ma Belle
Boy Blue
Can't Get it out of my Head
Poor Boy
plus 12 page colour booklet.

What's going on 'ere, then?
W.H. Smith are offering you this special edition boxed set containing "On The Third Day," "Eldorado" and "Face The Music" for **£6.99**

That's £2 less than the already super-low maker's list price. So don't think twice. You're not the only one reading this ad. We'll see you in half an hour.

Record Department — Available where you see this sign.

WHSMITH

It's a great place for gifts.

Branches throughout England and Wales. Prices correct at time of going to press. Offer open until 8th January 1979 or while stocks last.

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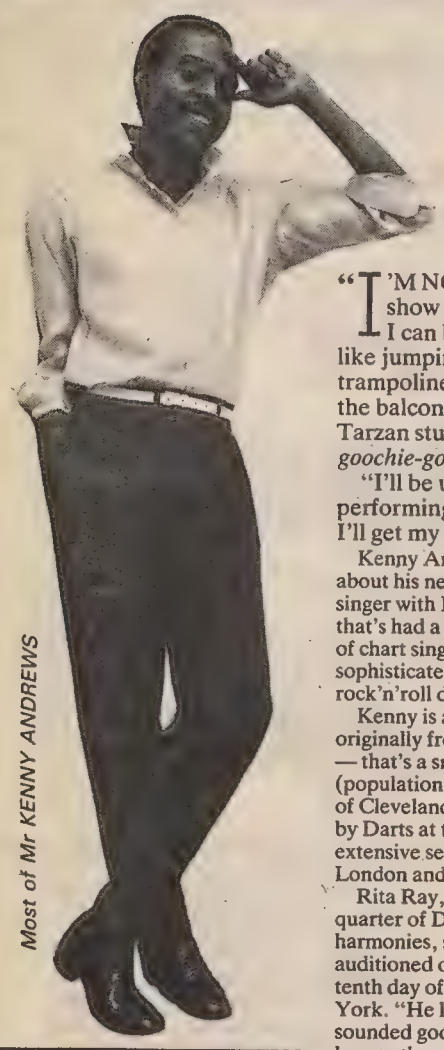
DARTS GET STUCK INTO BIG BASKETBALL CASE



Most of Mr KENNY ANDREWS

"I'M NOT GONNA show how gymnastic I can be. I don't feel like jumping off trampolines or climbing in the balcony. None of that Tarzan stuff. I'm not gonna *goochie-goo* around.

"I'll be up on stage performing and having fun. I'll get my point across."

Kenny Andrews is talking about his new job as bass singer with Darts, the group that's had a consecutive string of chart singles with its sophisticated use of an early rock'n'roll doo-wop format.

Kenny is a 26-year black guy originally from Malvern, Ohio — that's a small town (population 1,328) to the south of Cleveland. He was recruited by Darts at the end of an extensive series of auditions in London and New York.

Rita Ray, who's another quarter of Darts' four-part harmonies, says Kenny auditioned on the ninth or tenth day of auditions in New York. "He looked good and sounded good, and we decided he was the one."

Kenny has a hard act to follow within the group. His predecessor was 'Mad' Den Hegarty, who created national newspaper headlines with his crazed antics both on stage and in among his audiences.

'Mad' Den quit the band because the pace became too much, with Darts reckoning to play a gig one night out of every three. That intense schedule still stands. But the problem was how to replace 'Mad' Den with someone possessing the same music *and* lunacy quotient.

As it turned out, there was no way that could be done. As Griff Fender, yet another Darts vocalist, put it: "Dennis is unique. The group couldn't do the same thing twice, anyway. We have to move on."

Rita says auditions began in mid-August in London, where they some 300 singers at the rate of about 30 a day. "The whole band was going to sit in on auditions. But what with the loonies we got, people started laughing, and things got a bit uncontrollable, so we had to send them away."

How many loonies did you get?

"Three hundred," says Griff Fender.

"No", says Rita. "In fact, about eighty-five per cent were loonies. You knew they weren't bass-singers straight away. We'd say to them: 'Oh, you've applied for the job, have you?' And they'd say: "Yes, I have'."

Rita does a high-pitched falsetto by way of demonstration.

"Then we'd say: 'And you're a natural bass, are you?' And they'd say: 'Yes'."

Another high-pitched squeak.

"So we'd give them a scale to sing. We'd go: 'Boooom'. And they'd go: 'Bohm'. So then we'd say: 'But you're not a bass, are you?' They'd say: 'No, but don't you want somebody enigmatic like Dennis'?"

According to Griff, the attitude was: "I can climb the walls all right, but I can't sing."

"Whereas", says Rita, "We were looking for a marvellous singer. There are enough loonies in the band, anyway."

In the States, Rita found that the standard of bass singing was more impressive. "That's where the music comes from, after all. But what was disappointing was the way doo-wop seems to have almost died out over there. I went into a record store in Greenwich Village. The sort of place that should have stocked it. And I said to the guy behind the counter: 'Where's your doo-wop section, please?'

"And he said: 'Do what, lady?'

"And he was a *black* guy."

DARTS' full team: Griff, Bob, Kenny, Horace, Thump, Rita, George, Mike and Dummer.

Members of Darts are gathered in their manager's plush flat in West London, preparing to do their first *Top Of The Pops* with their new line-up. They're fitting in interviews before driving over to the BBC.

It's the first time Kenny has ever appeared on television anywhere, and he doesn't seem to be the least bit nervous. This evident confidence is reflected in the subsequent clip.

Before joining Darts, Kenny had only ever been with a semi-pro group. They were called the K.G.s, and they operated in New York.

"It wasn't a serious thing," he says. "We'd just split up before the audition ayway. Basically, we just used to perform the latest things that were happening — whatever was popular at the time."

He doesn't elaborate, but he does say somewhat quietly that most of his life was spent behind a desk in an insurance office, desperate to leave and do music full-time.

Kenny had never heard of Darts or heard any of their music before he responded to their advert in a New York showbiz paper. He'd sung some doo-wop before, but "Only messing around with the fellers." They'd sing "Temptations, Coasters, Drifters — stuff like that — y'know, hanging on the corner."

Once he'd heard the Darts, though, he says he liked them because "Their music has a doo-wop format, but it's imaginative and they're putting other things into it. It's not just the same thing over and over again. With the Darts, it's down to creativity and showing talent to the people."

Having cracked most of Europe, with the curious exception of Germany, Darts plan to concentrate on the States next year. They'll put a compilation album of their best material out, with a deliberate slant towards American tastes.

By that stage, Kenny and the band's new keyboard player Mike Deacon should have blended into the line-up, although in truth, it's hard to imagine Kenny blending too easily into any line-up.

Despite his caution about his onstage visuals, Kenny happens to be at least six foot four inches tall. A guy not easily concealed in a crowd.

"Basically," he says, "I'm the hideaway sort. Quiet, shy, innocent."

These are pretty unusual qualities for a performer, though, and if a guy who looks like one of the Harlem Globetrotters doesn't end doing something a little showbiz onstage, then Darts won't be Darts, will they?

BOB EDMANDS

THRILLS

Darts

Queen top in ladies Division 2

QUEEN gained the lead in Division 2 of the Wm. Stones Ladies Darts League with an exciting 4—3 win against Railway King. Lord Nelson lead Division 1 after beating Masons Arms 5—2.

Other results: Crown 4, Monkgate 3; Stillington 3, Mitre 4; Clifton 1, Lighthorseman 6; Frog 4, Derwent 3; Gillygate 3, Nag's Head 4; White Horse 2, Yearsley 5; Jubilee 5, Burton 2.

Fat bottomed fred in line for promotion? Dave King, of York, hopes not. The Yorkshire Evening Press isn't so sure.

WHO ARE THEY?

"THE 'OO is a group again. Without a drummer we weren't a group. Kenny is being brought in as a full-time member and as such has a quarter share of what we are.

"Kenny is now a quarter of The 'Oo, and if one journalist says we're not the same without Keith, then I'll personally break his legs. *We are not the same . . .*"

A breezy Roger Daltrey knocks back another gulp of his large vodka and bitter-lemon. So when can we expect to see The Who in action again? "I should say around March," reveals Roger confidently. As for the complete line-up, it's likely that Townshend, Entwistle, Daltrey *and* Jones will be augmented by at least one other musician.

The scene is a pub in grimy North London — Islington, to be exact. Entwistle and Jones are to arrive later. Townshend is at home. His missus wanted to go out for the night, so Pete's at home in Twickenham, baby-sitting.

The occasion is to celebrate the wrapping-up of the *Quadrophenia* movie. The last bit of filming is to take place next door in the not over-exotic confines of Alfredo's cafe. There, *Quadrophenia's* central character Jimmy will talk to his mates about scoring some 'blues' before mounting his scooter and high-tailing it to Brighton.

There are pix of '50s greats like Elvis and Chuck Berry on the walls of Alfredo's, but outside the film crew are creating the ambience of another epoch in rock's continual evolution, that of London circa '65 when the Mods were one answer for the nation's frustrated youth.

Directed by Franc Roddam, he of the TV drama *Dummy* fame, and financed by one and a half million of Polydor Records' money, the flick has taken nine weeks to complete. Those who've seen the rushes are impressed.

"It's terrific," enthuses Daltrey, who along with Townshend and Entwistle has produced the film. The movie stays fairly close to the story of Townshend's album, that of a Mod in search of himself. Save for overseeing the period detail, The Who themselves have had little to do with the actual film-making.

"All the British films which dealt with that period were so wimpy," complains Daltrey. "Remember the Cliff Richard movies? They were made by outsiders looking in. *Quadrophenia* is made by insiders looking out."

"It's not another *Tommy*. It's about teenagers and teenagers have always been the same whether they're 13 or going on 35." The singer chuckles at his own candour.

The Who's main involvement with *Quadrophenia* has been the soundtrack. More than likely a double album — featuring tracks by the era's faves Small Faces and Motown — will be released. The Who's own contribution is, says Daltrey, something of a dilemma. And one which has been exacerbated by Keith Moon's death.

Already The Who have re-recorded "The Real Me" from "Quadrophenia," but Daltrey is reluctant to mess with too much of the old material.

"I'm proud of me heritage," he says. "I don't care if I'm singing flat and it sounds like I was singing out of a railway tunnel."

One thing seems fairly certain, and that's that there will be four new Townshend compositions on the soundtrack. But even one of these dates from '66-'67. Called "Joker James," The Who (with Jones) have already recorded the song.

When Townshend gave Tony Stewart an epic interview earlier in the year, it was revealed that both Johnny Rotten and Jimmy Pursey were up for the lead role in *Quadrophenia*. Subesequently, the role went to an unknown actor, one Phil Daniels.

Says Daltrey: "Johnny Rotten was auditioned for a part in *Quadrophenia* but his acting wasn't very good. Sham 69 were asked to play two songs for possible inclusion in the film. It wasn't that we didn't like them. It was just that they couldn't play the way bands in the early '60s played.

"Pursey is a star. I've never seen a man rule a group like he does. Sham were just wrong for the film. Jimmy Pursey will be around when Johnny Rotten's dead and buried."

***Quadrophenia* aside, what of The Who's future? Roger told me that Townshend is writing all the time, and that this time round there won't be a gap of years between the release of new Who material. He reckons there'll be another album in the not-too distant future, and that's discounting the soundtrack of the *other* Who movie, *The Kids Are Alright*.**

"We're only too aware of the situation. We'd like to put more singles out. 'Who Are You' wasn't a single I was proud of. I'm very proud of the album, but not of the single. It was a bloated album track."

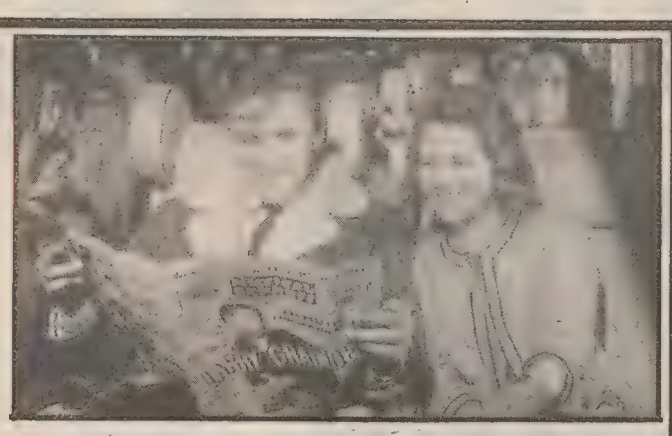
The *Kids* movie, essentially footage of the band playing live, including clips from The Who's appearance at Woodstock and Monterey — as well as scenes from their appearance on the Russell Harty programme where the rest of The Who stripped Daltrey — is scheduled for April release. An album, probably all live cuts, will be issued a month previous.

Also featured is The Who playing at Shepperton. Filmed earlier in the year, it turned out to be the last time Moon played with The Who in front of an audience. It is, according to one Who aide, a classic gig.

"Next year's going to be a great year for us. When Keith died I had no thoughts of us splitting up. Why should we? We've got everything going for us. It's just that we're not quite as funny as we used to be."

STEVE CLARKE THRILLS

NME BY POST



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"I AM JIMI HENDRIX'S BROTHER JEMI" — *Amazing claim by mental case*

WEDNESDAY at noon. Office production was so intense that it made the mess-room of the *Marie Celeste* look like a hive of activity. This week's issue was still so hot off the press that picking it up was like pulling on a pair of wooly mittens and washing your hands with 3-in-1 oil at the same time. That's when I knew why the other hacks were playing skittles instead of filling in the cross-word.

I decided I'd read the paper later, after the under-coat had dried but before Budgie passed comment. I was a busy man. But I'd find time somehow. I hit a Camel and it tasted the same as a grease-monkey's hankerchief. I tilted my head to one side because I like to keep the smoke out of my sinus. I pushed back the blue Dunn & Co titfer until it was resting at a rakish angle on my perfectly formed coronal suture because I like the way it looks.

The phone on my desk shrieked self-importantly and I picked it up absently. Three floors down in Carnaby Street the tourists ambled aimlessly, disappointed because the girl who sold them their plastic Bobbie's helmet wasn't Jean Shrimpton.

And they thought *they* had problems. At least they could go get run over by a bus as they laser-gazed at Oxford Street's answer to the Blue Oyster Cult.

Me, I was stuck in an office where the walls had had seven layers of wallpaper and all of them were peeling. Worse yet, the guy hanging on the telephone was a musician. His voice came in waves, like nausea.

This was the 394th unknown band that had served me their home-made hyperbole today. It had been a slow day. I figured I'd have to agree to my name plus one being put on the guest-list of a W.I. date in South-East Rutland next Sunday morning before the bozo would let me get back to making patterns out of paper-clips.

"Jimi Hendrix is my brother," the voice was saying. "His poem on the back of the Cry Of Love album is about me. The record companies are all afraid to see me because if I walk into their offices they are afraid they'll see Jimi Hendrix coming through the door."

Suddenly my spine felt like a ladder in a pair of Janet Reger's silk stockings. I could smell a scoop quicker than a St. Bernard could mount Sir Edmund Hilary in an average sized snow drift. And what I could smell here was, without a shadow of a doubt, something fishy in a strait jacket, otherwise known as "good copy" *(Thrillsus Fodderi)*.

"Jimi Hendrix's songs were about *me,"* insisted The Voice with tortured passion. "Listen," he instructed in hushed conspiritorial tones. "I read your book. It's great, you're absolutely right. You and Julie are the only people in the world I trust. I wrote a letter to *NME* three weeks ago. The day I posted it I saw your book. I have reason to believe the letter is being hidden from you."

Why should anyone do that?

"The letter's about me. And Hendrix. And my band. And the way the music business is scared of me because I'm Jimi's friend. Listen, I can understand why they would want to hide the letter from you."

How are you called?

"My name is Jem Sofair. My band is called Jem. Punk is dead, everyone knows that. We—"

—are the alternative to the current malaise?

"Yes".

WE FIXED a meet for next day and Jemi Hendrix didn't come alone. No, wrapped in a great coat with patches on his jeans — no, it's not Jemes Dean — it's Jem Morrison. Jem Sofair introduced himself and then his friend.

"He's called Jem, too", said Jem.

I nodded at Jem and then I nodded at Jem. Then I looked at them (I felt too edgy to try doing it all at once).

Jem Sofair resembled the offspring of Ronnie Wood and Hiawatha. He looked like he should be made of wood and stood out front of a Mid-West general store advocating a brand of tobacco. He was raven-haired, crow-faced and — for all I knew — pigeon chested.

He was dark, very dark. He needed a shave, he would always need a shave. His eyes were champion marbles gleaming with unspeakable furies. He was from Muswell Hill.

The Other Jem wore the wool 'n' denim tat one might sport to blend into the front of the queue for tickets for the Last Night At The Proms. He had a grinning Frog face that frequently became deadly serious just like Jean-Jacque Burnel's boat. Like Jem Sofair, he looked like an everyday Joe you'd look through in a crowd until the moment you saw the eyes. After that you'd be looking for a long pointed stick to wedge his mouth open and spare the tongue.

We made our way through the sleazy Soho underbelly to The Cumberland where it didn't take even a single spurt from the bartender's soda syphon to have Jem Sofair

JEMI HENDRIX (left) and JEM MORRISON. Pic: TOM SHEEHAN.

agonising about the reason for record company hostility to this thing called Jem.

"You tell them that Jimi Hendrix is your friend, your *brother* and they shit themselves! They think you're going to be a black Robin Trower!"

"Or think you're Living God!" points out The Other Jem.

"Yeah, a little wanker, a something crazy, another little nutter who thinks he's Jimi Hendrix!"

At this point the Juke Box, previously silent, purrs and then clicks and sizzles into motion. It's on the other side of the boozer. Neither Jem, me or Jem have touched it.

"Purrrpool heeeeeeysss, whoooaaaing maaa braaaaner!!"

Goosepimples gathered at the nape of my neck and I began looking over my shoulder.

Are you there, Jimi? Knock once for yes and twice for no.

The two Jems were expressionless.

I smile and nod towards the Juke Box. That's weird, innit?

They smirk at each other knowingly. "Not really . . ."

How do you like your Hendrix — medium?

Jem Sofair talks at length about Jimi Hendrix. His religious fervour is sporadically interrupted by The Other Jem with the words, "Jim Morrison, too." This is because the Lizard Limpet is (as if you couldn't guess) The Other Jem's brother. "Jimi Hendrix was crucified," Jem Sofair reveals. "Jim Morrison was crucified. But they left their *friends* behind, they left their *knowledge*. And they said. "When you get older, remember all the things that were done to us.""

Tel me, Jems, how do you plan to convince sceptics of your special relationship with Jimi and Jim?

"You only have to put our pictures in the press and people will know we are their friends."

JEM WERE formed nearly four years ago by the Jems in Muswell Hill. The line is Jem jeered at the pub-rockers and were indulgent to the punks, admiring the energised agression but deriding (not, as you might surmise, the lack of discipline and direction that caused the genre to swiftly develop into a bleeding travesty of its former self) capitulation to the rockbiz industry — even in so meek and mild a fashion as getting a manager.

Jem prefer to do it all themselves. They inform the label who they're related to with their usual Holy Roller fanaticism. They do not have a recording contract, a manager, or one single A&R man that doesn't think they're clinically insane. It's just part of their charm.

Apart from Jem and Jem, Jem (the band — am I going too fast for you?) have their line-up completed by someone called Tim and, on drums, Terry Chimes.

Jem Sofair is adamant that Chimes turned down offers to join Johnny Thunders' Heartbreakers, Generation X, Public Image Limited, The Clash and many more as a permanent member because he, uh, always wanted to be a Jem.

"Strummer begged Terry *on his knees* to join The Clash!" maintains Jem.

"We agreed with punk, otherwise I wouldn't have let Terry play with The Clash. But it's one thing just playing drums and getting money — Terry bought us our van with the money he got from playing on the first Clash album — and it's another thing entirely to say, *"I really believe in these guys, I can't say it myself because I'm a drummer and not clever enough to write lyrics to the songs. But I believe these guys."* "That's cool."

Well, either you're telling some little white fibs and you know it, or you're doing the same and not knowing it in which case you're fruit farm fodder, or you've got some strange psychic Helter Skelter grip over Terence. Maybe Tel just digs the sounds, Rover. We'll hear the kin-folk in there, will we?

"Oh, sure, yeah, yeah, sure, y'know. I mean, y'know, if you watch us perform, it's there. But, I mean, we're better than those people anyway," blurts Jem Sofair and the Jem Twins get all wild-eyed and megalomaniacally hysterical.

"They're lesser forms of us. We've got heavier things to say!"

"We're better than them!"

"We know a lot more things than Jimi did when he stood up in '66. Just because Hendrix and Morrison came before us that does *not* mean they're necessarily better than us!"

"Max Bygraves, came before Heavy Metal; does that mean he was therefore better?"

"Our music *has* got a message, y'know, er, that's basically not to worry about things." "We especially talk about life and death a little bit, y'know."

Man has cried a million tears for what he never knew, now man's reign is through. But through all eternal night, the twinkling of starlight, so very far away, maybe it's only yesterday . . .

Got any acid, man?

TONY PARSONS

COSTELLO RIOT IN OZ

"ANGRY PUNK Rock Fans On The Rampage". A sample of the front page headlines by all the Australian tabloids following incidents during the first of five concerts given by Elvis Costello at Sydney's Regent Theatre on Sunday.

The trouble started when the bespectacled one left the stage after a crisp 50-minute set.

Having forked-out 9.50 Australian dollars (£5.50) a ticket, the audience — who had been on their feet for the last three numbers in Costello's set — naturally demanded an encore. They didn't get one. The Beatles began blasting over the house PA — and then came the inflammatory announcement from the promoters that tickets were still on sale for Costello's fourth Sydney show.

This resulted in much booing and renewed chants of "We Want More!"

Costello still didn't return, so people began hurling missiles at the empty stage — first rolled papers and beer cans, then chair covers, and finally rows of seats came crashing down from the balcony onto the stage.

A further announcement was made, insisting that unless everyone left the theatre quietly, there would be no more Costello concerts at all at the Regent. This did absolutely nothing to placate the angry audience. The house lights were turned on in an effort to empty the auditorium, but this resulted in even more rows of seats being destroyed.

Finally on their way out, the jeering audience trashed more seats and glass display cabinets in the foyer, and tore down a banner advertising the concerts. As they spilled into the street which they blocked for almost half-an-hour, the disappointed audience chanted, "What A Rip-Off", "Elvis Sucks" and "Elvis Is A Capitalist".

The police were called, and though no arrests were made, the management of the Regent Theatre are having second thoughts about staging the remainder of Costello's concerts — in particular, a midnight matinee scheduled for Friday.

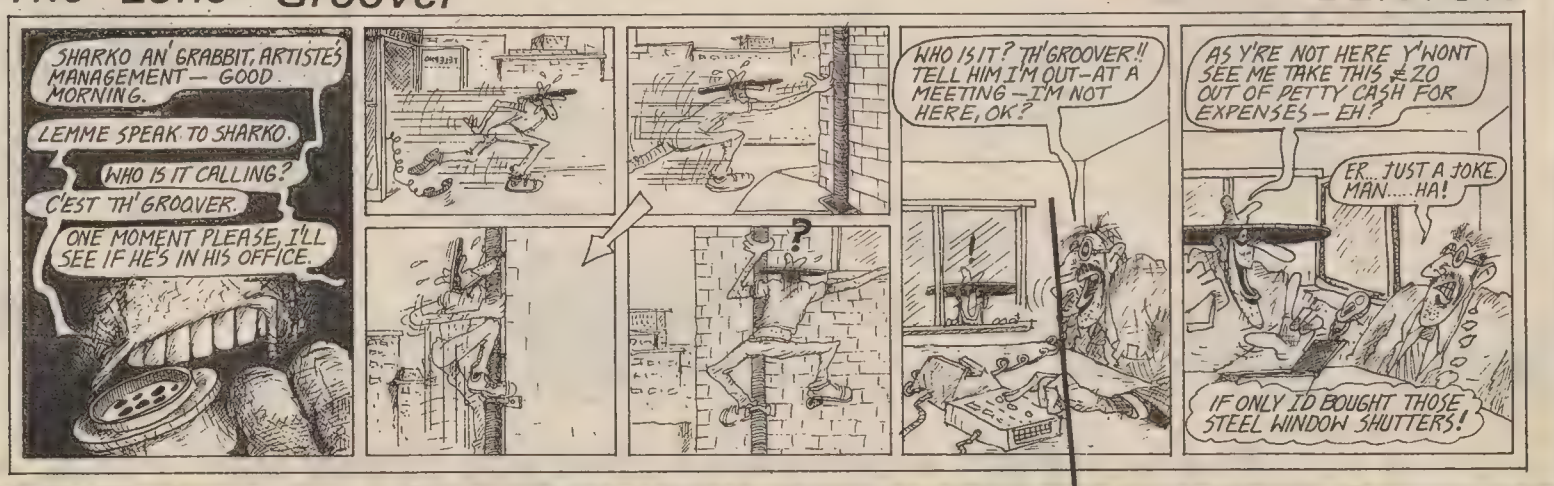
Many observers have suggested that the whole incident was a ruse, an attempt on the part of Costello's manager Jake Riviera to generate as much publicity as possible from this antipodean tour.

Such rumours prevailed when no comment was forthcoming from Costello. Indeed, his contract stipulated that he was not required to talk to the Australian press. However, the local promoters claim that the reason why Costello didn't return for an encore was that he found the audience reaction "too mechanical", although as far as Aussie rock audiences go, Costello actually played to a most receptive crowd.

CHERRY RIPE

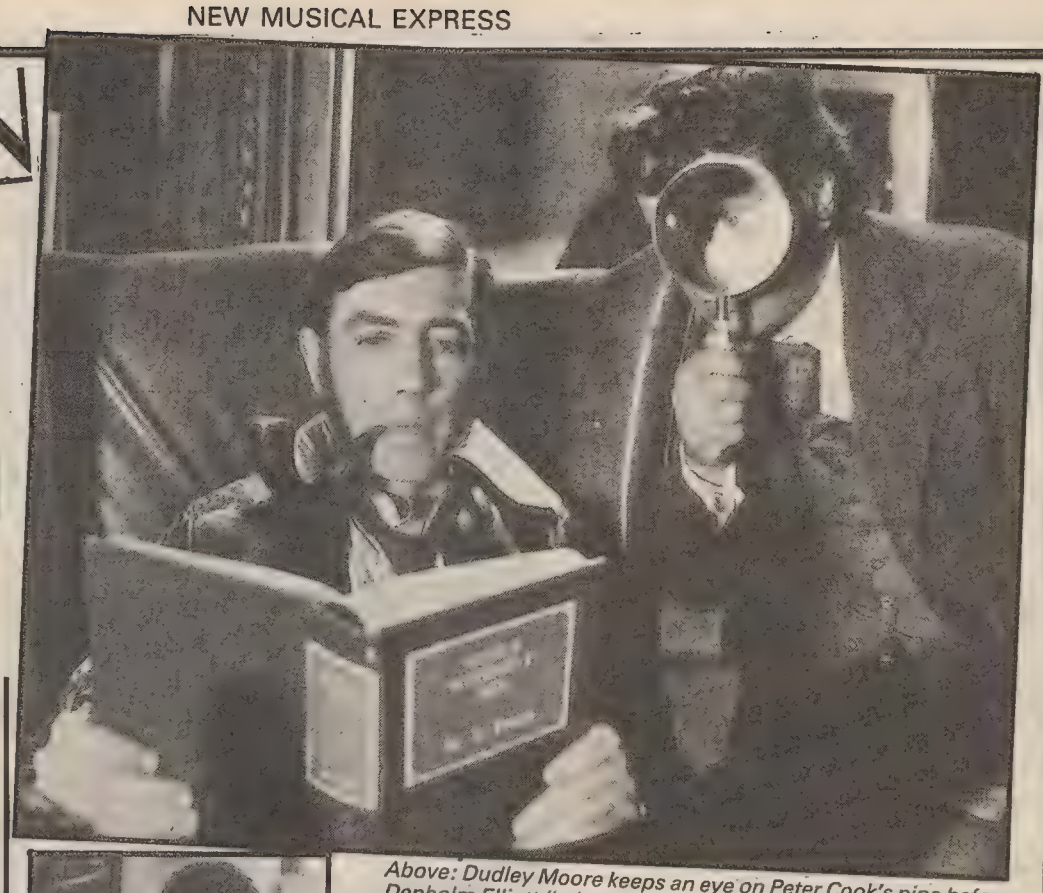
THRILLS

The Lone Groover — BENYON


SHARKO AN' GRABBIT, ARTISTE'S MANAGEMENT— GOOD MORNING.
LEMME SPEAK TO SHARKO.
WHO IS IT CALLING?
C'EST 'TH' GROOVER.
ONE MOMENT PLEASE, I'LL SEE IF HE'S IN HIS OFFICE.
WHO IS IT? TH' GROOVER!! TELL HIM I'M OUT—AT A MEETING—I'M NOT HERE, OK?
AS Y'RE NOT HERE Y'WONT SEE ME TAKE THIS £ZO OUT OF PETTY CASH FOR EXPENSES— EH?
ER... JUST A JOKE, MAN..... HA!
IF ONLY I'D BOUGHT THOSE STEEL WINDOW SHUTTERS!

SILVER SCREEN

Dogs with huge private parts — and other coded messages



Above: Dudley Moore keeps an eye on Peter Cook's pipe before Denholm Elliott (below) tells him that if The Hound Of The Baskervilles could play a guitar, it'd use a chihuahua-pedal. Robert Powell (left) groans at the ineptitude of the pun while fighting the Hun in the 39 Steps.

The Thirty-Nine Steps

Directed by Don Sharp
Starring Robert Powell and David Warner.
(Rank).

In the original novel, *The Thirty-Nine Steps*, John Buchan clearly hit upon a few fascinating dramatic elements — the pursuit of the hero through London and Scotland by both police and foreign agents, the mysterious code of its title — that made it an enduring work. Otherwise, though, it was a dull affair, with a particularly lousy, anti-climactic ending. So that anyone buying the film rights is virtually buying a title alone — the scenario still needs to be thought out almost from scratch.

Thus much of the charisma of the work derives from Hitchcock's celebrated 1935 film version (with Robert Donat in the central role of Richard Hannay) which was as superb as the 1960 British re-make (starring Kenneth More) was feeble. It is no more than inevitable that this falls squarely between the two.

As an efficiently-made comedy-thriller, there are really few grounds for complaint. There are chases and fire-arms, heroes and villains, thick London fogs and wild Scottish landscapes. Some of the set-pieces have been neatly arranged, and there is an exciting and ingenious climax.

Unlike the other two film versions, this is actually set at the same time as the book — 1914, just before the start of the Great War which Hannay's activities might avert, or at least postpone. That's a sensible move — the background of international events should heighten the tension.

Considerable care has been taken in re-creating the world of 1914 (and it's surprising how many actual London locations can still be used), but it's all been lavished on the eye-catching incidentals — particularly the multifarious modes of transport — cars, bicycles, trains, planes, boats, buses and broughams; the film is a compendium of How To Get About In Edwardian Britain.

Otherwise, the attitudes, the atmosphere and, most of all, the characters never evoke the period. Hannay's story is too easily believed in Scotland while, back in London, in a particularly anachronistic comment, he describes his adversaries as "men of extreme courage". Since the nasty, heavily-armed Prussians in question have hitherto been callously murdering innocent by-standers, this remark would be absurd in a contemporary setting, let alone one in which racial attitudes were polarised.

After conscientious effort at Mahler and Jesus (though I still remember him best as Toby in *Doomwatch),* Robert Powell's screen career should now be belatedly set in motion — girls everywhere seem to love him — but he's a lightweight Hannay, who has scant connexion with the bluff die-hard of Buchan's original conception; he plays the role strictly for laughs. It's a pity because a strong central character might have made all the difference.

But no-one will feel they've wasted their money — the trick is not to think about it afterwards.

Bob Woffinden

The Hound Of The Baskervilles

Directed by Paul Morrissey
Written by and starring Peter Cook and Dudley Moore
(Hemdale)

By no means as awful as the majority of reviews have suggested, Pete and Dud's new film is nevertheless essentially a hit-and-miss affair, a comedy in the school of Python's *Holy Grail* and *Jabberwocky,* Brooks' *Silent Movie* and most of the Marx Bros' work — very much funnier on recollection than when actually viewing it.

Because, basically, it deals with the comedy of ideas rather than situation. And if the mere notion of a Jewish Holmes and a Welsh Watson appeals then — sooner or later — you'll find a good few laughs in this pretty silly version of J. Arthur's *Dog With Bared Fangs And Enormous Private Parts* (well, that's how Watson describes the legendary hound).

"Are you sure it was a hound?" asks the inept Watson, handling the case in Holmes' absence. "What other creature," replies the harrassed witness, "would devour its victim and go woof-woof?"

That so many familiar comic actors — Terry Thomas, Max Wall, Irene Handl, Kenneth Williams, Hugh Griffith, Roy Kinnear — speak similarly daft lines is perhaps several reasons why the film has lent itself to easy, dismissive criticism.

Director Paul Morrissey, at last shot of Warhol's shackles, paces *Hound* in the manner of TV or revue sketches and two set piece sequences are particularly well-handled; those involving Denholm Elliott's incessantly urinating chihuahuas and Joan Greenwood satanically spewing from a revolving head, *Exorcist*-style. There are many other ghastly bits, but most of them involve dreadful puns.

The one disquieting moment — aside from Spike Milligan scratching a moustache that isn't there, that is — has Henry Woolf's brusque shopkeeper dressed exactly the same as Watson, for no apparel reason.

Why Cook and Moore felt the need to use the (adapted) one-legged Tarzan schtick for the umpteenth time, I can't fathom, but Dudley plays the infortunate Mr Spiggot, Watson *and* Holmes' domineering momma ("You used to be such a lovely little girl, Sherl"). *And* he wrote the nudging 'silent movie' piano score. Cook's Sherlock is happy to let his grating Jewish accent wander all over the shop.

Monty Smith

Stevie

Directed by Robert Enders
Starring Glenda Jackson
(Enterprise)

In 1969, Stevie Smith won the Queen's Medal for Poetry and arrived at the presentation wearing a jumble sale hat. She was feted by the famous and, through her work, exposed to all the glittering bohemia of the day — George Orwell was her BBC producer.

But Stevie Smith was a true eccentric. Quirky, gutsy and intensely opinionated, she chose to live with her dotty old aunt in the cultural wasteland of London's Palmers Green and delighted in acting the suburban spinster. Much of her poetic inspiration came while hoovering.

In the attempt to recreate Stevie's hum-drum existence the camera is placed firmly in the living room of the Palmer's Green abode and left to record the gentle but cloistered routine of day to day life. Robert Enders' direction mirrors Ms. Smith's poetry in being sparse and economical, and basically the film remains the stage play it was.

Glenda Jackson is appropriately sensitive, stern, witty and doomy (Stevie first contemplated suicide at the age of eight and was hooked on it ever since), and Mona Washbourne and Trevor Howard offer sympathetic support. Author / scripwriter Hugh Whitemore has done a fairly seamless job of incorporating the lady's poetry with "improvised" screen dialogue.

But the tone of the film itself?

"My soul is committed to boredom", once said Ms Smith in defense of her life-style.

Alas, I can add no more.

Martha Ellen Zenfell

F.T.A.

Directed by Francine Parker
Starring Jane Fonda and Donald Sutherland
(ICA)

While filming *Klute,* Jane Fonda and Donald Sutherland decided to organise an anti-establishment revue for American forces involved in the Vietnam war. Although they were banned from Vietnam itself, they were able to present the show near (but not on) the Pacific Rim American bases which serviced the war machine.

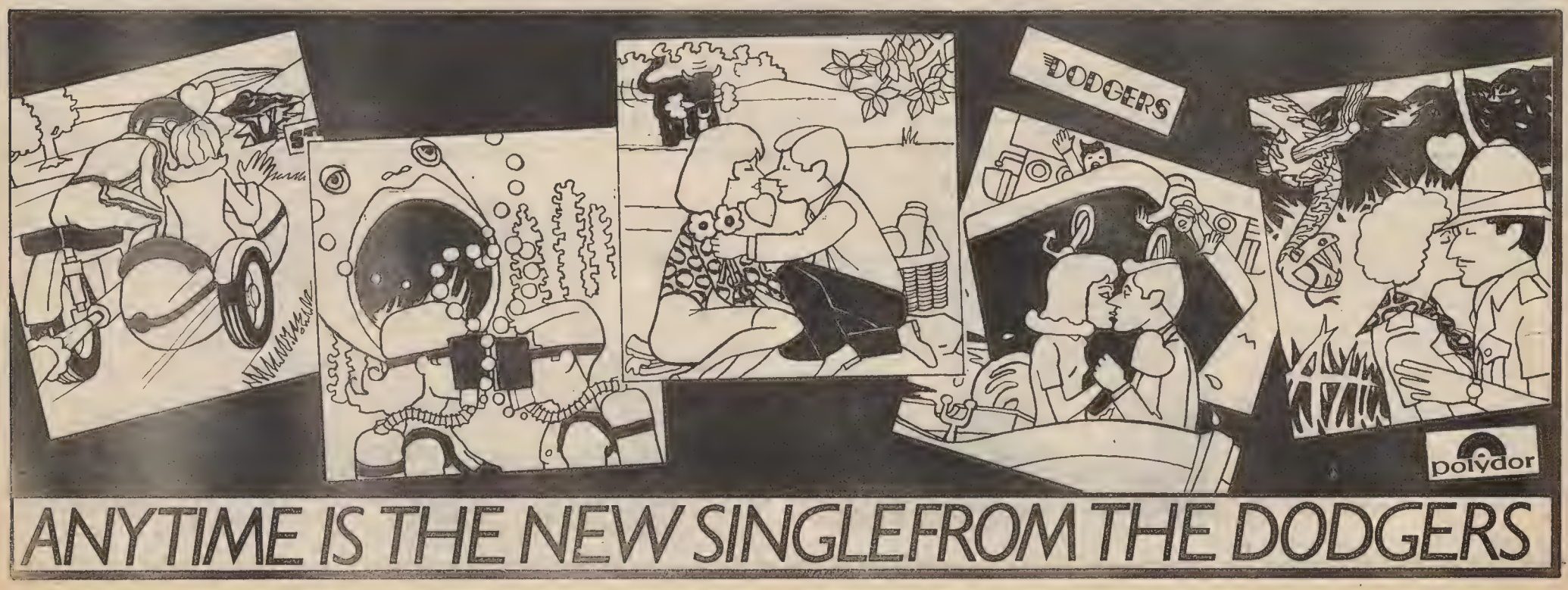
F.T.A. (Free/Fuck The Army) is the film of their tour, and includes sketches and songs from the revue, plus interviews with dissident army personnel and footage of various anti-American demonstrations.

It's a very mixed bag. Fonda is determinedly radical, Sutherland slouches around looking tired and unassuming. The sketches are simple, the songs mostly dull sloganising, though a few are precise and funny — *"nothing could be finer than to be in Indo-China, making money".*

F.T.A. undercuts Pentagon propaganda and makes a gesture against the obscene glamourisation of war in books like *Dispatches* — but by merely alternating rhetoric and entertainment, the film fails to gell into a cohesive, incisive whole, and so limits its political clout.

Mostly, it's a historical curiosity — though still with a sting of relevance.

Graham Lock



'AND ONE MAN IN HIS TIME PLAYS MANY PARTS'...

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Devo search for breakfast in the ruins of Albion

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JACKIE Leven of Doll By Doll is Not Happy. A large man in a leather jacket, he's pacing back and forth across the foyer of Newcastle City Hall, thwacking a leather fist into a leather palm. Anger. Frustration. "Surly" might best describe his demeanour.

Doll By Doll, see, have just been relieved of their support spot on the Devo tour, the only reason given being that they "weren't devo". He is understandably miffed. DBD's manager, a leather-jacketed bloke of somewhat slighter build, points out that it's not just a case of the exposure the Devo tour would have provided.

"We've had a long, hard grind, and things were just starting to go right, the band was just peaking — the tour finishes on the seventh, and we go into the studio on the eighth to start the first album. We should have been right at our peak by then, and suddenly it's all fallen apart."

Perhaps, I mention, Devo thought they were too *realistic?*

"I'd have thought the two would've been complementary," he muses. "I mean, it's not as if we were going down badly, or stealing any thunder. Audiences liked us in Scotland, and Devo still went down a storm. I can't figure it out."

It transpires that it's all the agency's fault: the band thought they were on the tour, *period*, when in actuality they'd been "on approval" for the first gig or two, after which Devo took up the option to replace them. Their agent had apparently neglected to inform them of this probationary period. Devo, for their part, are also far from pleased with some of the arrangements made on their behalf. For example, they originally wanted The Human League as their support act.

"We were sitting over in the States," says Jerry Casale, "quite out of contact with anything here, and with no-one looking out for our interests specifically. We couldn't get any information, although we had been, I felt, quite explicit about what we wanted in a tour.

"It was just a series of people just not listening to Devo or taking them seriously, and making decisions based purely on money and business — even though it was ultimately our money."

MEANWHILE, back in the main auditorium, Devo are going through their soundcheck.

They take a very long time over it.

They are utterly meticulous.

Mark Mothersbaugh's radio-mike enables him to wander round the hall checking the sound as the audience hears it, rather than just through stage monitors, which *never* give an accurate representation.

"Uncontrollable Urge" sounds fine to me, but the band aren't satisfied. Further discussions with the man at the mixing-desk. Another run-through. More discussions. Another run-through . . .

Sound-checks are extremely boring for onlookers.

Several hours later, they finish, and secrete themselves backstage for food and yet more discussions. The snap impression this perfectionism gives is of wargaming generals, their strategy set, fussing over tactical problems. But then, this is The Big Tour, and naught must be left to chance.

Meantime, Doll By Doll's equipment's being shunted out, and that of their replacement, The Members, in. There's no blame attached to The Members, of course, for this unfortunate situation. Like DBD, they're just making the most of whatever breaks they can get. When you're at the bottom, you jump when a shot like this is called. *That's* showbiz . . .

THOUGHTS and theories on Devo invariably slot themselves into one half of the old dichotomy: love/hate, good/bad, naive/cynical, etc./anti-etc.

The pro-Devo lobby cite musical ingenuity and forward-thinking; masterly grasp of the fundamentals of image; humorous anti-rationalism and snook-cocking at seriousness and pedantry. The more naive proponents of this argument may even try deciphering a coherent "philosophy" from the fragments of de-evolutionist double-talk uncovered in interviews.

A good many members of this lobby will be convinced of Devo's validity by the patronage of Bowie and Eno (but then, there's always a good few million twerps willing to have their standards, opinions and tastes set by their idols, aren't there, Johnny? Politics, religion, music, life — let others run it for you, it's far easier that way. Yesterday's bowl of potage is today's Gospel badge).

Some, certainly, love 'em for their clothes alone. Devoids.

The con-Devo lobby will state that it's just that: a con. Music, clothes, "philosophy" — all are custom-built to make money via media-manipulation, with very little of any real substance being produced to support the claims of the pro-Devo lobby. Moral outrage, too, is evinced by Devo's antics, representing them as (a) a collective Nero, fiddling while the world sticks civilisation in its arm and reaps the consequences, (b) a placebo replacing important issues with trivia, and (c) the advocates not of cure but of wallowing unto armageddon.

All of which makes things rather difficult for an agnostic like myself. Life isn't black and white, it's a shifting pattern of various shades of grey, and there's some truth in both the preceding arguments. Devo themselves would undoubtedly find the rigorous polarity of opinions they provoke amusing.

They *do* have a good grasp of the value of image, and they *are* humorous — fun, even. Yet they *have* produced little of substance to flesh out their concept, despite an obvious abundance of talent and promise. And yes, they *did* know they'd be enormously successful.

I'VE no idea whether The Members are more 'devo' than Doll By Doll — for all I care, they could be its very *essence*. Their set's a pleasant, average mixture of passable white reggae and run-of-the-mill punky stuff, spoiled by unfinished lead guitar breaks (lots of 'em) but rescued by some neat choppy, syncopated rhythm guitar. They're politely received, and the band carries on turning.

Devo, however, are a completely different teapot of trout: all that meticulous planning pays dividends, and more besides. It *has* to, to justify the inordinate amount of publicity they've received over the past year or two. That damp squib of an album becomes a thunderflash in the flesh. Honest.

To start with, the films of "Come Back Jonee", "Satisfaction" and "Jocko Homo" are the ideal primer, sucking the audience in, teasing anticipation and dragging out a beserk, hungry roar as the credits roll and the band take the stage. Ring bell, salivate. Not for nothing do they show themselves being mobbed in the "Jonee" film.

They open with "Wiggly Worm" and another new number, neither earth-shattering but both riotously received. Everyone stands up for the first, and are forced to sit down by the end of the second by over-zealous bouncers intent on spoiling things.

It's with "Too Much Paranoias", the fourth number (following a curt "Satisfaction"), that the show really comes alive. Oh, the value of those leadless guitars! Devo choreography is simple, fast and (of course) absurd, for this song taking the form of bunny-hops on beat combined with circumnavigation of stage by the brothers Casale and Bob Mothersbaugh, a ridiculous nursery choo-choo train of stomps and jumps. The song zips by, is gone before you realise.

"Praying Hands" follows, a song I always hear as a parody of all those "explanatory" dance-craze discs of the past two decades and beyond, a "Simon Says" for cybernauts, still effective as an example of what it parodies, if indeed it does parody. Mark Mothersbaugh dives into the audience and returns unscathed.

That's confidence.

More choreography for "Uncontrollable Urge", this time ninety degree turns on the spot like lunatic compass-needles sent everywhichway by rogue magnetism, ending with ballet/jog steps in cross formation by all four movable members.

Simple but effective, more so than the excessive organised routines of the Tubes, and far funnier. Vaudeville, in fact. Those paper suits always did strike me as having more clownish connotations than futuristic overtones . . .

"Mongoloid" and "Jocko Homo" get a predictable reception, the latter seeing the suits torn off and thrown to the audience.

And so it goes. A couple more new ones, "Sloppy" — during which a man rushes on stage and wriggles about on the floor a while before getting carried off (bet those Rollers fans never did that!) — and off they go, returning for encores of "Jonee", "Gut Feeling" and "Slap Your Mammy" before they line up across the front of the stage, right arms cross chests, and stand to attention for the Devo Anthem.

Why am I the only person laughing?

The show's finally brought to a close by Mark Mothersbaugh in Booji Boy guise singing an unbelievably dreary opus called "The Words Get Stuck In My Throat" in squeaky castrato, a sore thumb seemingly unconnected with the clenched-fist power of all that preceded it.

Still, it stops 'em asking for more.

NOW, let's put all this in perspective.

Only a fanatic with seriously-impaired hearing facilities would say that the Devo album was anything other than weak, insubstantial and insipid; and I'm no exception. Like an almost-finished bowl of cornflakes, all it contained was a few soggy bits of indeterminate something sinking in milk-dregs. Not the best breakfast for a new career.

Surely, there was something more? Too many sentient and tasteful folk had raved about the band for this to be the sum total of their capabilities.

Right. Live, they invest those same songs with the power and dynamism they desperately lack on record, and set them in the short, sharp, humorous context they require. Writing about their performance is almost impossible: look down to scribble a note and you've missed something else, like a high-speed comic whose punch-lines only hit you two jokes later. Who mentioned The Firesign Theatre?

Be that as it may, I still have reservations about their *musical* importance. They're not, for sure, doing anything as radically *now* as their supporters claim. It's still formalist rock'n'roll, given a gloss of "newness" by its presentations.

That they're often lumped together with Pere Ubu shows only that the accentuation of a publicity "angle" — in this case, geographical location — can ride roughshod over obvious musical differences. In fact, the two represent, to some extent, opposite poles, the one impressionist and the other expressionist: there exist, in Devo's music, *impressions* of events and states, as in the majority or rock

■ Continued over page

Invasion of The Spud Snatchers

From previous page

music. Ubu's music, on the other hand, seems composed of *expressions* of interior states of consciousness.

And if you reckon that's pretentious, what has jazz been doing for years? Ubu's importance lies in their transposition of the form to a (truly) rock'n'roll context.

Devo, of course, would say that I was being too serious and analytical, which, judging by their attention to detail and overall seriousness of approach to what they do, is like the pot calling the kettle black.

I put it to the band that, to all intents and purposes, they're still putting on a large show such as could be classed with large bands of the past decade, bands they claim to be a reaction against.

"We're still using guitars and drums, a P. A. . ."

"And we're still playing in front of people, and we still have albums out — in that sense, yes, those are what bind you together with the past, for sure."

So they'd say it would be the content that sets them apart?

"Yes. Our lifestyle. Our motivation. Our content."

Certainly, the stiff, minimalist choreography of the Devo show does seem to go right against the traditional live rock'n'roll attitude of "letting go", of band and audience lost in some (often fake) ecstatic release . . .

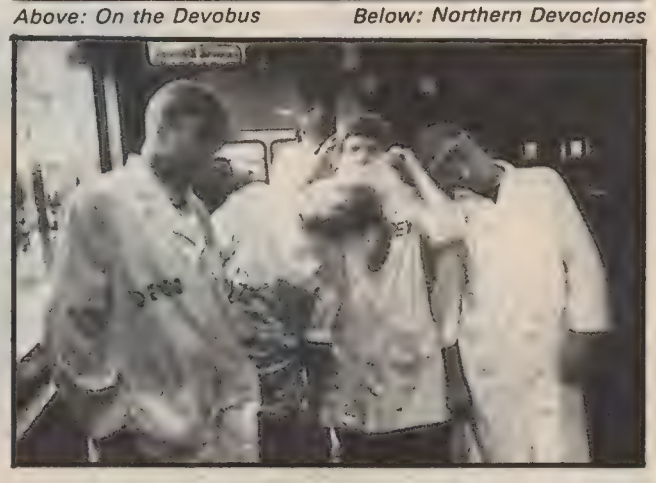
"Yeah," agrees Jerry Casale. "I've seen films of The Beatles and all they did was wag their heads, and they created more insanity and energy in the crowd than all kinds of masochistic whack-off antics, ending Iggy Pop, ever could. It's what energy gets created and transmitted, not how much kinetic energy the band puts on stage. By our organised energy, we create release. Ideally, what we'd really like to be able to do is stand absolutely still and produce such amazing music that the crowd would go crazy. It'd be, like, straight out of our cerebrum, straight into their bodies!"

After the show, we stroll round the corner to an Indian restuarant to get food straight off the plate, straight into our bodies. A signature-scavenging fan in a white lab-coat asks me for my autograph, presumably mistaking me for a Devo.

Am I not a man?

Jerry, the most articulate (and, from appearances, the oldest)

Above: On the Devobus *Below: Northern Devoclones*



Devo, relates how he got fired from teaching graphics at college when a student girl stole a book of Mark's drawings from him and had a rather traumatic experience perusing pictures of Mark, in surgeon's outfit, happily dismembering female bodies.

Hmmm. A new breakthrough in crime prevention . . .

THE next day is an absolute disaster.

What had seemed, on leaving Newcastle, to be a picturesque spot of mist gets thicker and thicker the further south we travel, till eventually it's pointless looking out the coach windows. The deceptively wair-like Allan Myers drums perpetually on his knees with steel and nylon sticks, and Bob Mothersbaugh and Jerry doodle-duet on stylopone and toy reed-instrument.

The lurching stop-start of the coach makes reading impossible without experiencing violent nausea. The A1's closed by pile-ups, cops re-routing everyone God knows where. What should have been a three-hour trip to Sheffield becomes six enervating hours of sensory deprivation in a stuffy box somewhere in Yorkshire.

But the worst is yet to come. On arrival in Sheffield, the band learn that the truck carrying their equipment has been in a collision — probably one of those pile-ups on the A1. To make matters worse, the crash fouled up the hatch, and oxy-acetylene gear had to be hired to cut open the truck before their equipment could be transferred to a replacement van. It eventually arrives at the gig around ten o'clock, by which time everything's cancelled. As if that wasn't enough, the keyboards are found to have been damaged in the collision.

Under the circumstances, an interview might not be the most prudent course of action, I think, but the band acquiesce and we eventually talk in the deserted auditorium to the accompaniment of PA and lights being dismantled. Despite the general air of coitus interruptus pervading the place, Devo hide the gloom and despondency they must obviously be feeling extremely well. Touring, I suggest, must be really getting them down . . .

"Oh no, we love coming here and finding we can't play!"

"Aspects surrounding the performance do, but for the time we go on stage it's alright."

"Right. For that one hour-and-a-half, it's okay. Everything else is horrible.

"The incredible amount of wated time and energy, and the confusion . . ."

What with the general confusion, the fog fiasco and the cock-up over support bands, precious little seems to be proceeding according to Devo's wishes:

"We also hadn't wanted halls with lots of seats in them", adds Jerry. "Wherever possible we wanted people to be able to stand up. And the discipline problem here is particularly aggravating, much more so than in the States — the way people are treated by bouncers ans so forth, we couldn't believe it!"

Indeed, Devo seem to have been having their fair share of problems in coming to terms with the reality of being a major marketable proposition. Besides the tour, there was that little business concerning Virgin, Warner Bros. and Devo.

Still, despite their own personal troubles, Devo find much to be happy about concerning recent developments in modern music.

"I think there is a degree of truth in us that is missing in most rock music," Jerry opines. "In other words, is missing in Ted Nugent and Sammy Davis and John Denver, because they're projecting some psychotic illusion. I see bands like The Human League and The Screamers and so on, bands that people call 'weird', as trying to get back to some kind of sanity by admitting to weirdness and crazy tendencies in their culture — obviously, they're not crazy, they're onstage thinking about it. People like to pass bands off as psychos who happen to be allowed up onstage to play music — and bands unfortunately allow it. That's their fault."

One of the most promising things about the current rock scene, to my mind is that bands who've perhaps never played a gig — and never would, if it was left to the usual music industry machinators — are releasing their own self-recorded singles and opening up, for the general public, vast areas of music which, through lack of "commercial potential", wouldn't otherwise be heard. Devo being one of the prime movers in the current crop of independents with the Booji Boy label, it's hardly surprising Casale agrees:

"That's what *we* had to do, for instance, to get noticed. You're shut off from official channels because you're at a sufficiently early stage of development that none of the people that control things pay any attention to you. I think part of the reason for all the new records is that, once again there's enough energy and enough creativity existing that it's become a natural step, a way into something else that everybody agrees is a step, like being a support band and working up to headliners. In a business sense, the admission of self-produced 45s was just a necessary addition to the record business."

It's always been obvious that at least a portion of Devo's future lies in the visual field. Casale is adamant that, were videodiscs a reality today, or had the video-cassette format been standardised (thus opening up a completely new consumer market), Devo would be in there, the biggest phenomenon since — when? Personally, I reckon Travolta-mania (or whatever we get given next) would just be that much greater, but I can see what he means. Surely, though, they have more ambitious intentions that just video shorts?

"We have intentions," affirms Casale. "In order to avoid them being fantasies, we're trying to do it *real*. We don't like to make too many claims about it, because we know what it takes to *really* do something, instead of just spout off about it.

"You've seen the film we *have* made, and they're *minor*. But they are, with the money, time and film development that we have, the best thing we could have done to show people that we are capable of making a film. So that it's established from the beginning, in an effort to get the proper people interested in letting us do something on a major scale, because in film even more than in records, projects and co-operation with complex and different facets of society and people in positions is necessary. A film is even more of a collective project than a record."

For all their humour, they obviously take themselves pretty seriously . . .

"We've got into discussions with people before about whether it's a joke or whether we take ourselves seriously. The discussions never led to anything," says Allan Myers, with a rather curt weariness.

"You tend to look ridiculously pompous or ludicrous saying you take yourselves very seriously," explains Casale, "but you also resent the idea that people are trying to insinuate that it's all a joke, so they can pass if off. Obviously, with our aesthetic, there is an element of humour, but, like, humour is an integral part of creativity — I don't feel there's any need to delineate, because anything good, to me, has always had at least the ability to understand the honour in itself.

"There's a contradiction, too, between seriousness and humour," adds Allan, "and we allow that to exist without saying, *'this* is a joke, and *this* is serious'."

That Devo double-talk again! Their trouble, I tell them, is that they decry the possibility of rational analysis of what they do — they grasp paradoxes with both hands.

"That's all we see," agrees Jerry. "We're a walking, talking paradox!"

Would you say, then, that you just *mirror* the paradoxes you see around you?

"We try to harness it as a creative principle . . ."

Jerry Casale's favourite Firesign Theatre album is "Everything You Know Is Wrong".

But of course!

Pix: ROB HALL.

SHIRTS APPEAL: LOOSEN YOUR CHOLER

THE SHIRTS from Brooklyn reckon they've been mistreated. Right from the moment their name went on CBGB's lavatory wall. They are angry. But not beaten yet. They talk to MAX BELL.

NOT SO long ago, before club owner Hilly Kristal got round to calling in the decorators, there were two lists on the backstage bathroom wall at CBGB's. They were roll calls of New York's finest, and at the top of each was scrawled the simple direction — "Yea" and "Nay" — this being some talent scouting wit's appraisal of his local entertainment and its respective commercial potential.

In the affirmative our trainee star spotter had scribbled the names of Television, Blondie, Ramones, Talking Heads and Patti Smith.

The no hope in hell section was understandably longer; Manster, Dogs, Orchestra Luna, Marbles, Planets and somewhere down in the depths . . . The Shirts.

Rock and roll can be a cruel occupation when you're struggling to get a claw on the success ladder.

The Shirts and me are sitting in a hotel room in Bristol after a well-received but pathetically poorly attended date in the local Mecca. It's a Tuesday night and small-hours depression is fighting with the individual dignity of what seems like the last in a line of ill-fated New York outfits.

The Shirts' mini-tour of England and Scotland is their second crack of the European whip and it won't be until they reach the predictably full house of a London Saturday prestige gig that door takings match their aspirations.

Annie Golden, diminutive Shirts girl singer and her sidemen hombres Ronnie Ardito, Arthur LaMonica, Bob Racioppo, John Piccolo and Zeek Criscione are chewing the pasta, wondering just why the British press drummed them up as good guys then unceremoniously dumped on them when the Brooklyn model hit town.

Part of the problem was that The Shirts arrived on the tail end of the imported new wave, East Coast chapter, and then paid no heed to expectations.

No leathers, no exploitative sexual suggestion from Annie, no intellectual ambiguity. Instead they offered contemplative songs, high on melody and flourishing arrangements, while between numbers they appeared genuinely delighted with the applause and addressed their audience as equals.

That the lack of any kind of outrageous image should lead the press into dismissing the band has them pretty teed off, positively shirty. This time round they've arrived as almost has-beens, no record company fanfares, no new album angle promotion, no hit. They're simply back on a foreign and rather scary English circuit wanting to work and aching to get across.

It hurts. Annie Golden is perplexed:

"We aren't what people expected, we aren't what's happening. The press said we were posers; it was like we'd been hyped and then slagged. I was . . . . we were all shocked at the press. We've been reading the English papers for six years, then we got the reviews and said 'is this what we look like, is that what we're supposed to be?'

"At the time it held us back because they'd misconstrued us and this time there are fewer people coming. That's OK, we'd rather play for 30 fans than 300 people who want us to be what we are not."

Guitarist Ronnie Ardito takes up the theme, explaining that despite their six year live career, they are still a new recording band: "We never discussed a stage image, it arose from the music. Because I think the press should mirror a band it drove me mad to see how they hated us for not being new wave.

"In New York we were never part of the scene but here we were compared to Blondie and Talking Heads, which is ridiculous."

As a result Annie denied herself the pleasure of communicating with the audience. She couldn't stand being filed next to Debbie Harry in the sex symbol stakes:

"We're a band in the ultimate sense; simple people. Maybe we came after an established fact. Television weren't a band who could go the distance. You have to ride the knocks. The tension in the band keeps us evolving and it has to be that desire to create gradually, and to succeed at the same rate. It's always been hard for us to succeed in a cosmopolitan town; we don't care about fashion.

"Bob (Racioppo, the bass player) chose the name Shirts because it's an anti-name, it has no connotations; it's functional, an object, otherwise it signifies nothing."

THE SHIRTS began existence as a folk rock band, and here a comparison with Jefferson Airplane's early sorties is at least suggestive of their style — though be warned the similarities must end there as the Brooklyn environment, a working class support system, fuels Shirts material.

They'll write a song about Edgar Allan Po, or their black swing hero "Milton At The Savoy", but they'll also be just as comfortable singing about hobos with stories, the tramps who skulk in the headlights on the Lower East Side, building fires out of garbage:

"We don't believe that we're better than anyone else. The bum is king on his patch so we don't say 'We're the Shirts, we're boss, look at us.' It's why we admire Springsteen so much too. His lyrics are unbelievable, they relate to feelings the punters can share and they're also universal, beyond the city."

The Brooklyn Shirts share some of Springsteen's street smart perceptions but they express themselves with less facility; their lyrics are clumsy, scanning idiosyncratically reflecting the nuances of everyday expression, and despair, disgust or exhilaration.

On record the stark honesty of the subject matter has yet to be correctly applied to the plush, sometimes epic musical arrangements. The band were delighted with English producer Mike Thorne's work on their debut album but I think it sucked. Primarily, the sound is so woolly that the rhythmic textures which fire live performance are lost in a welter of custardised intrumentation, too thick and glutinous to sustain lasting impact.

The Shirts assured me that intricacies will surface on the second album, also Thorne produced, but admit that the overall effect is rough: "We're happy with it. We used to play constant lead fills so in the studio we applied to heavier rhythms; we're learning to get the balance between solos and chords right."

Due to the good agencies of their English EMI believers (Nick Mobbs of Pistols' signature fame got them on the dotted line, incidentally), The Shirts second coming has kept them off the support circuit.

In Holland and Germany their single "Tell Me Your Plans" is a top ten hit:

"We don't know why, but they dig us so that's great. I think people in England sneer at the idea of success in Europe but we have to look at it positively. If we made it there we can do it anywhere."

THERE HAS been no major Shirts tour in America yet. The New York scene has fragmented roughly along the lines of CBGB's graffiti predictor.

It is rumoured that Blondie are about to split, allowing Debbie Harry to pursue her inevitable rise to solo fame. Television are no more, The Dictators seem incapable of firing the public imagination and Patti Smith grows daily into a walking parody.

Only Talking Heads seem assured of recognition outside the New York State line. For the rest, it's like our pub run, guaranteed minor standing depending on the energies and perseverance of the band. The Shirts have a contract but unless Capitol get them off the East Coast bar dives they'll always be at the top of the second league, potential top bats with no-one fielding the ball.

Perhaps it's to The Shirts' advantage that they arrived with a flourish and were then rejected. This time they play as baseline starters and are obviously far more. They're tighter, more inventive, more self-assured and immeasurably more determined. Off stage or on the band are like a family: Racioppo, Piccolo and Ardito are cousins, all share a love-hate relationship which inspires them to feed off each other.

Through the periods of discouragement and tortured analysis the Shirt philosophy raises a determined beam: "We wouldn't have stayed together this long if we weren't sure we were a good band. After six years you have to believe you're gonna make it."

How's that for off the cuff optimism? Critics loosen your choler, unbutton your lip and check 'em out.

SINGLES

The Singles Column's Xmas Tree Fairy ate Cathy McGowan '65 Special.

It's Gonna Be A Smurf/Bionic/Disco/Punk* Hit Christmas '45

**Delete to taste*

SEASONAL SINGLE OF THE WEEK

EAGLES: Please Come Home For Christmas *(Asylum)*

Is this what's meant by Christmas turkeys? No, the question's unfair. These Eagles clearly have a minimal sense of humour. The picture sleeve shows a California Christmas, with the band sitting round the swimming pool in their bathing attire. If you're into walking on the water, the pool looks a bit small. But that's just by the way. As for the music, that's surprisingly impressive. No sickly harmonies, no excessive arrangements. Just a plaintive little vocal from Don Henley, who actually sounds quite sad. Makes a change from all the plastic goodwill. For the B-side, "Funky New Year," the band liven up somewhat and offer us a bit of heavy metal disco. No thanks.

SEASONAL B-SIDE OF THE WEEK

THE M AND O BAND: Once In Royal David's City *(Birds Nest)*.

The A-side is a disco version of "White Christmas," and it was inevitable really that someone would do that to the the Old Groaner's old groan. But this is something else again. A brilliant, finger-popping rendition of the well-known carol with the main theme played on bubblegum keyboards. The sacrilege is so cheerful it's positively reverent. Great stuff. Can't think why it's not Number One.

FATHER ABRAHAM AND DER SMURFFS: Christmas In Smurfland *(Decca)*

"Kvissmass, Kvissmass, in Smurflink lant, Kvissmass, Kvissmass, let's valk hant in hant." So says the appalling Farder Abraham, who has clearly been falling down on his linguaphone lessons. If only the old boy could be pensioned off this would be a great Olivia Newton-John record. incidentally, what's green, goes "smuuuurf", and travels backwards at a 100 miles an hour? Answer; a Smurf's runny nose.

JOHNNY MATHIS When A Child Is Born *(CBS)*

There's nothing ass in the manger about this polished performance from Johnny M. He clearly has the edge in technique over Boney, in the charts with much the same song. But aren't these lyrics a bit optimistic? Johnny contends that when this child is born *"Misery and suffering will be words to be forgotten forever."* Who's he kidding? Who'd need religion if all that happened? Maybe he needs a visit from the boys in the vestry. There could be a lot of business at stake here.

THE KINKS: Father Christmas *Arista)*

Whatever's happened to poor Ray Davies? Time was when you could rely on him either for a meaty beaty heavy rock tune or a witty vignette from English middle-class life. Maybe he came down somebody's chimney and landed on his head. There's one joke in this song, about Father Christmas being beaten up by muggers. Not a great joke, really, but it's there. At the same time, though, Ray's all pious about deprivation. *"Have yourself a very Merry Christmas, have your self a good time, but remember the kids who have nothing, while you're drinking down your wine."* Okay, Ray, we've remembered them. Have another, and shut it. A wrister, indded.

SANITY CLAUSE: Christmas Jingles *(EMI)*

Sanity Clause (witty name) sound remarkably like Mike Oldfield on tunes like "Good King Wenceslas" and "God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen." But then you could say that Mike Oldfield always sounds like he's playing tunes like "Good King Wenceslas" and "God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen." No offence, Mike. Just pretend it didn't happen.

RONNIE DUKES AND THE FAMILY: What Christmas Means To Me *(Damont)*

"Fairy lighting, it's exciting / But it's the look on children's faces / That's what Christmas means to me." Different strokes for different folks is what I say, Quentin. There's nowt like a well-lit fairy, tha knows.

CHRIS HILL: Disco Santa *(Ensign)*.

"Producer, compere, promoter, number one club jock, TV personality and general weird person, Chris Hill is back again with another great staccato Christmas cut-up, featuring a gag-a-minute." A gag for his mouth would have been preferable. This is about as funny as a Christmas turkey with gangrene.

JONNY RUBBISH: Santa's Alive *(United Artists)*

Neat parody of the Bee Gees' "Stayin' Alive," featuring Maurice, Robin and Barry Bee Jesus. It's difficult to hear quite what Rubbish is singing, but the pleasure's in the way he sings it. A droll eunuch falsetto. Dead accurate.

NON-SEASONAL SINGLE OF THE WEEK

FORD WORKERS ON STRIKE: The Ford Strike Song *(Ford UK Workers Combine)*

"And it's one-two-three, what are we fighting for? / You can stuff your five per cent / Cos it won't pay the rent / And it's five-six-seven, kicking in the factory gate / It's one in the eye for Sunny Jim / Whoopee, we're gonna win." Some jolly solidarity from the lads at Fords, based on the famous Vietnam war anthem by Country Joe And The Fish. A bit late for propaganda purposes, and hardly revolutionary in its implications, but a nice one, anyway. They'll need the royalties when Ford's pull out.

ELTON JOHN: Song For Guy *(Rocket)*
KIKI DEE: Stay With Me Baby *(Rocket)*

Elton's latest is no brilliant composition, but it is effective. A tasteful, reverent tribute to one of Elton's employees killed in a road accident. Oddly enough, it's an instrumental, as was "Funeral For A Friend." The catchy bit comes right at the end, when Elton intones the opinion that: *"Life isn't everything."* As for eternal life, it's okay, but it does go on a bit.

Kiki Dee, meanwhile, should have had a hit with "Stay With Me Baby" 15 years ago, but now it's probably too late.

ELVIS PRESLEY (PERHAPS): Tell Me Pretty Baby *(Cin/Kay Records)*

It's now more than a year since the Singing Cheeseburger went to the great McDonald's in the sky, and still the, uh, tributes to his memory come pouring in. This is a recording that Elvis is said to have made in 1954, before he was discovered by Sam Phillips. According to a sleeve note, an Assistant Professor in "Communication Disorders" at the University of Texas thinks the singer is "probably" Presley. And it certainly does sound like him. Or P. J. Proby. Or Shakin' Stevens. The song could almost be rock'n'roll, though it's a mite languid. Still, if it is for him, Elvis sounds in better voice than for his last 15 years at least. Worth investigating.

LEO SAYER: Raining In My Heart *(Chrysalis)*
WRECKLESS ERIC: Crying, Waiting, Hoping *(Stiff)*.

It may be raining in Sayer's heart and pouring into his wallet, but there are apparently no fresh ideas teeming in his brain. Sayer overdoes the soulful yearning on the song that Buddy Holly made a classic. Holly only got away with the daft lyrics because he understated them so neatly. Sayer gives it the big treatment and it's a wash-out. Wreckless Eric has chosen a less well-known Holly song, and his version is closer to the spirit of the original. But even so, the very choice says little for his own originality.

THE POLICE: So Lonely *(A&M)*

This band have been complaining about their treatment by the critics. How is it, they argue, that 10CC can get away with white reggae, but they can't? One answer is that 10CC don't sound like Amen Corner doing a cover version of a Desmond Dekker song. That said, this is quite a lively knees-up, especially when the chorus gains speed. Maybe a little more speed would have helped all round.

GEORGE THOROGOOD AND THE DESTROYERS: It Wasn't Me *(Sonet)*

The Observer Colour Supplement's favourite bluesman with a slight rocker that adds little substance to his reputation. Sounds remarkably as though he woke up this morning and got those Chuck Berry rehash blues.

ACE FREHLEY: New York Groove *(Casablanca)*

What's this, then, an American comic-book superhero overcome by the creepin, insidious disco menace? Hardly. It may be a Russ Ballard song with a strong chance of charting, but those platform heels stomp hard enough to grind budding Travoltas into the dance floor.

GARY MOORE: Back On The Streets *(MCA)*

Conservative heavy rock from Moore, salvaged by a hint of the Lizzies that's provided by Phil Lynott's backing vocals. The trouble is that Moore's no great shakes as a singer and Lynott's presence only serves to underline that. It's energetic enough, though.

IAN MATTHEWS: King Of The Night *(Rockburgh)*

The Johnny Mathis of folk-rock has never quite equalled his 1973 album "Valley Hi", produced by Mike Nesmith. This particular song comes close though. A soft, sweet tune with a typically melodic vocal. It's hard, really, to think of anything more unfashionable.

GENTLE GIANT: Words From The Wise *(Chrysalis)*

Well, they'd hardly call it dreck from the dumb, would they? It seems a bit daft to put out a single by a band who seem unable to finish a song without spinning off at all sorts of weird melodic tangents. Either these guys are very clever, or they can't resolve their song-writing problems.

EMERSON, LAKE AND PALMER: All I Want Is You *(Atlantic)*

A ponderous secular hymn from Mr. Lake. Quite a nice tune, except that Mr. Emerson thinks he's playing "The Messiah" on a church organ and Mr. Palmer thinks he's the cannons in the "1812 Overture". Not the most appropriate backing really for a romantic ballad.

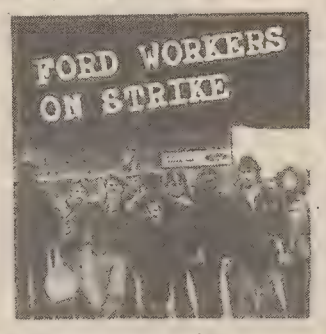
CURTIS MAYFIELD: No Goodbyes *(Curtom)*
JOE FARRELL: Night Dancing *(Warner Bros)*
GOODY GOODY: Number One Dee Jay *(Atlantic)*

Curtis Mayfield leads the pack among the week's 12-inch disco fodder. Busy, almost fussy backing. Vocals so cool, they're quieter than a passing thought. In contrast, Joe Farrell offers a tiresome saxophone instrumental that's totally unmemorable, while a lady called Goody Goody pays homage to her "Number One Dee Jay." If he played records this draggy, he wouldn't stay number one for long.

STATUS QUO: Accident Prone *(Vertigo)*.

Top quality, high-speed pop. Must be the Buzzcocks. Easily their most powerful single so far this month.

Reviewed by BOB EDMANDS



Two visions of Christmas '78. Left: California. Right: Dagenham

WINGS GREATEST

ANOTHER DAY · SILLY LOVE SONGS · LIVE AND LET DIE · JUNIOR'S FARM
WITH A LITTLE LUCK · BAND ON THE RUN · UNCLE ALBERT/ADMIRAL HALSEY
HI HI HI · LET 'EM IN · MY LOVE · JET · MULL OF KINTYRE

ALSO AVAILABLE ON CASSETTE & CARTRIDGE PCTC256

mpl EMI

THE IMPORTANCE OF

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"LOOK, I TELL YOU something very important. Too many of these writers in the music papers, they are misunderstanding everything.

"The disco sound, you must see, is not art or anything so serious. Disco is music for dancing, and I know that the people will always want to dance.

"Also, disco is becoming more and still more popular over the last year. The big American record companies are giving much money to it. This is very good. This makes me very happy, especially when I know that disco is soon to be the soul and R&B sound of today.

"And these ideas the writers are having about us using machines and becoming like machines — they must be making a joke. I know for sure that *we* are and maybe, as I think you say in English, we are even having the last, longest laugh."

Seasonally set and matched in brown woollens and tweeds, Giorgio Moroder grins like a Halloween mask, folds hands across chest and self into high-backed wicker chair, then tilts head, trim moustache and shoulders askance, as if to better observe the effect of his words.

In fact, Moroder seems as much bemused as amused. As well he might. The producer of Donna Summer, Roberta Kelly, The Munich Machine, The Three Degrees and, most recently, Sparks, Moroder has unwittingly — or so it seems — precipitated a veritable flash-flood of madcap-modernisms and pseudo-sociological static.

To wit (and woo). Impossibly grandiose and improbably specious claims have been made on his behalf. He has, we're told, almost singlehandedly dehumanised disco, formulated a sono-track for much more than just another auto-style age, even (gulp) introduced an entirely novel 'post-Euro-industrial' (my quotes, not my phrase) sensibility into modern dancing methods.

Moroder is, the radical chic surfers of the disco wave inform us, as crucial to the developing of the new 'disko' (as above) aesthetic as are, say, Kraftwerk, Bowie, Eno, Amanda Lear, The Baader Meinhof and Devo.

Are you still with me? Never mind, I'm not even with much of this myself. But remember "I Feel Love" and recall Ms. Summer's vocal sex-flexing and Moroder's accompanying electronic pulsebeat-heat. The song was, of course, suggesting that modern sex was machine sex, wasn't it, *wasn't it?*

Well, no. At least, not as far as Moroder is aware. In retrospect, he finds the song "sexy and funny at the same time", and is justifiably proud of it. He describes it as being intentionally "futuristic", but nothing more. (Exeunt robo-clones and auto-lovers world-stage right).

So there. And as for the Made In Germany By Germans strait-suit that has been repeatedly pressed onto Moroder's output. It doesn't fit; Morder is Italian. So there again.

Meanwhile, lest we forfeit focus, I sit in the hyper-plush — even the carpets seem to purr — shared offices of Oasis Records and Musicland Studios in a hotel complex on the outskirts of Munich, Bavaria, West Germany. I observe the plastic palm treelet (Oasis' trade logo) by the desk and ponder the patent discrepancy between the fact and fiction that is and isn't Girorgio Moroder.

This affable and amiable man is not, I surmise, a conceptual metaphysician. He is a producer and, above all, a businessman. I glance at the reading matter stacked conspicuously by his doodlepad and note two titles: Elaine Jensen's *Number One With A Bullet*, a factional novel about the more dubious operating methods of An American Record Company (Tamla Motown snapped up the book's film rights, but have not so far displayed any inclination to film it), and Clive Davis' *Inside*, the recollections of the current head of Arista Records whom, you may recall, was given a rather premature golden handshake by American CBS in the wake of numerous payola and drugola allegations.

Both books are regarded as essential instruction for the aspiring music industry magnate. Not that Moroder himself has overmuch to aspire to anymore. In the week of our interview Donna Summer's "Live And More" album and "MacArthur Park" single had topped their respective US charts.

There really does seem to have been a slight msunderstanding here.

GIORGIO MORODER was born in the Dolomite hills of Northern Italy some 36 years ago. He started playing guitar when he was 16 or 17, then left both school and home at 19 to play in what he deems "a more or less dancing group". Subsequently, he toured Europe for more than five years, even — and here Moroder warms to memory like a cat before an open hearth — "playing at a gala in London's Savoy Hotel".

In 1967 Mororder curtailed touring to concentrate on writing or "composing", as he has it in his *very* acceptable English (he also speaks French and German). He had already had some experience of recording and has been making "little" demo tapes of his own.

"I was quite lucky," he relates. "I had my first hit as a composer about six months after I started writing all the time, with a German song in '68.

"Then all the good sounds were coming from England and America and so for some time I didn't try to compete by writing in English. My music was typically Continental — nothing like, say, The Beatles."

Continental as in Eurovision pop (awopaboomabangabomp)?

"Kind of. I was happy to have a hit, but my intention was always to compose with an English or American feeling. Then in '69 came the bubblegum wave and I made a recording in Berlin, my first as both composer and producer, a song called 'Lookie Lookie'. It did well in France, Italy and Spain, even bubbled under in America.

"And again in '70 I met Pete Bellotte and we began to write together. One of our first collaboratings was a smash hit in England for Chicory Tip, 'Son Of My Father'. This was my first major hit, and since then Pete and I have worked almost always in English."

Bellotte had been working in Germany with a rock band going out under the unlikely name of, I think, Linda Laine And The Sinners. English and hailing from a village in the Home Counties, he eventually expatriated himself, settling and marrying in Munich towards the end of the '60s. He met Moroder through Ariola Records, for whom the latter was undertaking occasional production work.

On the evidence of one brief encounter at Musicland, Bellotte, who resembles nothing so much as a Moody Blue after an extensive overhaul at a health farm — he's extremely thin—seems a tenaciously reticent individual. He refused to be either photographed by Jill Fumanovksy or to be interviewed by your hack.

The exact nature of his partnership with Moroder is difficult to fathom. He shares almost all writing and producing credits, also records for Oasis in his own right as half of Trax. His nervy, introvert manner contrasts completely with that of the self-assured, extrovert Moroder — which is proably why they work so well together: opposites in action and reaction.

Moroder himself is quick to disclaim all but a passing interest in rock music. The upheavals therein of the late '60s, he says, "meant little to me; I guess I have much more of a commercial feeling and so was not greatly affected by them.

"But our big start, of course," he continues, "was Donna".

Donna Summer first encountered Moroder, variously described as anything from (her) benign benefactor to megalomanic manipulator, in late '73. She had answered requirements for one of three back-up, preferably black female, vocalists; at the time she was living in Munich in an advanced state of penury with a child to care for. Moroder was "quite impressed by her voice, although I didn't think about doing anything particular with her."

Six months later Moroder and Bellotte persuaded Ms. Summer to sing a song of their entitled "The Hostage". It hit the hi-spot in France and Holland, as did its rapid follow-up (both songs can be located on the 1974 "Lady Of The Night" album). Moroder and Bellotte were however frustrated with their failure to "penetrate" the much more lucrative UK and US markets.

"So," Moroder chuckles, "one day I thought we should do something a little more sexy. Just for fun. There had been this big hit with Jane Birkin's 'Je T'Aime' years before and I wanted to do something like that again. We left it for a while until Donna came back to me with an idea for the lyrics. We did it just to see if it worked, and it did."

But not immediately; even the best laid plans of mice and Moroders are fallible. Moroder's "Something a little more sexy" transpired to be "Love To Love You Baby", conceivably the first worldwide disco mega-smash. Moroder and crew had prepared a demo "with a very catchy baseline, a very emphatic bass drum part and a funky guitar, sort of Philadelphia feel. We knew exactly what we wanted."

They duly superimposed Ms. Summer's sweet-nothing sex-selling and released the creamy confection as a four-minute single.

Nothing (much) happened. In some desperation Moroder decided to hook a bigger bream and stretch the song over a full 17-minute album side. Again, his sure commercial sense had prompted him to recall another blueplan which he was determined to adapt and improve, in this instance Iron Butterfly's stupendously frightful "In-A-Gada-Da-Vida" rock supa-solo-spree (he had only heard it, he claims, because it charted and so won radio play).

And now the gamble and gambit mated. The stretch transformed a slight sono-sex serenade into an indefinitely suspended and indelibly supine sigh of musical mood engineering. And, most importantly, the radio programmes and discotheque DJs could simply lie back and lay off to it all, letting the maxi-song muster its own magery.

Which it did. The "Love To Love You Baby" album turned up trumps in the States, as did the re-activated single (whilst Moroder was later to record a version of "Je T'Amie" with Donna Summer for the *Thank God It's Friday* soundtrack).

Moroder was made. Suddenly most of the Western world was making some sort of love to Donna Summer tonight. And every other night. "Then", the man admits, "it was disco all the way".

AS FOR "I Feel Love", its genesis was similarly accidental. Donna Summer's "I Remember Yesterday" was intended as a collage of covers of various musical stages and styles. Inveterate and by now incisive copyists, Moroder and Bellotte had successively subsumed '30s Dixieland, Phil Spector, early Tamla Motown, Philadelphia, proto-disco and now-disco into the set, whereupon Moroder postulated a next-disco sound.

"I had already had experience with the original Moog synthesisers, so I contacted this guy who owned one of the large early models. It was all quite natural and normal for me. I simply instructed him about what programmings I needed. I didn't even think to notice that for the large audience this was perhaps a very new sound. We did the whole thing in a day."

Moroder goes on to divulge that he recorded an all-electronic album of his own some years ago, working on the project for several months before failing to find an outlet for it.

In this connection, I enquire of him his opinion of Kraftwerk, whom some assert have been a *de facto* influence on Moroder's electronic work — whereas the reverse is probably more the mark, since Kraftwerk's first direct-disco release, "The Man Machine", postdates Moroder's own electronico - disco "From Here To Eternity" by nearly a year.

Although the horizons here *are* hazed. Kraftwerk certainly required something of an extra edge to compound the disco-cult success of "Showroom Dummies" from "Trans - Europe Express" — a success which, incidentally, seems to have caught them unawares — and they may well have found what they needed in Moroder's methods.

"The Man Machine" may carry the emphatic 'Produced In West Germany' rider but the album was actually mixed by, among others, Leonard Jackson, the latter on loan from ex-Motown writer and producer Norman Whitfield's Whitfield Records. Whatever, Kraftwerk's "Spacelab" (from "TMM") runs Moroder's sound so close a second it's hard to resist implying plagiarism on the part of the Dusseldorf Dynamen.

But does any of this matter anyway? Yes, merely because Kraftwerk have contentiously obfuscated their work with notions of 'artistic', 'political', 'historial' and 'sociological' intent and intrigue — and they have been rapturously repaid by writers who really should know better by now for doing so.

By comparison Moroder's declared first base — making pure electronic pop — seems almost charmingly, defensively banal. And yet not only has it had a far greater impact (Kraftwerk's lack of *major* chart success since "Autobahn" has been signal), but it has also been haplessly absorbed into the critical caucus of (SIC) New Europeanism.

All of which begs questions. Are we really the robo-men-machines of Kraftwerk's "The Robots" (and, if so, then why aren't we purchasing their product?) or do we just want to dance? And how *do* you disco? With body, brain, or both? And whatever would Fritz Lang, film director *(Meiropolis* and latterday hero of the Euro-men), have said? (Pfft!" probably).

"Kraftwerk," Moroder muses, "I like their sounds very much because they are very clean, but I don't particularly like the songs. They are sometimes a little too easy in their music . . ."

Easy as in facile?

"Maybe. Honestly, I prefer Tangerine Dream; that kind of thing. I used to know these guys very well, and loved their 'Phaedra' album very much. There were some similar groups in Munich — Popol Vuh, for example — some years ago.

"Personally I feel that Tangerine Dream became a little boring. You can really only do so much and no more with all these sequencers. But Kraftwerk? Well, I think they thought that they must start selling more. I guess they are making a simple mistake. They still reckon that with an easy melody and a synthesiser they can have a hit.

"Whilst in fact the audience is becoming more and more sophisticated. We ourselves started with simple songs, but something like 'MacArthur Park' is different, very complicated to make. We are always trying very hard to improve the overall quality of our work, while Kraftwerk are still holding onto the older ways of recording. If I were to record another synthesiser album right now, I wouldn't do it at all like 'I Feel Love'. That sound is out of date and use."

But, double-track, there is a marked similarity between the disco-dub effects Moroder employed on his mostly instrumental soundtrack for Alan Parker's *Midnight Express* and those Kraftwerk deployed on the "Metal On Metal" segment of the title track of their own "Trans-Europe Express".

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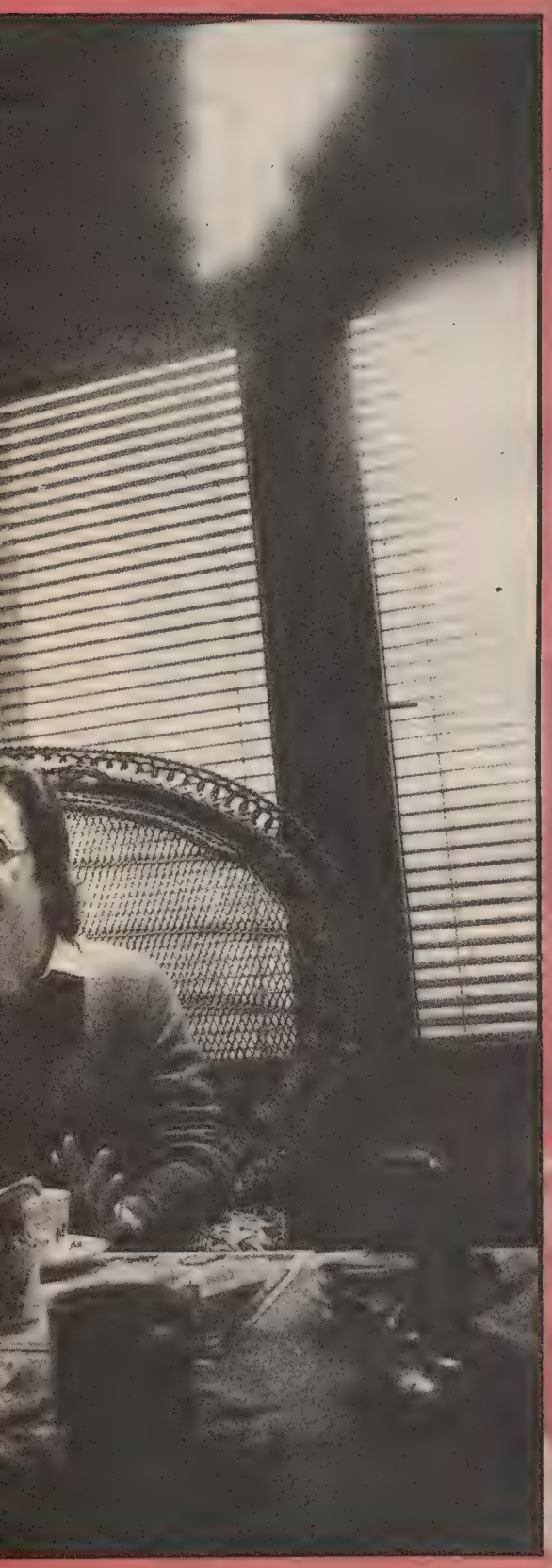

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"I really don't know about that. I am not too familiar with this record of theirs, only really with 'The Man Machine'. I cannot say. I just met one of the guys from Kraftwerk in New York once, but it is very difficult to talk with them. They obviously speak German and I speak German, but they have their very definite ideas . . ."

And what of Kraftwerk's implied conceptualisations (the Constructivist cover artwork to "TMM", etc).?

"This again is not something I can enjoy that much. I am not so complicated or intelligent a composer, nor am I very interested in becoming so. I am much more happy doing what I know I can do than what I am not sure I could do."

So you're not greatly taken with Kraftwerk's European emphasis?

"No, I must admit not. This matter of a European feeling is really quite complicated. I know that Pete and myself have combined a certain European feeling with Donna's more American experience, but this is only from Europe in the sense that we are both Continental-style writers, well trained in Continental pop music.

"To me the only European leaning of the disco sound is that so much of the music is actually created here. There were, of course, discotheques in the States before there were here, but we have somehow taken a lead in making the music. Perhaps we just had the correct professional attitudes.

"Many producers began to make disco records after our success and that of Michael Kunze (Silver Convention). This is a great thing for the industry in Europe, for us to be able to make a way for others, but it could really be anywhere, you know. I don't think there are any special methods we have here that others could not have if they wanted. And this more artistic aspect, I have no involvement with it.

"Our studios here at Musicland are just typical. Nearly all the equipment there is standard, English or American. It isn't even a particularly sophisticated studio.

"And this thing", Moroder thumps his desk to his theme, "some writers have about *German* producers and players. As I have said, I am not German, Pete is not German. Boney M themselves are not German, although I accept that their producer Frank Farian is so.

"Donna is American, so is Roberta Kelly, so are Silver Convention. In actuality, if we had been based elsewhere other than Munich, we might have achieved our success even earlier — because there in London, for example, you have more facilities and are nearer the pulse of the industry."

MORODER STARTED to work at Musicland in '74, on Ms. Summer's first album. The studio is situated beneath the hotel complex that contains the Oasis offices. It is, as Moroder points out, an unremarkable and decidedly cramped locale, boasting a mere 24-track facility. It has been used by artists as varied and various as The Rolling Stones, ELO and Deep Purple.

Moroder's rhythm tracks are almost exclusively recorded at Musicland, before being glossed in either Los Angeles or London. "The famous Munich Machine sound", as Moroder describes them, may be held responsible for these tracks and feature a consistent nucleus of players. Drummer Keith Forsey, bassist Les Hurdle and keyboardsman Allen Hawkshaw are English, guitarist Mats Bjoerklund is Swedish, another keyboardsman is Icelandic, and so on. The string sections are, however, mostly German (so if it's the orchestrations you dance to . . .)

But how, I wonder aloud, did Moroder and Bellotte define their disco direction?

"We take something from everything, then make it our own," Moroder confides with delightful candour, "although it is hard to analyse this exactly. There were obvious aspects that we have used from the Philadelphia sound, although this was only successful in the States. We have . . ."

Moroder pauses to snaffle a chocolate finger-bisk, so I prompt him — internationalised it?

"Yes, that is definitely so. I would myself have liked to be able to make records like the classic Motown records, but I guess that four or five years ago we weren't advanced enought. It's crazy trying to record soul-type music in Munich. There aren't — or, I should say, weren't — the players available. We were very lucky to find Donna, the first really good black girl singer who was living here.

"Myself, I liked very much the sound of Motown in the early times, up to seven or eight years ago, but now they do not have such a recognisable feel. Mind you, the actual quality of their first recordings was not good. You know, they recorded in a little building and so on. But the music was good, so very good — and that is why they succeeded."

And quite why Moroder's work should be so disparagingly referred to in some circles as 'product' (as in production line, etc.) when Tamla themselves formularised their songwriting — Holland, Dozier, Holland et al — and sound with similar success and without risking culpability is beyond this pair of ears. Attitude dancing, I believe they call it. Tamla even worked out of a similiarly and supposedly 'industrial' environment in Detroit.

Admittedly Moroder and Bellotte *can* (and would) claim they're armed with dramatically improved recording technology, but the principle is surely the same: define a sound and, as long as the going goes from good to better to best, decline to modify same overmuch.

All of which I put to Moroder, asking more specifically about the relevance of the credit listing on the "Whiter Shade Of Pale" Munich Machine release (cf. 'shop floor, electronics foreman, mechanics foreman, shop steward, apprentice, time and motion study').

"This, you know, this is just another joke. We know people think this about what we do, so we play (up) to them. It is the same with the dancing robots on the covers of both Munich Machine records.

"All this talk of machines and industry make me laugh. Even if you use synthesisers and sequencers and drum machines, you have to set them up, to choose exactly what you are going to make them do. It is nonsense to say that we make all our music automatically.

"I know for myself how difficult or how easy it was to get a certain sound. Sometimes it is easy, sure, but as often as not it is at least ten times more difficult to get a good synthesiser sound than on an acoustic instrument. And of course we organise things — who does not? We have to be professional about this. There is nothing wrong with this, surely?"

BUT ISN'T there a real danger of running to repetition? Your recording schedules seem very tight and there's surely a limit to just how much you can achieve within the rhythm strictures disco danceability imposes.

"Yes indeed," Moroder makes and breaks a church of his hands, "this is one of many things that worries me. Disco is so immediately definable and recognisable. The main problem for the next years will be to change it, although we shall also be under some pressure from the big record companies not to change it too much, since they are really only just beginning, especially in America, to invest in disco. I am not at all sure how we will cope with this. . ."

But how would you *like* to cope with it?

"Obviously on certain albums you do what you know can sell them, but I think you should always try for difference. It is not easy. In pop or rock you can make a fast song or a slow one, but in disco there is really just the one rhythm.

"As it is we are having enormous problems with the drums and percussion, for example. Because you are staying with one tempo, you have to change how you record that tempo. The technical gadgets we use are quite alright in principle, but not so much in practice.

"In the studio these days you generally change the sound of natural instruments — but then, if you are not careful, you just get another synthesised sound. I am looking for ways of changing natural sounds in other directions, away from pure electronic treatments.

"The synthesiser has limitless sounds to give you, but I am again really too much of a commercial composer to be able to make full use of its possibilities. I would want to, although I accept I will probably not have the time or the ability to do so. As it happens, I am not a very good keyboards player anyway. In fact, I am a lousy keyboards player. . ."

(So even disco producers have human hopes and fears, limitations and liabilities. Please note.)

"No, I think I continue in this way until I feel I have used up all its variety. . ."

Which, it seems, Moroder is unlikely to do for some time. His last major Donna Summer project hinted tantalisingly at a barely tapped lode in Moroder and Bellotte's writing and record vocabulary.

The "Once Upon A Time" album was remarkable by any standards, particularly those inherent in much current disco, as it set *consistently* high standards of composition and realisation throughout its four sides.

Moroder's awareness of the need for vigorous variety and sheer surprise is self-evident therein. Test and try the sudden switch from electronic to electric instrumentation on "Queen For A Day", for instance, or the swell and splendour of the string and brass phrasings elsewhere. Mood and mode and mixed and merged seamlessly throughout, chameleon but never caricature. You want disco, funk, soul, R&B and more? Sign on this line, *then* tell me this is automaton music — and I won't believe you, even if you point to the bleak *mekanik* of side two's inner city scarescaping.

Leaning and lurching elsewhere, I ask Moroder his opinion of *Midnight Express*, a film that has been mauled for its supposedly extreme portrayal of the unpleasantness of the Turkish penal system.

"Yes, I too found some of the scenes a little exaggerated — but, you know, it *is* a movie. Then again, if one was going to some South American or African countries, the situation there is not too far removed from those in the film. Yes, perhaps it was a little bit hard on the Turks; the same things would probably happen in, say, Greece or Nigeria or anywhere.

"But I liked the film very much, though I don't like violence at all. I thought it was a good movie for young people to see. If they go to it and don't feel so inclined to smuggle drugs, then good. A preventive, yes, that is how I see it."

DRAGGING a wider net, I ask Moroder whether or not he considers the music industry itself to be lacking in certain 'moral' departments. He is, after all, currently one of its most successful sons.

"Well, this again is difficult, a grey area. When Donna toured in Italy not long ago, the press comment was very negative and critical of the luxury of her show, comparing it with the poverty in Italy. But that is the way of it. Donna worked for ten years and suffered a very hard life with her daughter — and some of this has come out in 'Once Upon A Time.'

"I don't know for sure. Every business is there to make money, and making a record is business. This tends to be forgotten by many. That is a fact of our lives and the way we live. Maybe it is right, maybe it is wrong. I am not a politician, I am a producer.

"At the same time I know that I myself worked very, very hard for seven or eight years without making anything back at all. I was losing much over my productions. And nowadays you need so much money to be able to launch a new artist, notably in America; you would hardly believe some of the sums involved.

"You also need an already successful roster-of acts to establish yourself before you even begin thinking of something new. Even with Kiss, as you mention, you must never forget the work that goes into making them a success.

"There is a lot more to that band than just four guys with painted faces to look like cats. Neil (Bogart, president of Casablanca Records, US-based company handling both Kiss and Donna Summer) risked his professional standing to launch Donna and Kiss, all his savings over the years.

"But yes, maybe things have got too big. . ."

And punk? Could Moroder sympathise with its initially highly motivated attempts to re-establish a more intimate understanding between artist and audience?

"The visual side and the closeness, these I can understand. They are very important. But the results on record aren't so good because, as I hear them, so much of the sounds are rock and roll of ten or 15 years ago. It's really nothing new — but perhaps I should not say too much about this, because I have to admit I do not listen to much rock music.

"No, I would never be interested in producing a punk group myself as I probably wouldn't be able to feel this this kind of music sufficiently well. I prefer to stay within the fields I am capable. Also, the punk lyrics, I have to admit again that so many of them I can hardly understand at all. Nor do I know much about the social movement or the political life in England at the moment. I am reluctant to judge such things without being informed."

I can't help but counter that disco is hardly renowned for its lyrical perceptions.

"I agree. But in both pop and disco, my main concerns, the meaning of the lyrics is not too important. I have nothing I feel I particularly want to say and, anyway, Pete writes most of our lyrics.

"This, I suppose, is in the nature of the music that we make. The lyrics are important in a certain aesthetic sense — they should have a nice and pleasing turning of phrase to them, — but I think it would be stupid for us to try and tell people who are dancing in a discotheque about the problems of the world. That is the very thing they have come away to avoid."

But reggae is dancing music and makes political statements.

"I know. But I cannot change my skin, so to speak. It would not be honest or true for me to do so."

And the current political situation in Italy?

"Well, some of the industrial sections of Northern Italy — people are not at all happy there. Their life is not good. Somehow I can even understand why The Red Brigades are so successful, because they can have the support of people who are not heard by the politicians."

The Italian Communist party?

"One thing is for sure, the communists in Italy are very different from the usual communist world and way. I guess they are just very left socialists. I am not sure what would happen if they were in power, but I think there wouldn't be too much of a difference. . ."

Because Italian politics seem so corrupt anyway?

"Exactly. There would be no more than a little change. Not only is the government in Italy corrupt, but the whole system. You have to do the best for yourself and that is it. If you want to buy a car, you have to bribe someone to get a licence in ten days instead of two months.

"Yes, it is all over — 'endemic' as you say. As for Germany, to me, a foreigner, the situation seems mainly OK. Most people have good living standards and the Baader Meinhof have not the support that is given the Brigades in Italy. There is not, I think, the need."

GIORGIO MORODER is a self-made man, and not ashamed of it. He readily admits he's been "very lucky", but

■ Continues page 41

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ALBUMS

PUBLIC IMAGE LTD: l to r JR, Jah Wobble, Keith Levine, Jim Walker

A Bitter PIL To Swallow

PUBLIC IMAGE LTD.
Public Image Ltd. *(Virgin)*

"THE Public Image Is Limited", or so claimed John Lydon in a recent interview with his customary flair for a good, splenetic quip. Well, so be it. But unfortunately the 'image', public or otherwise, is a good deal less limited than many of the more practical factors involved in this venture.

The cover is great, mind. While the eponymous single had that daft newspaper as a wrap-around, the album is graced with various glossy and deluxe Vogue pisstakes — one mugshot of each of the four partners in crime.

Ah, but Mr Lydon, why is your eminently blank expression embellishing the *front* of the cover? Wouldn't it have been more in keeping with the PIL ethos to have had one of your three lubbers' spotty visages there in your place? This might sound trivial, but it's somehow indicative of my impression that your whole current enterprise leans on a thin veneer of good, old-fashioned hypocrisy: a new career in a new sound-warp, but still using the same old tried and true to attract the punters.

This consideration is in fact of no slight import — if only because this album would probably never have seen the light of day, certainly as it stands, were it not for the looming spectre of dear old 'Johnny Rotten', former bogey man of The Sex Pistols.

However, those of you expecting a reprise of the Pistols' (relatively) orthodox rock muscle-flexing are going to be in for a nasty shock — even though Rotten/Lydon's well-known, puerile, yet venomous brand of inscrutability is still up to its former ferocity.

The opening track throws all-comers straight into the deep end of the PIL maelstrom with a distant high-pitched scream and then an excruciating nine minutes of sonic disorientation entitled simply "Theme". The pacing is leaden, with the three instruments — drums, up-front bass and an utterly disorientating guitar pitched somewhere between 'insinuating' and 'piercing' — mixed into a relentless drone replete with Rotten's garbled exhortations and whines of *"I wish I could die . . ."* ad infinitum, making him sound like a man drowning in a sea of aural treacle.

A more tangible parallel would be listening to the Velvet Underground's "European Son Of Delmore Schwarz" at 16 rpm. Guessing at the sentiments behind actually releasing this gargantuan sprawl of sonic torture is harder, although Lydon's departing parry — a characteristic final whine of *"terminal boredom"* — more than aptly sums up my own feelings as to its merits.

Next on the agenda, Lydon again breaks stride with tradition by narrating unaccompanied the lyrics to "Religion" in an unsettling monotone. This ploy has seldom, if ever, worked before on record. Jim Morrison could just about pull it off in his prime but nowadays one need only ruminate momentarily on the dread Patti Smith to shudder at the very thought of this sort of solo performance — and Lydon's shot is made doubly redundant not simply because he goes on to repeat the verses over a jarring Black-Sabbath-on-Largactyl riff with the rest of PIL but also because the words themselves aren't particularly dazzling in their righteous condemnation of organised religion.

"Fat-pigged priest sanctimoniously smiles", for example, is pure over-the-top bilge, though other couplets do stand out. Ultimately though, the piece is far too similar in concept and conceit to a Peter Hamill song on the same subject on the latter's "Silent Corner And Empty Stage" album. In other words, more strained vitriol from leering lapsed Catholics. I pass.

Meanwhile, the most promising of the four tracks on side one, "Annalisa", apparently based on a real life saga about a German girl whose parents believed her to be 'possessed' by devils, has its lyrics completely obscured in the relentless instrumental thrash that dominates the mix. (Reports elsewhere claim that said parents are taking legal action. If so, could they please decipher the supposedly offensive lyrical content as I can't make out one word.)

The second side of this "First Issue" is thankfully more graphic in defining the group's real strengths. Indeed, the three songs forming the lion's share of the side finally display the worth of a band stripped of the cynicism and silliness so prevalent on side one. Certainly, this trilogy of "Public Image" (apparently a different take from the single, although it sounds virtually identical to these ears), "Low Life" and "Attack" are the only tracks I, for one, intend to return to for any sort of listening pleasure.

It's here that the band seem to be functioning in musical territory that, given time and effort, will provide them with a strong and individual foundation for future focus and experimentation.

Instrumentally, these three tracks possess a vigour, a completeness of sound (cleverly straddled between the sparseness of the constituents and the audacious originality of the mix) that draws the listener toward it, though one cursory hearing inevitably fails to impress. Oddly enough, this trio work *despite* Lydon, whose lyrics on both "Public Image" and "Low Life" — at least, what can be heard of the lyrics, anyway — just don't cut it, whilst his voice all too often sounds just plain weedy.

The final track, "Fodderstompf", is a very amusing take-off of an endless disco riff replete with flakey lyrics, Rotten bawling *"We only wanted to be loved"* in a ball-breaking falsetto amongst the spewing forth of all manner of goonish spoken inanities. The only drawback to this often hilarious little exercise is that, like most recorded comedy, it does tend to pall after three or four listenings into nothingness.

So much for the "First Issue". 'An adventurous debut from an exciting young pop combo', one of my peers remarked half-seriously. It is audacious after a fashion and will doubtless go a long way to separate the hangers-on from those whom Lydon believes to be properly attuned to his message.

Yet there still remain problems a-plenty. There's a tendency to bemusedly consider this effort as one gigantically cynical piss-take on Lydon's part — something like "Theme" can solicit no other reaction — while there's also my underlying suspicion, always at work, wondering whether they are actually aware of their strengths and weaknesses.

"First Issue" is no masterpiece. At its most cogent, however, Public Image achieve a sound that could be defined as a new, radical form of rock and roll — the sort of rock that a band would produce were they weaned on Beefheart's "Trout Mask Replica" and Can's "Ege Bamyasi" — instead on one "Johnny B Goode", and The Who, as were The Pistols.

Overall, though, one gets the feeling that this debut is premature. The ideas are there, but still in a germinating stage, the playing is tough and Rotten/Lydon is still nothing less than his own man — venomous and frightening.

Nick Kent

TODD RUNDGREN
Back To The Bars (Bearsville)

The one obstacle between Todd Rundgren and a successful live album comes at the stage when he has to rely on other musicians.

On "Another Live", this problem was largely circumnavigated by the choice of material and a streamlined band. The 23 tracks that comprise "Back To The Bars" may be every thinking Todd fan's dream choice but they don't translate adequately in performance. Rundgren on his tod, playing the studio, dictating the framework, is far preferable to this roll call of friends, relatives, superstars, lunatics and British beat veterans.

No doubt if you were actually at the Bottom Line, Agora or the LA Roxy proceedings were jolly. The atmosphere sounds relaxed and jokey and the idea of Stevie Nicks, Hall and Oats, Spencer Davis et al hamming their way through "Hello It's Me" might even have been spontaneous. On record it all comes over too flat, the production surprisingly limp, the cast of thousands dragging into tedium. The only solution would be a collection of cloned Todds tic-toccing their groove across layers of multiple harmonies and squeaking in synch.

Utopia do fair justice to the best of "Initiation" and "Faithful" (the underrated "Real Man" is a promising opener) and for the rest you get the nuggets that graced Todd's mid-period classics, "Something / Anything", "A Wizard / A True Star" and "Todd", plus the unabashed nostalgia of "The Range War" from "Runt: The Ballad Of . . .".

Unfortunately, none of the takes supersedes the originals, neither do they add anything of interest with "Last Ride", "A Dream Goes On Forever", "Don't You Ever Learn?" and a truly ace "Black Maria" the only fresh reworkings. Songs from the sublime "Wizard", including the soul segue, don't survive the experience. Rundgren applies himself with results to guitar and piano but loses control of his vocal purity in the heat of the moment.

Often the studio cuts are just too dignified on the memory for comfort, so "Sometimes I Don't Know What To Feel" is all but ruined by the Hell People, whose duetting vocals alter the intended perspective of the puzzled solo pain.

Never mind, "Hermit of Mink Hollow" is sufficient red meat for one year. The very informality of "Back To The Bars" makes it standard par for a live double while rarely suggesting to man's ability to provoke delight. I'll be at The Venue rooting for Todd anyhow, just hope he leaves the excess baggage behind.

Max Bell

CHIEFTAINS
Chieftains 8 (CBS)

One hates to be disrespectful to such dedicated musicians as the Chieftains, but this record bores me.

"Chieftains 8" (they'll overtake Chicago by 1980) is much like "Chieftains 1-7"; a selection of jigs, reels, airs and suites played on the usual variety of ancient instruments. Live, they can be enchanting, but on record it all seems a bit flat.

Apart from Irish folk fans, I wonder who buys Chieftains records? People who want an *ethnic* form of muzak? People who sit back and use the music as an aural travel brochure, conjuring up fantasies of waterfalls, sunsets and simple life?

The sleeve notes encourage this escapism. "Imagine yourself transported to an old castle in ancient times", runs the commentary to one track, blithely ignoring the fact castles were usually seats of oppression. There's also a coy mention of Ireland's "long and troubled history", though without reference to the English imperialism which was largely responsible for this trouble and for destroying much of the traditional Irish culture which the Chieftains seek to preserve.

It's perhaps because it's presented historically — "timeless and haunting" to quote the sleeve again — that this music seems to be nothing more than a pointless hotchpotch of similar, but unrelated, sounds. It's a shame to reduce folk music to this gratuitous aestheticism.

Graham Lock

JEAN CONSTANT GINDREAU

Paris, November 1978: the grave of James Douglas Morrison

Still Stoned, Still

JIM MORRISON — MUSIC BY THE DOORS
An American Prayer *(Elektra)*

The new language that James Douglas Morrison invoked was the poet's entry to a world of mystery and shuttered imagery, a place where the neanderthal landscapes of imagination reverberated to the tune of a vegetable mythology. By extension, Morrison translated this expression (which has countless literary parallels) into his native second tongue, rock and roll. An accident of history perhaps, and a fortunate one for us.

Morrison's bold statements were generally misconstrued; his hedonism was bloated degeneracy, his liberation of the mass mentality that aimed its eye at his zip was dismissed as agit-prop exhibitionism. Morrison was an exhibitionist; from here stems the basic difficulty in grasping his broader philosophy — audiences are often incapable of seeing beyond the moment. The spectator is "a dying animal", a voyeur. The problem is how to balance this fact with the performer's own potency, his mastery of the physical and the spiritual functions.

To this end Morrison became a successful Shaman, a sensory guide in an age noted for its reliance on cheap thrills. The puritanical aftermath of his debauched explorations means that some people call him a fraud. Fear or ignorance. Some of us still believe that Darwin's theory of the survival of the fittest refers to gymnastic prowess.

"An American Prayer" is conclusive proof that Morrison could balance his own extremities. It's the first proper Doors album since "L.A. Woman" — a hard act to follow, particularly with a document based on the power of the spoken work. Even a convert might baulk at the arrangements after the event, the artist seven years dead. Morrison went into the studio on his birthday, December 8, 1970; just him, engineer John Haeny and a tape machine that rolled all night long, tracking the bundle of poems which we find here, not necessarily in the intended order.

From unadorned beginnings, Haeny and the remaining three Doors, Ray Manzarek, Robby Krieger and John Densmore, spent nearly three years fashioning a credible testimony to the poet's wish that he also be accepted as a wordman, as well as a catalyst for less passionate intellects.

In retrospect the best of the Doors makes a mockery of fashionable protest. A string of songs, chants, rituals from "The End" to "When The Music's Over", from "The Soft Parade" to "Hyacinth House", are evidence of Morrison's power to define the undefinable, to move with words beyond the confines of the standard rock and roll dictionary.

Morrison stands comparison with the academic poets of the century and rises above the Beat Poets, whose accomplishments he admired without utilising their techniques. His closest models were the nineteenth century French poets, those who abandoned the empirical self *("Out here in the perimeters there are no stars / Out here we are stoned / Immaculate").*

His favourite style was contrast, romanticism and realism; photo-realist slides of modern Los Angeles vie with fragments of ancient folk lore. like Heine or Rimbaud, Morrison tired of hanging around for the Golden Age. So he reinvented the gods and ciphered them through onstage mystique. A Doors concert was a ceremony and a participation.

"An American Prayer" can be experienced as autobiography, the symbols are simple. The material is arranged chronologically, full of Morrison's eerie second sight. Today there's a score of American artists ready to force the pace that this man met head on on July 3, 1971.

But this is not a collection of tawdry hysteria and self-adulation. "Awake" lulls you into the quiet arena after the jolt of "Celebration Of The Lizard".

Morrison believed in the transition of the soul, a common anthropological dictum (cynics and Morrisonologists ought to check out the *Balder, Between Heaven and Earth* and *Dionysus* chapters of J. G. Frazer's *The Golden Bough).* Animal nature is accepted as given in all Doors songs. The verses here are a logical extension, *"self like a new monster"* opposed to the sterile Lords *"mean and rueful of the Western dream".*

Morrison's adolescent context has a backdrop of Vietnam and attendant civil disorder *("A military station in the desert"),* so he uses the appropriate tongue, that of the *"chooks"*, the gang leaders and their prey: *"Scenes of rape in the arroyo./Seductions in cars, abandoned buildings./Fights*

the Rubinoos

What's the last thing you'd do if your new single and album were due for release in January?

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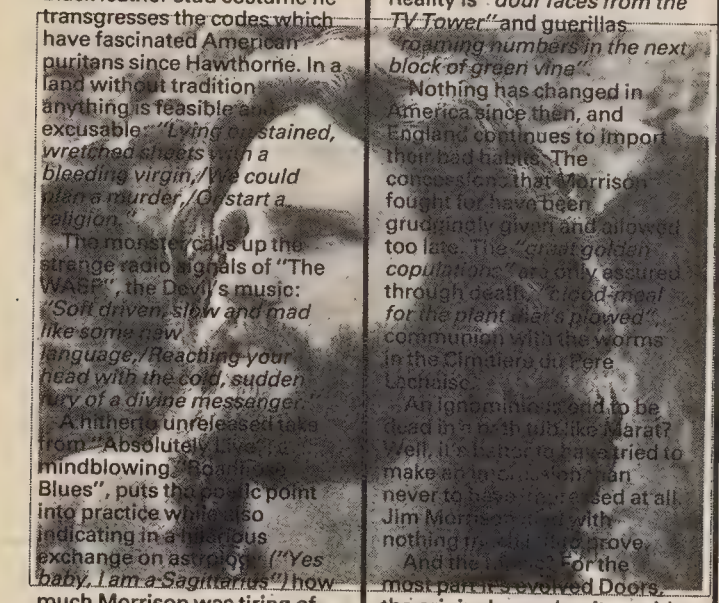

at the food stand."

"Black Polished Chrome" and "Latino Chrome" chronicle the influence of ethnically rooted tastes on teenage California, a poetic equivalent to Tom Wolfe's *The Pump House Gang*. Like Wolfe, Morrison submerges himself in dual roles; in his black leather stud costume he transgresses the codes which have fascinated American puritans since Hawthorne. In a land without tradition anything is feasible and excusable: *"Lying on stained, wretched sheets with a bleeding virgin,/We could plan a murder,/Or start a religion."*

The monster calls up the strange radio signals of "The WASP", the Devil's music: *"Soft driven, slow and mad like some new language,/Reaching your head with the cold, sudden fury of a divine messenger."*

A hitherto unreleased take from "Absolutely Live", a mindblowing "Roadhouse Blues", puts the poetic point into practice while also indicating in a hilarious exchange on astrology (*"Yes baby, I am a Sagittarius"*) how much Morrison was tiring of his public role. You can sense the contempt in his voice yet you can sympathise with the wet-lipped girls who came to worship at the crotch.

Now the sexual threat has been removed the voyeurs drift off. Morrison is free to grow a beard, drink, get wasted. "The Hitchhiker" is an invaluable inclusion because it shows that the killing in "Riders on the Storm" is metaphorical, murderer and victim are both aspects of the author.

The title track ushers out the rock prophet and summons in the newage, the destruction of the agents who would stifle the Dionysian objective. Morrison aims his tirade at admirals and generals (his father was a high ranking regular service Admiral) and the TV rulers. All this was written at the turn of the decade; the revolution is dead and Richard Nixon is alive. Reality is *"dour faces from the TV Tower"* and guerillas *"running numbers in the next block of green vine"*.

Nothing has changed in America since then, and England continues to import their bad habits. The concessions that Morrison fought for have been grudgingly given and allowed too late. The *"great golden copulations"* are only assured through death, *"blood-meal for the plant that's plowed"*, communion with the worms in the Cimetiere du Pere Lachaise.

An ignominious end to be dead in a bath tub like Marat? Well, it's better to have tried to make an impression than never to have been missed at all. Jim Morrison [illegible] with nothing to prove.

And the [illegible] for the most part it's evolved Doors, the original sound as it would be now. The new inflexions are jazzier, sometimes funky, always echoing the works. This is vindication for Manzarek, Krieger and Densmore who never did get recognised as providers of the back beat, narrow and hard, upon which Morrison weaved his magic.

Finally, this is the eighth Doors album, as exciting, uplifting, inspiring as all the rest. After that, a fistful of silence. Jim Morrison is doing time in the universal mind. There will never be another one like you.

Max Bell

MIKE WESTBROOK BRASS BAND
Goose Sauce (Original)
BARBARA THOMPSON
Paraphernalia (MCA)

The most 'commercial modern jazz' album released in this country recently that can nestle comfortably and relevantly alongside Hancock, Benson, Mangione, etc, is Acker Bilk's latest long player. Perfectly engineered, streamlined rhythms, underdone melodies; accurately materialistic and mundane easy listening: if you groove on Hancock, jive on Benson, get on in there.

Meanwhile, Mike Westbrook continues writing and performing music that is the most accessible twentieth century POPULAR music that you're likely to hear. His work is attainable, attractive and fluid, so much so it's tempting to murmur 'frivolous' but for its obvious defiance and involvement.

His Brass Band — Phil Minton (trumpet and vocals), Dave Chambers (tenor and soprano saxes), Kate Westbrook (tenor horn, piccolo, and vocals), Chris Hunter (alto and soprano saxes), Westbrook (euphonium, piano), Paul Rutherford (trombone and euphonium) and Trevor Tompkins (perucussion) — is vivacious, versatile and disciplined. Their approach is self-styled jazz-cabaret, which resulted in a two hour jazz cabaret suite "Mama Chicago" earlier this year.

This record is a loose representation of that concept. Twentieth Century popular music as in Stravinsky, Brecht, Ellington, Porter, Armstrong: a refined blend of vaguely linked expressions of rebellion and vitality. This is rich, sarcastic, satirical and yet haunting, decent and respectful. The band is humble and eclectic, yet the way the music is delivered makes it all deliciously new and open. It *belongs* in a tradition rather than mimicks one.

So hear some bright, positive small group songs. Hear how Brecht's "Alabama Song" was meant to sound: perverse, rude and contortive, with that true Brechtian gay cynicism. From the light langour of a Westbrook arranged version of Rogers and Hart's "Ten Cents A Dance", sung by his wife Kate, to the decaying irregularities in a forceful version of Thelonius Monk's "Jackie-ing", it's consistent, extensive, superior music, so full of character and resource.

Uncomplicated, no heavy listening experience, and really just a well made popular music album with an underlay of moralising about decadence, deterioration and dehumantisation — I can actually recommend you spend good money on it.

Such fine stuff from Westbrook, but alas not from Barbara Thompson. Genuine naive, insecure British jazz, packaged like an Elaine Paige album. Hopeful? Eight pieces, six by saxophonist Thompson, two by keyboardsman Colin Dudman.

The quartet is completed by Roy Babbington on bass guitar and Harold Fisher on drums: theoretically an imaginative and integrated modern mainstream quartet.

The music, though, is unconvincing, restrained and very slack. The ambitions are obvious, aiming for the sensitive, inventive and swinging, with plenty of space and atmosphere, but the sound is flat, the textures monotonous, the ideas minimal.

Paul Morley

Imports

THOSE of you at the front of the class who have been paying attention will remember how Paul Rambali recently went ga-ga over the power-pop delights of **Shoes'** "Black Vinyl Shoes" (PVC), an item which was almost impossible to lay hands on, the band initially having limited distribution to record companies and the media.

But now the disc, which was recorded in a living room somewhere in Zion, Illinois, is being generally distributed — through Jem in the States and through Pacific Records here — and the 15 tracks by Murphy, Murphy, Meyer and Klebe, the foursome who comprise Shoes, are now to be heard at any self-respecting import bazaar. You are advised to buy.

FM, whose "Black Noise" (Visa) is also being distributed here by Pacific, are vaguely Yes-like. That is to say they're more Accrington than Akron — though they would appear to be a Canuck outfit, having recorded this particular offering somewhere in downtown Toronto.

But though the disc doesn't appear particularly inspiring on the surface — titles such as "Phasors on Stun", "Slaughter In Robot Village" and "Dialling For Dharma" always send me into the crossed-fingers reviewing position — "Black Noise" is a more down-to-earth prospect than would appear likely.

Sure, Cameron Hawkins, main cog in **FM's** overdrive, provides a fair share of star-shootin', galaxy-gallopin', planet-pushin' and comet-chasin' synth embellishments. But **FM** are not all "Starwars" and extra-terrestrial, with echoes of Anderson. and the trio (Hawkins — synthesizer, bass, piano, vocals; Martin Deller — drums, percussion, synthesiser; Nash The Slash — electric violins, mandolin, glockenspiel, vocals) even hit the surf in accepted Brian Wilson fashion on a cut titled "One O'Clock Tomorrow".

On a recent trip to Tulsa, I heard a lot of music covering many areas, ranging from Airto Moreira through to Rick Nelson's Stone Canyon Band, in fact. But, apart from some of the area's local rock bands — unbeatable on their own ground in the same way that Seger rules Detroit — the most impressive act I caught was that of **Clarence "Gatemouth" Brown**, whose current album is "Blackjack" (Music Is Medicine). Gate is an incredible character — he's a white-stetsoned black man from Texas, who sings and plays guitar, fiddle, viola, mandolin and mouth-harp — and dispenses music that knows no boundaries. One moment he's on a pure swing trip, heading down memory lane via "Tippin' In", an Erskine Hawkins riff, circa 1945; the next he's hittin' the R&B bottle with a funk-filled "Chickenshift"; dobro-ing it along Western trails in the company of "Dark End Of The Hallway"; or offering up a 21-carat blues such as the album's title track. The eclectic end, Gate is ace.

Meanwhile, somewhere in a penthouse, miles above the streets from whence they came, those other Wilsons, Carlos D., Ric, Louis and Wolf, who with the aid of Coffee Cave, form **Mandrill**, have a newie around in "New Worlds" (Arista). They still remember, of course, and throw in an anthem that states *"I was raised in the streets. Mean Streets. Seen little brothers, stealing from the wine store, sneaking thro the backdoor. Sisters hanging out late at night."* But somehow you get the feeling that Mandrill don't really care and grabbed all their images from an old Scorsese script.

Fred Dellar

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Systems of resonance

RUSH
Hemispheres *(Mercury)*
ART BEARS
Hopes And Fears *(Re Records)*
FUNKADELIC
One Nation Under A Groove *(Warner Brothers)*

One or two or three records which, each in its own way, beg the same analysis of the aims and abuses of any language which seeks to introduce a personal idea of Order into public currency.

Each one of these musics is immersed within a sticky language the implications of which are fundamentally 'political' — more forwardly and, in Rush's case, more frighteningly so than anyone from The Clash to Eric Clapton.

Rock music in the hands of such as Rush suggests that aspects of it assume a disturbing potential, a disturbing shift in the standing of the music's subject matter. Locating an audience's unconscious inertia and dissatisfaction, its impotency and fertile dissidence, and flirting with them — this is no joke, and if you think it is then you probably think the same about right-wing fanatics locating and flirting with ley lines . . .

The Great Sublime Subliminal Chord. Striking a discord was always a cute pose, but there's no longer any uncertainty about this, Rush's pure-noise-induced suggestion of omnipotence and idealistic alliance. The Galvanic Heavy Metal Intercourse: *coitus* intoxicating, *coitus* interstellar.

There are many Plain Chaps on the great frozen plane of Forbidden Knowledge, but only one mushroom. Let us gobble it up. Let us go forward. Let us go forward. Let us go forward. . .

"We can build a world of wonder/I can make you all aware . . . You can live in grace and comfort/In the world that you transform." ("Cygnus X–1 Book II Hemispheres"). And meanwhile our moral sensiblity is *"armed with sense and liberty/With the Heart and Mind united/In a single perfect sphere."* ("The Sphere A Kind Of Dream").

Rush hold up a mirror to the world, and it shows Rush holding up a mirror to the world. They are radiant, their capes wondrous to behold, their wisdom satisfies the common appetite, their album cover points toward their lyrics, their lyrics point toward Rush, Rush hold up a mirror to the world. . .

"So the Maples formed a Union / and demanded equal rights / 'The Oaks are just too greedy / We will make them give us light' / Now there's no more Oak oppression / For they passed a noble law / And the trees are all kept equal / By hatchet, / Axe, / And saw . . ." ("The Trees").

And do their audiences see themselves in it? Rush achieve the alignment through a trite use of allegory and aggressive musical resonance. They use pictures of brains. People who use pictures of brains are Civilised. They have pictures of everything. Their brains are full of pretty pictures.

Pictures of marching men and *you*. Right-wing paranoia — it's in the white of the egg . . . or the heart of the beast? Art Bears are either the step after or the step which terminated Henry Cow. "Hopes And Fears" features Lindsay Cooper, Tim Hodgkinson and Georgie Born, but only Fred Frith, Dagmar Krause and Chris Cutler "are" Art Bears.

If it is true, as Foucault has said, that "It is only in the blank spaces . . . that order manifests itself in depth," then Art Bears are probably the missing link between Peter Hammill and Jilted John — between a naive and tortured Brechtian portrayal of involuntary and loveless solipsism, and a naive and tortured Brechtian portrayal of involuntary and loveless solipsism. A public lineage?

"Hopes And Fears" is, very simply stated, a marriage of ideals — the 'humanity' of Slapp Happy with the heretic utopianism of Henry Cow. Mirthful Marxism? Um.

There *is* a hang-over of academic over-purposefulness, but the balance between precision and celebration is graphic and immediately grasped. The settings and stylings here express a freer, clearer improvisation, only toppling into a feeling of laborious application when the language overtaxes the idea it is supposed to illustrate. Po-faced.

Then, and only then, the line between art and artifice thins, and the ceremonies and order of all things Rush seems only a little way removed. As, of course, is often the case with polar opposites: on the one hand, the capitalist-fascist attitude, gregarious, rejoicing in large numbers and participation in a superior race or nation, which corresponds to the clinical picture of paranoia; on the other, the revolutionary attitude, which is that of an isolated, voluntary outcast and of a withdrawal which might represent schizophrenia.

If the revolutionary develops his aggression and unites with like-minded others, then schizophrenia has itself become paranoia, and the revolutionary attitude

is merely the reverse side of the medal which has fascism as its obverse.

"Hopes And Fears" is a maze, and an analysis of the different approaches and inroads it offers: how far ideas and ideals can go within a given framework. There is little or no 'self-indulgence' — and although the album has a playing time of 48 minutes plus, many of the 13 (two instrumental) pieces are brief.

It's a mostly cheering example of a music with a clear and refreshed perspective, coming to terms with the terms from which it set out this or that message or messages: 'hopes and fears'.

Ironic that such an unfashionable (huh!) set-up should be working on in this way, a way very much promoted but seldom practiced by those presently enjoying favour (bar laudable exceptions such as ATV).

And it's just occurred to me that Dagmar's rendering of Brecht's "On Suicide" puts me very much in mind of Siouxsie. Do you refuse to recognize such a thing? Are you afraid of understanding?

"The fear", as George Clinton has it, "of being eaten by a sandwich"?

Perhaps not. Um. If anything, Funkadelic exemplify the profound identity of all political attitudes based on the primacy of emotion over reason and their inevitable resort to violently existential action, in direct oppostion to, as Clinton has it, "psychologically speaking . . . a state of verbal diarrhoea talkin' shit a mile a minute . . .".

Or, put another way: "Fried ice-cream is a reality!". The Funkadelic maze is no less complex, or 'political' than that of the Art Bears, no more 'accessible', but a bit easier to dance to.

Characters, character-clones, cross-references and cartoon speech bubbles ripple to the surface, and the surface sinks deeper.

A Theatre of hardcore Jollity? Clinton's perpetual vision would suggest as much — a raw, jelly-laser beam of hard, physical onomatopoetry, a sly 'political' motion which is anarchic, democratic (don't quibble), auto-suggestive and laundromatic. An aural cartoon strip comprising backward bumblebee guitars, purring, sluttish bass, oozy, melting Isley harmonies, and ghostly handclaps.

The rhythms' business is "to rid you of moral diarrhoea, social bullshit . . ." — not so much attacking institutions as putting you in a frame of mind to do so.

It is a thin line between this cheering activism and cabaret, and Funkadelic do step over it occasionally. The rhythm and logic is entirely their own, an internal participatory join-the-dots. There are no superficial messages. There may be no 'messages' at all. A sublime gesture or two. Pointing at things. How absurd!

The order is yours. How responsible a method is this? How responsible are you?

This is outside the fridge. There's even a free live Funkadelic 12" record.

As Clinton has it: "There is no such thing as a free lunch, heh, heh — the lunch that prepared itself, heh heh . . ."

Ian Penman

AEROSMITH
Live Bootleg *(CBS Import)*

The inevitable live double from Aerosmith rolls inexorably into the American Christmas like a fat Thanksgiving turkey.

Let Steve Tyler and the boys strut their stuff on your own patch, thrill to the thrum of another well tuned hard rock machine, kiss off the final vestiges of brain detritus, stand back in awe as that East Coast derring-do nods you off into quaalude submission. Heavy metal? Bugger my old boots, there's none heavier.

I've never been able to fathom the appeal of Aerosmith, yet folks whose taste often runs parallel to my own assure me there's worth beneath the age old formula, volume, synchronised idiot response dual guitar and the kind of inane lyric where a chap's libido is measured by the length of his guitar solo. Plenty of whoppers here, eh?

Stifling a yawn I must tell you that the guys include all their familiar faves in the most applicable running gun order, intermeshing a couple of radiocasts from 1973 for historic credibility. Insensitive pariah that I am I cannot distinguish the overall bombast of, say, "Back In The Saddle" from "Walk This Way".

But hold on, there's a voice-box on the loose, and another. Say no more, if the thunder don't get ya then the voice-box will. I can't resist a gadget as sophisticated as this especially as Joe Perry interlards the box more than once with Brad Whitford's pathetically pedestrian overdosed rhythm guitar and the audience goes predictably apeshit.

At this stage in the game there's little or nothing to be said that could possibly curb Aerosmith's departure for mega-universal moolah, and good luck to them for proving that there's none so dumb as Amerika's stadia regulars.

Once upon a time they almost possessed some semblance of a saving grace. The resurrected five year old versions of "I Ain't Got You" and "Mother Popcorn" are cleaner sounding, nearly spontaneous average bar band blues. The sax player from their debut album, David Woodford, gets up to blow at length and Tyler waffles through a sub-J. Geils throat scat with extended aplomb. Aerosmith unleash their version of "Come Together", the old Bee Gees chestnut which seems to these ears as vapidly unpleasant a number as it did on Stigwood's "Abbey Road". At least Ted Nugent is moderately amusing, but this lot take it seriously.

Best of the rest: "Dream On", the one that set the ball rolling, has effective back up piano, still the Perry-Whitford axis is desperately short of the mark. Lucky for some.

And Tyler is sick as a dog with the crits comparing him and his to the Stones, so let's compare them to Led Zeppelin instead. A painful and disillusioning experience but I hated "Rocks", "Get Your Wings", "Toys In The Attic" and "Draw The Line".

Waggle yer bum and grunge on, fools. There's gold in them thar hills.

Max Bell

Aerosmith's sartorial Steve Tyler. *DAVID HILL*

Dead on release

TYLA GANG
Moonproof *(Berserkley)*

Is there room for sentiment in the modern world? Apparently, yes. My colleagues on the so-called 'rival' music papers have been kind to "Moonproof" — derivative he is, they say, but ol' Sean sure loves to boogie.

Well, good for Sean. But I'm less inclinced to be generous, and less interested in the fact that he likes to boogie (don't we all?) than in the fact that he doesn't do it very well. The first time I heard this record, I laughed — I thought it was a parody. "Did You Hear It On The Radio" *is* a parody, and a good one — any song which takes the piss outa The Rolling Stones is alright with me — but closer listening revealed the rest of "Moonproof" to be a failed attempt at serious rock.

The failure resides in the leering vocals, the muted production and — fatally — an inability to structure songs. Sean Tyla can throw off the occasional good riff or attractive melody line, but he's hopeless at welding them together into a cohesive whole. So many of these tracks start well, then suddenly fizzle out in a welter of anticlimactic choruses, breaks and fudged arrangements.

The lyrics don't impress either — a cut-up of American macho myths, in which words like *"switchblade"*, *"hooker"* and *"Cadillac"* figure prominently. In short, left-over scraps for voyeuristic Yankophiles who like to pretend they're real men.

"Moonproof" is certainly derivative. At different times, it brings to mind Springsteen, Graham Parker, Thin Lizzy, Nils Lofgren and their ilk. Trouble is, it also brings to mind that these people play their music with far more fire and invention than the Tyla Gang are able to muster.

Graham Lock

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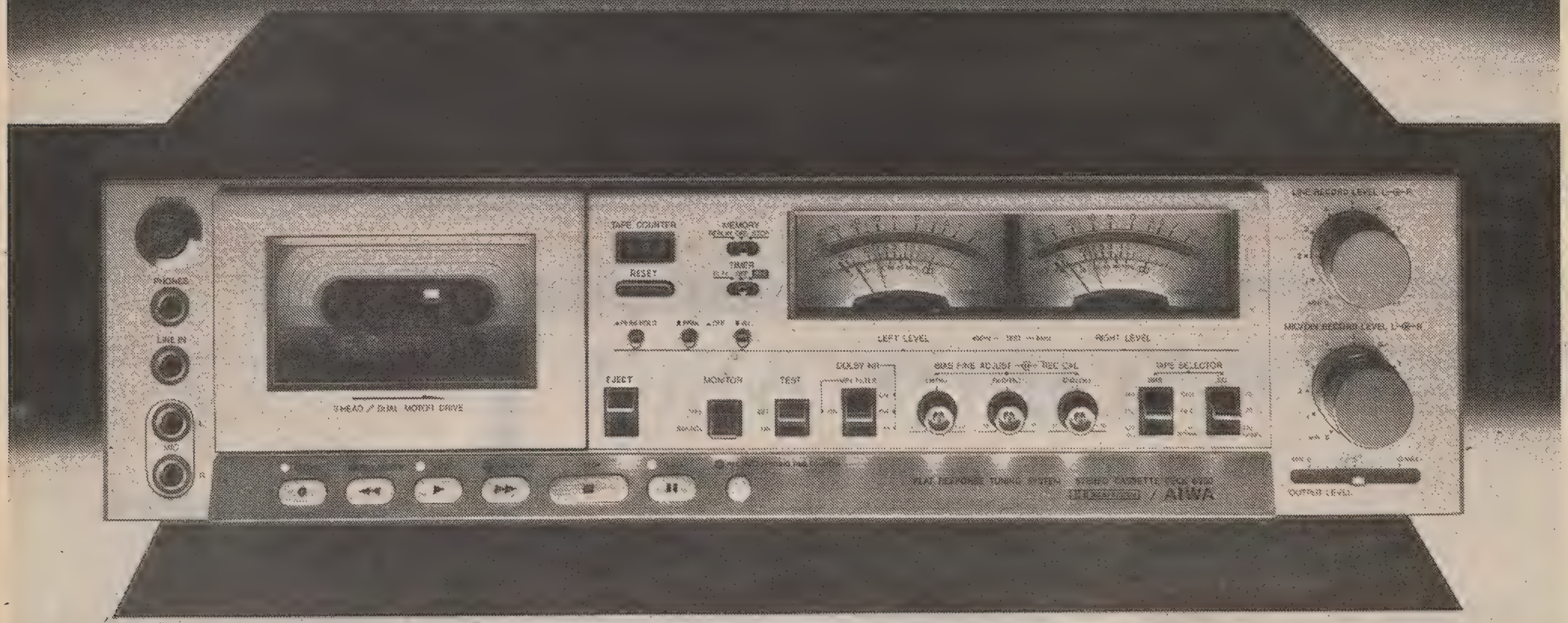

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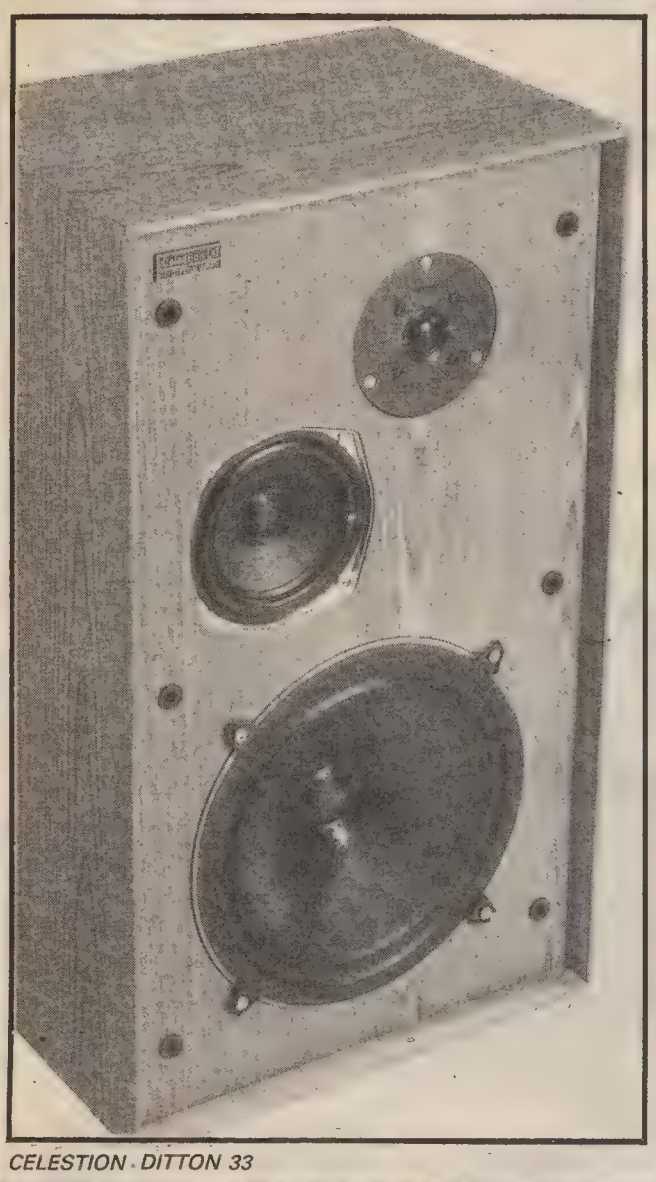
HI-FI: by BERNARD FUTTER



CELESTION DITTON 33

Shopping around for speakers

Once again, let me hark back to the necessity for auditioning speakers before purchase. They are invariably the greatest single influence on the sound character of a whole system, and need to be chosen with care.

You're far less likely to acquire a potential problem buying a cassette deck off the shelf than doing the same with a pair of speakers.

The reason is that the definitive speaker — the one that can reproduce the source fed to it without adding or subtracting anything along the way — has not been invented.

Given that we still have a considerable way to go before reaching that happy state of affairs, it must be understood that speaker designing is all about optimization. Producing a unit that yields a deep and firm bass response may lead to sacrifices in another area of performance.

A competitor working within the same set of parameters may decide to make trade-offs in another direction. Both designs may be, for example, a nominal five per cent down on our theoretically perfect speaker but because different routes have been taken they will sound different.

Another basic problem for designers is that laboratory testing can only give a limited idea of how a unit will sound.

Right, nuff said about the background, how do you make the right choice?

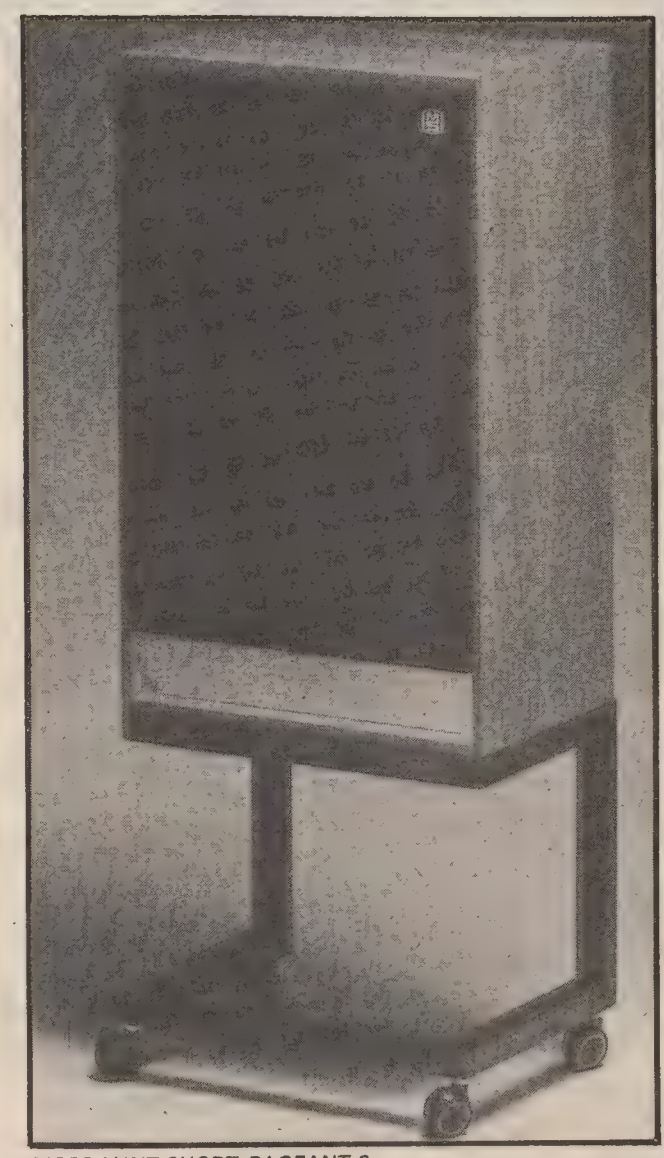
Well, first you must ask yourself how much you want to spend, what size enclosure you can happily accommodate and what the power rating is/will be of your amplifier.

Next, ferret out your friendly neighbourhood dealer — the more specialist the better the likelihood of getting meaningful demos.

Try to avoid Saturdays and lunchtimes. There are few more frustrating things than taking your place in a queue of nurds wanting to discuss in detail the evolution of their hi-fi systems over the last ten years. It also makes a lot of sense to raid your record collection for a wide variety of music to take with you.

Acoustic guitar, solo voice and piano are particularly

■ Continues page 41



MORDAUNT-SHORT PAGEANT 2

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SHOPPING FOR SPEAKERS

■ From page 39

revealing.

Most important: take the stuff you usually listen to.

In the shop, start by finding a "reference" model and then one at a time compare the competition. If the shop is not able to offer instaneous A/B switching you may have grounds for thinking that your specialist is not very special!

It can be extremely confusing switching between about six different models in quick succession. The best method is to only compare two at the same time, and if B then sounds better than A then B becomes the new reference and so on. Refuse to be hustled; you owe it to yourself to find the model that sounds right to *your* ears not the salesman's.

Remember that a bright and exaggerated sound might appear impressive in small bursts but will prove very fatiguing after protracted listening.

The more enlightened the dealer the more likely it is that he will let you try them out on a home trial. Don't be afraid to ask as acoustics will obviously differ between shop and home.

Now we come to the subjects of this months review. Three British speakers in the £135-£190 price band.

It is pleasing to report that Britain has something of a stranglehold on the world's quality speaker market. The Japanese pre eminence in volume electronics does not extend to the art of speaker design.

Listening tests on the above were carried out under normal domestic conditions using a variety of direct-cut and high-grade commercial discs, master tapes and FM radio sources. The highly accurate Quad Electrostatic Speakers were used as reference although they cost up to three times the price of their contenders. To their credit the results certainly did not suggest this disparity.

All three speakers are reasonably compact and just qualify for "bookshelf" classification. They all recommend the use of custom stands that are available as optional extras and this is the way we carried out our tests.

The first model comes from the **Monitor Audio** stable. Monitor are a smallish company based in Cambridge who have made enormous strides with their speaker range over the last few years.

The newly introduced **MA6**, is dubbed "Budget Model". But in case you're thinking that it is constructed out of Fablon covered balsa wood, the standard of finish is exemplary.

Like the other two models in this survey the front grille can be removed. This will appeal to those who prefer the naked studio look.

The MA6 comprises two drive units, a bass/midrange and a treble. Listening tests revealed a clean and detailed sound without any obvious nasties. On more protracted sessions we felt the sound to be of a somewhat withdrawn character which seemed to take just a little of the sparkle and life out of the music.

This was only a very subtle effect and many will find the MA6 very easy and unfatiguing to listen to. A very creditable performance related to the modest cost.

Smallest speaker in the survey is the **Pageant 2** from the Petersfield, Hants, based company of **Mordaunt-Short**. This is third in line of a small range which includes the renowned value for money Carnival and Festival models.

Cabinet work was to a high standard and a distinctive metal strip under the grille cloth adds a bit of visual interest.

Listening tests quickly confirmed the Pageant 2 to be a very high quality performer. Bass was firm and as extended as one could expect from a small enclosure. The important middle register was open and uncoloured. Reproduction was at all times extremely impressive.

It would be possible to name many far more expensive models that could not acquit themselves with such distinction.

Now for **Celestion** — one of our largest manufacturers.

Their model under examination is the **Ditton 33**. And again its pleasing to report that the standard of cabinet work was of a very high order.

Celestion have in fact made concessions to those who prefer to leave the grille off as the front baffle is veneered and features a second badge. A neat touch.

The 33's differ in that they incorporate three drive units, a bass, mid-range and treble. (More drivers does not in itself read better. Multi unit arrays can create more problems than they solve, regarding optimum cross-over points).

Listening tests revealed fine resolution of detail with a bright forward sound quality. This was not objectionable and never erred to stridency. Piano, however, was inclined to be slightly metallic sounding. This is a hard test, though. Reproduction always seemed full of life without ever becoming tiring.

In summary, three speakers that can, with their different nuances, be wholeheartedly recommended.

The MA6's offer a more subdued sound, the Pageant 2 an oustanding performance with probably the most accurate tonal balance and the Ditton 33's a forward lively quality that will find favour with many.

Monitor Audio MA6: Typical Selling Price £135, Dimensions 580 × 300e 90mm. Mordaunt-Short Pageant 2; Typical Selling Price £155, Dimensions 533 × 330 × 230mm. Celestion Ditton 33: Typical Selling Price £190, Dimensions 610 × 350 × 260mm.

Other recommended makes in the same price band to consider: B/W, Bolivar, Castle, Goodmans, JR, KEF, Rogers, Tangent.

■ From page 31

knows his worth. *'En route Moroder'* (on the Moroder road), his associates at Oasis say, describing the constant debilitating commuting Moroder's schedules force him to undertake between Munich, London, New York, Los Angeles and, not as often as he would like, his home in Switzerland ("I live there not for tax reasons, but because I like it there").

Moroder sees himself primarily as an entertainer and rejects interpretations of his work as Art, preferring to believe that he is merely producing music that caters for a genuine popular demand.

"Generally I don't think there is too much art involved in what I do. I would not, however, be happy to do what I do unless I felt the large audience wanted it. But I do know that I achieved something specially different with 'Love To Love You Baby' and 'I Feel Love'. These songs will, I think, endure. They might even be hits again in ten years' time.

"I can't explain my own success very well. It surprises even me sometimes. I seem somehow to have this ability to make everything right and put it in order — lyrics, melody, singer, arranger, all these factors.

"Yes, sometimes we aim things at a certain audience. We did make Roberta's second album around an astrological theme because she wanted to and because we know the Americans are crazy about astrology.

"Donna's appeal? She is of course a beautiful woman and has a beautiful voice, but I guess it is the whole production, the package that matters more. In fact most of this presentation aspect is due to Casablanca, not so much to Pete and me. Together though, them and us, we seem to have found a way to give an artist a worldwide appeal, to cover all the markets. . ."

Amanda Lear (Roxy Music "For Your Pleasure" cover starlet and black leather 'n' whip specialist responsible for a remarkably redundant disco escapade in this year's "Sweet Revenge") has been quoted as saying — in *Rock et Folk*, August '78 — that although Donna is "very gifted", she is "completely mainpulated. They make her sing ineptitudes".

"If that is her opinion, so may it be. Actually, Donna and Pete and I collaborate closely on many of our projects. Donna would not, I know, agree to something unless she wanted to do it in her heart.

"And now you talk of how they say that I, a white producer, should not make songs with a black girl. This is ridiculous," Moroder smiles, "nobody even knew I was white when 'I Feel Love' first came out. When I went to see Donna in performance in New York, the audience was all black, but nobody minded, there were no remarks about this to me. Personally, I am certainly not racist; I even like the British. . ."

Chuckles and more coffee all round.

"Although, I must say this," Moroder proceeds apace, "that disco does work good or better with black artists and players. They just *feel* it more. It is as I say about disco becoming the soul and R&B of now — these are both black musics and so it is important to involve black people in making them, very important. It is their right, so to say.

"And why do I always work with women? Maybe this has something to do with disco. Obviously there are some artists like The Village People and Sylvester who are working for the gay male audience, and other like The Tramps and The Commodores who are male anyway. . .I don't know. . .

"Sexism? These arguments are beyond me. Personally I consider women to be the same as men. I am deeply fond of my girlfriend, who is herself very understanding of me and how I have to work so much."

But, Jill Furmanovsky offers, would you work with a group as readily as with an artist fronting your own pool of musicians, over whom you can presumably exercise a more complete control?

"Yes, if I were to find a disco group who could play by themselves, I would produce them. It is, I feel, becoming a bit boring to work with the same musicians over and over again — another little problem for me, if you like.

"So far Sparks are the only group I have worked with in a quite different way. They approached me about a year ago, wanting to do more electronic things. Only the drums and the voices on the album we have made are natural. In fact, this is an important step for me because I think this is one of the first albums I have made that can be properly enjoyed at home, not only on the dance floor. It is not strictly a disco sound at all. I like it much; they were very good, very intelligent and imaginative guys to work with."

THE FRUITS of the collaboration between Moroder and Ron and Russell Mael — for it is they for the third of fourth time around — will be released early in the New Year.

"No. I In Heaven" features six songs, four co-written with Moroder: "Tryouts For The Human Race", "Academy Award Performance", "La

■ Continues page 46

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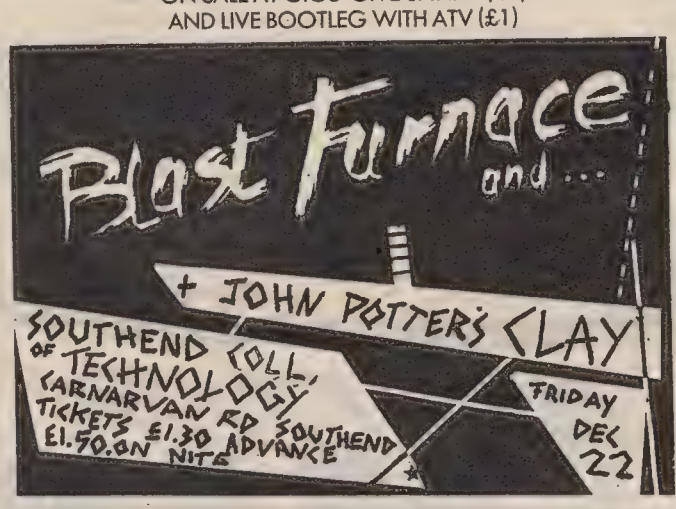
HERE & NOW

December 6 — Middlesbrough Rock Garden
December 7 — Glasgow Strathclyde University
December 8 — Dundee University
December 9 — Stirling University
December 10 — Newcastle University
December 12 — Hull University
December 13 — York University
December 14 — Leeds Fforde Grene Hotel
December 15 — Huddersfield Polytechnic
December 16 — The Griff & Coton Sports Club
Heath End Rd., Nuneaton
December 17 — Coventry Warwick University
December 18 — Norwich University (The Barn)
December 19 — Birmingham Bournebrook Hotel
December 20 — Colchester Essex University
December 21 — London (to be announced)

ON SALE AT GIGS 'GIVE & TAKE' (£2)
AND LIVE BOOTLEG WITH ATV (£1)



THE VENUE

160 Victoria St. SW1
(opposite Victoria St. Tube) 01-834 5500

London's leading music club.
Food, drink, live acts + dancing 7pm-3am (Sundays 7pm-10.30pm)

Thursday December 7th Two shows 8.30pm & 12.30am £3.00
FAIRPORT CONVENTION

Friday December 8th One show from 7pm - 3am (2 Sets) £3.00
HINCKLEY'S HEROES
Featuring Roger Chapman, Mike Patto and a cast of thousands

Saturday December 9th One show 8.30pm. £3.00
JOHN OTWAY

Sunday December 10th One show 7.30pm. £3.00
WILKO JOHNSON'S SOLID SENDERS

Wednesday December 13th. One show 8.30 pm £3.00
ALBERTOS Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS

Tickets available from Venue box office, 160 Victoria Street, Tel 834 5500 and London Virgin Shops.

Dave Woods & Pure Noise Ltd. present
Tiffany's, Purley
Tuesday 19th December, 7.00 pm
SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES
+ Support Act
Advance tickets £2.25 from Bonaparte (Bromley & Croydon), Virgin (Croydon), L & H Cloake (Croydon & Redhill), C.C. Records (Deptford, Camberwell & Crofton Park), Record Centre (Tooting) and London Theatre Bookings.

PEGASUS

109 GREEN LANES, LONDON N.16.
01-226 5930

Thursday Dec 7th Free
BARRY RICHARDSON BAND
Friday Dec 8th 50p
MONOS
Saturday Dec 9th 50p
BIG CHIEF
featuring Dick Heckstall-Smith
Sunday Dec 10th 50p
SOUL YARD
Monday Dec. 11th Free
DAVID KUBINEC'S EXPRESS
Tuesday Dec 12th Free
TENNIS SHOES
Wednesday Dec. 13th Free
DAVID BLOSSE BAND

GET IT LIVE! SUNDAYS AT THE LYCEUM

Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments presents
ULTRAVOX
Special Guests **THE SKIDS**
+ SNIPS + Angletrax
Sunday 10th December £2.00 in advance £2.25 on door

Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments presents
DAVID JOHANSEN GROUP
RUBINOOS + STAR JETS
Sunday 17th December
£2.50 in advance £2.75 on door

Tickets available from the Lyceum Box Office, The Strand, WC2 01-836 3715 and the Harvey Goldsmith Box Office at Chappells, 50 New Bond Street, W1 01-629 3453 (20p booking fee per person)

ART FAILURE
IN BRITAIN

THE ELECTRIC BALLROOM

184 Camden High Street.

Saturday 9th December
THE UNDERTONES
THE VALVES
THE ADDIX
8.30 pm — 2 am

THIS XMAS KIDDIES WILL LOVE PULLING MRS. AARDVARK'S CRACKERS

Q. Why is the GPO like a Pelican?

A. Because it can stick its bill right up its arse
(Mrs. Aavdvark laughed like a toilet at this one)

STAA MARX

Ring Nigel Wigmore Artiste Management
01-935 6720

Thurs 7 Dec
PORTSMOUTH, SOUTH PARADE PIER
Fri 8 Dec
HOVE Adur
Sat 9 Dec
NOTTINGHAM University
Sun 10 Dec
CHRISTCHURCH Jumpers Tavern
Mon 11 Dec
LONDON Bridge House

BARBARELLA'S

41 CUMBERLAND STREET, BIRMINGHAM
021 643 9413

Thursday December 7th
THE BISHOPS

Monday December 11th
WARHEAD + VIDEO

Friday December 8th
999

Tuesday December 12th
WRECKLESS ERIC

Saturday December 9th
THE STRAITS

Thursday December 14th
WILKO JOHNSON'S SOLID SENDERS

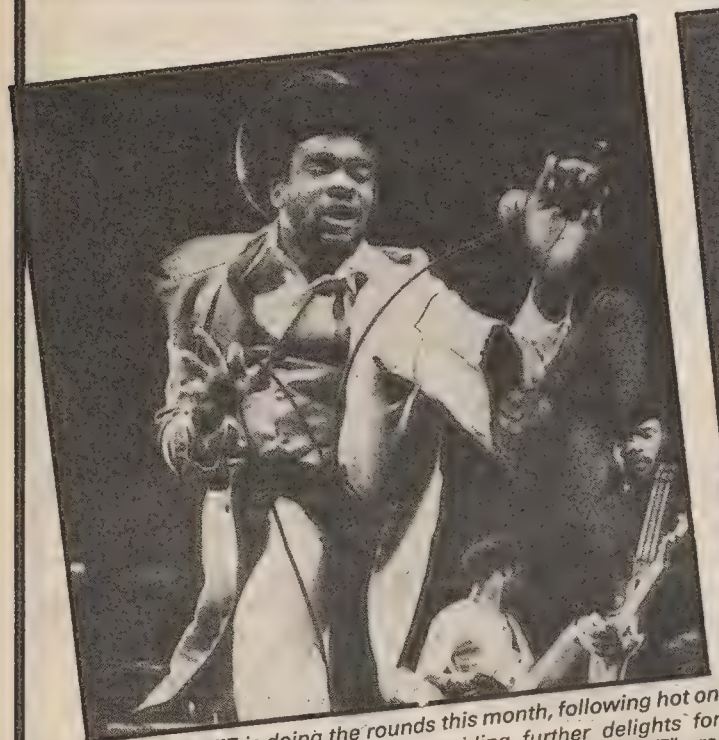
Sunday December 10th
BLAZER BLAZER

Friday December 15th
FRANKIE MILLER'S FULL HOUSE

DTS PROMOTIONS PRESENTS
CHRISTMAS REGGAE NITE
At Stoke Newington Town Hall, Church Street
Saturday December 16th, 7.30 p.m. to 12 midnight
REVELATION GROUP 15-16-17
Sounds by the Mighty King Edward Hi-Fi from Leyton
Plus Atom Sounds from S.E.
Special Guest: **TONY WILLIAMS** of (B & B) Show Radio London
Special Guests to appear.
West Indian Buffet-Bar. Shank & Shuffle Comp (cash prizes). Tickets £3.50
Tickets available from: R. B. Record, 260 Stamford Hill, N.16 01-800 2988. Third World Records, 261 High Rd., Tottenham, N.15 01-802 0146. M & D Records, 36a Dalston Lane, E.8. 01 254 2643. Empire Records, 115 Stoke Newington Rd., N16 01-254 4732

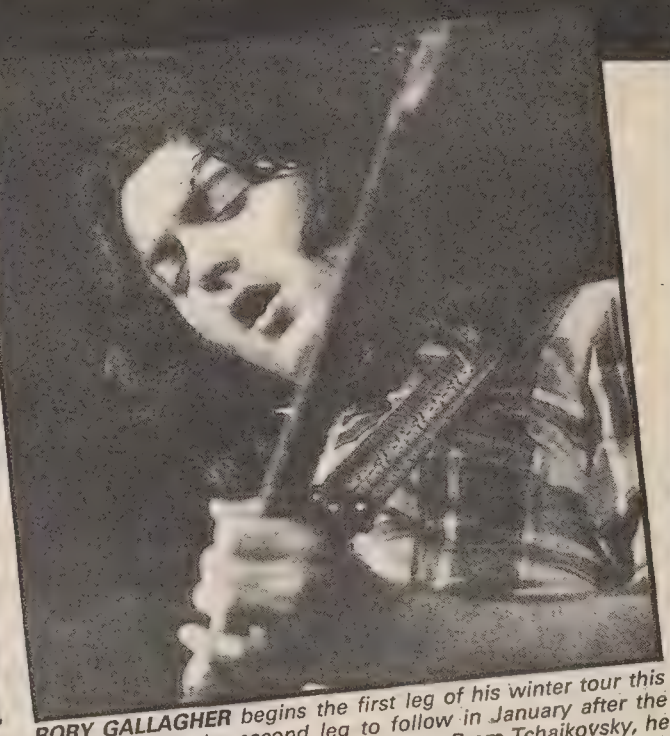
NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

An editorial selection . . .



TAPPER ZUKIE is doing the rounds this month, following hot on the heels of Peter Tosh, and providing further delights for reggae roots devotees. This week he's at Manchester (Thursday), Dunstable (Saturday), Liverpool (Monday) and Cardiff (Tuesday), with a couple of London Rainbow concerts to follow.

AL STEWART says he's apprehensive about touring Britain again, as audiences here haven't taken to him the way they have in America. But judging from ticket demand, he should have no qualms about his gigs in Brighton (Thursday), Bristol (Friday), Oxford (Sunday), Manchester (Monday) and Edinburgh (Tuesday).



RORY GALLAGHER begins the first leg of his winter tour this weekend, with the second leg to follow in January after the holiday break. Supported throughout by Bram Tchaikovsky, he opens at London Lewisham (Friday), Birmingham (Saturday), Liverpool (Sunday), Newcastle (Monday) and Edinburgh (Wednesday).

. . . by Derek Johnson

HOLIDAY DEADLINES: LAST REMINDER

Right then. This is your last chance. If you want to have your Christmas or New Year dates printed in the Gig Guide, you must post them to us within the next few days. Holiday printing arrangements mean that, in our issue after next, we shall be publishing a two-week Gig Guide covering the period from **December 21 to January 3 inclusive.** And the absolute deadline for entries for inclusion during this period is **Thursday, December 14.** If they reach us later than that, there's no way that we'll be able to publish them.

And looking ahead to our first issue in the New Year, the extended holiday season means that the Gig Guide for the **week of January 4-9** inclusive has to go to press before Christmas. If you have dates for this period that you want printed, they must reach us by **Thursday December 21,** at the latest. You know the address — Gig Guide, New Musical Express, 5-7 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PG. So please get your dates in the post right away, to avoid any hang-up when the Christmas mail gets into full swing. Okay?

Thursday

Aberdeen Ruffles: **90° Inclusive**
Belfast The Pound: **The Dogs**
Birmingham Barbarell's: **The Bishops**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Ocean Boulevard**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Orphan**
Birmingham The Bell: **The Clerks**
Blackburn Technical College: **The Boyfriends**
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: **Split Rivitt**
Brighton Buccaneer: **The D.P.'s**
Brighton Dome: **Al Stewart**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Devo/Doll By Doll**
Bristol Granary: **Those Four**
Bristol Polytechnic: **The Young Bucks**
Bristol University: **Matchbox**
Bury St. Edmunds Whepsted Hall: **Gypp**
Cannock Troubadour: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Canterbury Art College: **The Molesters**
Chelmsford City Tavern: **After The Fire**
Chippenham RAF Station: **Supercharge**
Corby Rugby Club: **Paradox**
Coventry Bull's Head: **Mile Westbrook Band**
Coventry Locarno: **Magazine**
Coventry Wyken Pippin: **Reno**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Alberto Y Lost Trios Paranoias / The Police**
Derby Kings Hall: **Penetration**
Derby Station Inn: **Waterfall**
Eastbourne Lottbridge Hotel: **Possum**
Glasgow Amphora: **Underhand Jones**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Child**
Glasgow Strathclyde University: **Here & Now / The Fall / Patrick Fitzgerald**
Gloucester Leisure Centre: **"Salute to Satchmo" with Humphrey Lyttelton / Alex Welsh / George Chisholm**
Guildford Civic Hall: **Eric Clapton Band / Muddy Waters**
Hale Well Green Hotel: **Johnny Coppin**
Halifax Civic Theatre: **Mike Harding**
Heysham 42nd Street: **Anniversary**
Huddersfield Amsterdam Bar: **Desmond Dekker (Until Saturday)**
Huddersfield Polytechinc: **John Martyn**
Leeds Fan Club at Brannigan's: **Pere Ubu**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **The Limits**
Leicester University: **The Rubinoos**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Lonnie Donegan**
Liverpool Eric's: **Pink Military Stand Alone**
London Bellingham Saxon Tavern: **Jerry The Ferret**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Carol Grimes Band**
London Camden Music Machine: **Gillan-/Samson**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Vye**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Georgie Fame**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Cane**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Jab-Jab**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Chris Barber Band**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **The Boomtown Rats**
London Hammersmith The Rutland: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Hampstead Westfield College: **Panties**
London Islington Hope / Anchor: **The Sinceros**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Manyana**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Chas & Dave**
London Marqee Club: **Star Jets**
London Notting Hill old Swan: **Zilch**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Peter Tosh / Matumbi**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Flying Saucers**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Swift**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Barry Richardson Band**
London Victoria The Venue: **Fairport Convention**
London Waterloo Young Vic Theatre: **Fran Landesman**
London Wimbledon Arts Centre: **Streetband**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Cliff Richard**
Manchester Polytechnic: **The Fabulous Poodles**
Manchester Russell Club: **The Adverts**
Manchester The Venue: **Tapper Zukie**
Mansfield Miners Welfare: **Strange Days**
Norwich Boogie House: **Blazer Blazer**
Norwich Cromwells: **The Rubettes**
Norwich Tudor Hall: **Muscles**
Nottingham Boat Club: **Generation X**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Test Tube Babies**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Lap Region**
Oxford Polytechnic: **Mud**
Paignton Festival Theatre: **George Melly & John Chilton's Feetwarmers**
Peacehaven Coppersongs: **Downes & Beer**
Plymouth Breakwater Inn: **The Bricks**
Plymouth Fiesta Suite: **The Real Thing**
Poole Arts Centre: **Gonzalez**
Porth Cymmer Pioneer Club: **Tony McPhee's Terraplane**
Port Talbot Four Winds: **Ray Morgan Quartet**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Bob Fox & Stu Luckley**
Preston Polytechnic: **Scene Stealer**
Reading Bones Club: **Double Xposure**
Rotherham Civic Hall: **Boys Of The Lough**
Sheffield Broadfield Hotel: **New Jets**
Sheffield City Hall: **Showaddywaddy**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Cafe Jacques**
Slough Fulcrum Centre: **Robert & The Remoulds / Chalet / Simon Townshend Band**
Southport Scarisbrick Hotel: **The Accelerators**
Swanseea Nutz Club: **Frankie Miller's Full House**
Walsall West Midlands College: **Mechanical Horsetrough & Cocky**
Winchester College: **Marseille**
York Revolution Club: **the Favourites**
York Wentworth College: **Elevators / Gwladys Hunt P Dayglow Sheene**

Friday

Bath University: **Chas & Dave**
Belfast The Pound: **The Dogs**
Birmingham Aston University: **Gillan/Samson**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **The Italians**
Birmingham Elizabethan Days: **Bad Earth**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Spitfire**
Birmingham Newman College: **The Kidda Band**
Birmingham University: **The Rubinoos**
Blackpool ABC Theatre: **Jasper Carrott**
Blackpool Opera House: **Cliff Richard**
Brighton Alhambra: **Fan Club**
Brighton Buccaneer: **The Dials/The Indicators**
Brighton Centre: **Max Boyce**
Bristol Hippodrome: **Al Stewart**
Bristol University: **Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders**
Bromley The Northover: **Matchbox**
Bromley Stockwell College: **Gonzalez**
Burton 76 Club: **Marseille**
Chiddingly Six Bells: **Possum**
Coventry Hand & Heart: **The Accelerators**
Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic: **Tony McPhee's Terraplane**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Magazine**
Dalkeith Cross Keys Hotel: **Strange Writing**
Dudley Technical College: **The Albion Band**
Dundee Town Hall: **The Platters**
Dundee University: **Here & Now/The Fall/Patrik Fitzgerald**
Edinburgh Heriot Watt University: **The Troggs**
Edinburgh University: **Pere Ubu**
Egham Royal Holloway College: **Maddy Prior/Earthbound**
Farnham Crondall Village Hall: **The Shades**
Glasgow Jordanhill College: **The Scottish Monos**
Gt. Chesterford Station Restaurant: **Chris Barber Band**
Hamilton Bell College: **90° Inclusive/Scene Stealer**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **Showaddywaddy**
Hatfield Polytechnic: **Streetband**
Hornchurch The Bull: **Rednite**
Hove The Adur: **Staa Marx**
Hull University: **Hi-Tension**
Kidderminster College: **Band Of Joy**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **The Young Bucks**
Leeds Mexborough Hotel: **Vintage**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **Red Eye**
Leicester Granby Hall: **Rod Stewart**
Leicester Polytechnic: **Frankie Miller's Full House**
Leicester University: **Fischer-Z**
Leicester West End Club: **Strange Days**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Lonnie Donegan**
Liverpool Eric's: **The Doomed**
London Acton Kings Head: **Paz**
London Architectural Association: **Live Wire**
London Blackheath Kidbrooke House: **Fingers Malone/Traitors Gait**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Dave Lewis Band**
London Camden Music Machine: **Tribesman**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London City Polytechnic: **Crazy Cavan'n'The Rhythm Rockers**
London Clapham Lark Hall: **Robert & The Remoulds**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Brian Knight Group**
London Ealing Teachers College: **Mechanical Horsetrough & Cocky**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **Dog Watch**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Ricky Cool & The Icebergs**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Jab-Jab**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Sylvester-/Kokomo**
London Hampstead Westfield College: **Supercharge**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Stadium Dogs**
London Kensington The Nashville: **David Kubinec's Excess**
London Lewisham Odeon: **Rory Gallagher**
London Manor Park Three Rabbits: **Jerry The Ferret**
London Marquee Club: **Blazer Blazer**
London New Cross Goldsmiths College: **The Fabulous Poodles**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Grieg & Nigel's Folk and Blues Night**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Muddy Waters Blues Band**
London Regent's Park Bedford College: **Dozy, Beaky, Mick & Tich/The Resistance**
London Royal Veterinary College: **Those Four**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Monos**
London Upstairs At Ronnie Scott's: **Spooky**
London Victoria The Venue: **Hinkley's Heroes**
London Waterloo Young Vic Theatre: **Fran Landesman**
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St.) International Students House: **Gino & The Sharks/Soho**
Maidstone Art College: **The Bishops**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Mike Harding**
Manchester Polytechnic: **The Kinks**
Manchester The Venue: **Cafe Jacques**
Matlock Pavilion: **After The Fire**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **Agnes Strange**
Middlesbrough Town Hall: **Penetration**
Newcastle Polytechnic: **Lindisfarne**
Newcastle University: **Alberto Y Lost Trios Paranoias/The Police**
Newport Caerleon College of Education: **Tokyo**
Northampton Nene College: **No Dice**
Norwich Boogie House: **Split Rivitt**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Last Call**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Slip Hazard & The Blizzards**
Nottingham Trent Polytechnic: **Rock Island Line**
Nottingham University: **Mud/Gaffa**
Oxford Westminster College: **The Boyfriends**
Reading Target Club: **Harem Scarem**
Retford Porterhouse: **Zaine Griff**
Rugby Lanchester Polytechnic: **The Salford Jets**
Salisbury City Hall: **Identity Crisis/Fabulous QT's/French Connexion/The Smurf Band**
Scarborough Aquarius Club: **Juggernaut**
Scarborough Penthouse: **Wild Horses**
Seaford Third World: **Zaine Griff**
Sheffield City Hall: **Child**
Sheffield Limit Club: **The Adverts**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **Generation X**
Sheffield University: **Muscles**
Shrewsbury Rugby Club: **Fashion**
Southampton Holbury Old Mill: **The Piranhas**
Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic: **China Street**
Swansea University: **Writz**
Swansea West Glamorgan Institute: **Whirlwind**
Watford College: **Media**
Watford Red Lion: **The Little Jimmies**
Wolverhampton Civic Hall: **Tavares**
Wolverhampton Rose & Crown: **Norman Wheatley**
Wrexham Cartrefle College: **Paradox**
York The Revolution: **Immigrant**
York Winning Post: **Snoots**

***THE RUBINOOS** have arrived for a short tour. Although mooted for some time, the visit was finally confirmed at short notice, and the Beserkley band are already in action at Leicester (Thursday), Birmingham (Friday), Manchester (Saturday), Wakefield (Tuesday) and Sheffield (Wednesday).*

Saturday

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **The Platters**
Ashbourne Charcon Club: **Strange Days**
Aylesbury The Friars: **Magazine**
Barnsley Wentworth College: **The Young Bucks**
Basildon Double Six: **Dog Watch**
Basingstoke Community Centre: **Crazy Cavan 'n' The Rhythm Rockers**
Bedford College of Education: **Spring Offensive**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Reno**
Birmingham (King's Heath) Hare & Hounds: **Vin Garbutt**
Birmingham National Exhibition Centre: **Rory Gallagher/Bram Tchaikowsky**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **School Sports**
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: **Punishment Of Luxury**
Blackpool Opera House: **Cliff Richard**
Bristol Crown Cellar Bar: **The Wild Beasts**
Bristol Trinity Hall: **Matchbox**

CONTINUES OVER . . .

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

Bristol Turntable Club: **Brown Sugar**
Chester ABC Theatre: **Jasper Carrott**
Chester College: **Dave Lewis Band**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Beano**
Doncaster Gaumont Theatre: **Lonnie Donegan**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **The Boys**
Dunstable California Ballroom: **Tapper Zukie**
Eastbourne The Cavalier: **The Piranhas**
Edinburgh College of Art: **90° Inclusive**
Edinburgh Leith Theatre: **Robin Williamson's Merry Band**
Exmouth Rolle College: **Writz**
Farnborough Technical College: **After The Fire**
Fife St. Andrew's University: **Pere Ubu**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **The Boomtown Rats**
Glasgow Strathclyde University: **Alberto Y Lost Trios Paranoias/The Police**
Hamilton Bell College: **Bouncer**
Hitchin College: **No Dice**
Huddersfield Polytechnic: **Mud**
Ilford Cranbrook: **Jerry The Ferret**
Ipswich Royal William: **Gypp**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Chris Barber Band**
Kinghorn Cuinzie Neuk: **Underhand Jones**
Lancaster Tower Club: **Blazer Blazer**
Leeds University: **Lindisfarne**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **Luigi & Da Boys**
Leicester Granby Hall: **Rod Stewart**
Leicester Polytechnic: **Tokyo**
Leicester Rothley Pippin: **Witchfynde**
Leicester University: **Spud**
Lincoln A.J.'s Club: **Tribesman**
Liverpool Eric's: **Wreckless Eric**
Liverpool University: **Hi-Tension**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Jackie Lynton's Happy Days**
London Camden Electric Ballroom: **The Undertones/The Valves/The Addix**
London Camden Music Machine: **Panties/David Kubinec's Excess**
London Chelsea College: **Supercharge**
London Chelsea College of Art: **Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders**
London Chelsea The Wheatsheaf: **The V.I.P.'s**
London Covent Garden the Basement: **This Heat**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Blast Furnace**
London E.1 St. Hilda's East: **Belt & Braces Band**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Dukes**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Fortunes**
London Hackney All Nations Club: **Pressure Shocks**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Sylvester/Kokomo**
London Kensington Imperial College: **Andy Desmond/Jack The Lad**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Boyfriends**
London Kensington West London Institute: **Those Four**
London Kingsbury Bandwagon: **Samson**
London Manor Park Three Rabbits: **Agenda**
London Marquee Club: **Autographs**
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **Rednite**
London Queen Mary College: **John Martyn**
London Roehampton Digby Stuart College: **The Fabulous Poodles**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Child**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief with Dick Heckstall-Smith**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Spooky**
London Victoria The Venue: **John Otway Band**
London West Hampstead Railway Hotel: **London Zoo/Icarus**
Luton Kingsway Tavern: **The Shades**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Mike Harding**
Manchester Polytechnic: **Streetband**
Manchester Russell Club: **The Doomed**
Manchester The Venue: **Fischer-Z**
Manchester University: **The Rubinoos**
Margate Sunshine Rooms: **U.K. Subs/Void**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **Marseille**
Newcastle Freeman's Hall: **Whirlwind**
Northampton County Ground: **Ultravox**
North Greenford Football Club: **Chas & Dave**
Norwich Boogie House: **Boy Bastin**
Nottingham Boat Club: **Quartz**
Nottingham University: **Staa Marx**
Oxford College of Further Education: **The Adverts**
Poole Brewers Arms: **Tours**
Preston Polytechnic Arts Centre: **Mike Westbrook Band**
Reading Bulmershe College: **Mechanical Horsetrough/Cocky/Muscles**
Reading University: **The Kinks**
Retford Porterhouse: **Wild Horses**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Zaine Griff**
Slough College: **Frankie Miller's Full House**
St. Albans City Hall: **Racing Cars/Moonstone**
Stirling University: **Here & Now/The Fall/Patrik Fitzgerald**
Sunderland Polytechnic: **The Troggs/The Wild Angels/The Enid**
Tonypandy Naval Club: **Tony McPhee's Terraplane**
Walsall Dirty Duck: **The Accelerators**
Walsall The Dilke: **Paradox**
Wantwit Major St. Donat's Art Centre: **The Melly and John Chilton's Feetwarmers**
Weymouth Steering Wheel: **Fringe Benefit**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
York Revolution Club: **Split Rivitt**

Sunday

Accrington Lakeland Lounge: **Spud**
Alcester Cherry Tree: **Downes & Beer**
Batley Crumpets: **No Dice**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **Blazer Blazer**
Birmingham Odeon: **X-Ray Spex**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Video**
Birmingham Repertory Theatre: **Sore Throat**
Birmingham Town Hall: **Child**
Bishops Stortford Old Maltings: **Tracks (lunchtime)/Society Rhythm Orchestra (evening)**
Blackburn King George's Hotel: **The Dooleys**
Bradford Royal Standard Hotel: **The Members**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Piranhas**
Bristol Hippodrome: **Max Boyce**
Bristol Locarno: **The Adverts/Wayne County & The Electric Chairs**
Cardiff Top Rank: **Magazine**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Waterfall/Fred Wedlock**
Christchurch Jumpers Tavern: **Staa Marx**
Colchester Woods Leisure Centre: **Tokyo**
Croydon Greyhound: **Gillan**
Edinburgh Usher Hall: **Stephane Grappelli/George Shearing**
Fife St. Andrew's University: **Alberto Y Lost Trios Paranois/The Police**
Glasgow City Hall: **Robin Williamson's Merry Band**
Gravesend Prince of Wales: **Samson**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **Lindisfarne**
Haywards Heath Clair Hall: **National Youth Jazz Orchestra**
Ilford Cranbrook: **Jerry The Ferret**
Lancaster University: **The Boomtown Rats**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Cafe Jacques**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **Black Cat Yard**
Liverpool Allinson's Theatre Club: **Gerry & The Pacemakers (for a week)**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Rory Gallagher/Bram Tchaikovsky**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Bob Hall, Alexis Korner, Charlie Watts & Friends**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Remus Down Boulevard**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Live Wire**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Downliners Sect**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **Dog Watch**
London Finchley Torrington: **Bowles Bros.**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Supercharge**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Fortunes**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Tavares**
London Kensington Queen Elizabeth College: **John Martyn**
London Peckham Montpelier (lunchtime): **Blue Moon**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Soul Yard**
London Strand Ballroom: **Ultravox/The Skids**
London Tottenham-Ct. Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Elkie Brooks**
London Victoria The Venue: **Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders**
London Walthamstow The Chestnuts: **Bully Wee**
Macclesfield Bear's Head: **The Accelerators**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Jasper Carrott**
Manchester Belle Vue King's Hall: **Parliament/Funkadelic**
Manchester The Venue: **Band Of Joy**
Middlesbrough RAOB Club: **Crazy Cavan 'n' The Rhythm Rockers**
Nelson Silverman Hall: **Chris Barber Band**
Newbridge Club & Institute: **Marseille**
Nottingham Boat Club: **Forwards**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Press**
Oxford New Theatre: **Al Stewart**
Plymouth Hoe Theatre: **Mechanical Horsetrough & Cocky**
Porthcawl Stoneleigh Club: **The Real Thing**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Johnny Silvo/Galadriel**
Southport Blundell Arms: **Steve Ashley**
Stourbridge Mitre Inn: **Johnny Coppin**
Stratford-on-Avon Ettington Park: **Orphan**
Wakefield Theatre Club: **Mud (for a week)**
Walsall Dirty Duck (lunchtime): **The Amazing Dark Horse**
York Theatre Royal: **Mike Harding**

Monday

Ampthill Folk Club: **Chris Newman**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **The Crack**
Birmingham Drake's Drum: **Paradox**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Orphan**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Prima Donna**
Brentwood Hermit Club: **Zaine Griff**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Molesters**
Brighton New Conference Centre: **Rod Stewart**
Canterbury Kent University: **The Cruisers**
Canvey Island The Goldmine: **Gonzalez**
Edinburgh Tiffany's: **Alberto Y Lost Trios Paranoias / The Police**
Exeter University: **The Fabulous Poodles / Grand Hotel**
Farnham Redgrave Theatre: **Midnite Follies Orchestra**
Glasgow Doune Castle: **Underhand Jones**
Gt. Yarmouth Tower Night Club: **Heathcliffe (for a week)**
Guildford Surrey University: **Joe Stead**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Leeds Fan Club at Brannigan's: **Generation X**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **Shots**
Liverpool Eric's: **Tapper Zukie**
Liverpool The Sportsman: **Juggernaut**
London Camden Brecknock: **Tennis Shoes**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Muddy Waters**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Dangerous Rhythm**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Young Bucks**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Parliament/Funkadelic**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **London Zoo**
London Holborn Ritz Club: **The Extras**
London Marquee Club: **Marseille**
London Putney Half Moon: **The McCalmans**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Penny Royal**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Taj Mahal**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers (until December 31)**
London Royal Albert Hall: **Cliff Richard**
London School of Economics: **Sniff 'n' The Tears**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **David Kubinec's Excess**
London Tottenham Fox: **Cadillac**
London Tottenham-Ct. Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Elkie Brooks**
London West Hampstead Railway Hotel: **The Method**
London W.14 The Kensington: **Brave Strangers**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Al Stewart**
Manchester Band on the Wall: **Private Sector**
Margate Bowlers Arms: **The Piranhas**
Margate Winter Gardens: **Desmond Dekker**
Middlesbrough Teesside Polytechnic: **No Dice**
Newcastle City Hall: **Rory Gallagher / Bram Tchaikovsky**
Newcastle The Cooperage: **Sabrejets**
Newcastle University: **Here & Now / Patrik Fitzgerald**
Newport Pagnell The Cannon: **Downes & Beer**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Party**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwaihir**
Perth Blaergowrie The Gig: **Chris Barber Band**
Pontypridd Glamorgan Polytechnic: **Mechanical Horsetrough & Cocky**
Poole Wessex Concert Hall: **Frankie Miller's Full House**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Lindisfarne**
Preston Guildhall: **Mike Harding**
Rayleigh Crocs Club: **Shazam**
Staines The Phoenix: **Nigel Mazlyn Jones**
St. Albans Haven Hotel: **Alvin Stardust** (for three days)
Sunderland Boilermakers Club: **Crazy Cavan 'N' The Rhythm Rockers**
Swansea University: **Those Four**
Taunton Odeon: **Max Boyce**
Weymouth Pavilion: **The Adverts**

Tuesday

Bath Pavilion: **The Clash / The Slits**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **Ultravox**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Fashion**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Brujo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Cartoons**
Birmingham Polytechnic: **Chas & Dave**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Speed Limit**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Alibi**
Blackburn King George's Hall: **Jasper Carrott**
Bournemouth Village Bowl: **Lindisfarne**
Brentwood Youth House: **Michael Moore**
Brighton New Conference Centre: **Rod Stewart**
Brighton Sussex University: **Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders**
Cardiff Sophia Gardens: **Tapper Zukie**
Chester Smartyz: **The Dogs**
Durham New College: **Supercharge**
Edinburgh Odeon: **Al Stewart**
Glenrothes Rothes Arms Hotel: **Underhand Jones**
Hemel Hempstead Pavilion: **The Boomtown Rats**
Hereford R.A.F. Station: **Scallywags**
High Wycombe College: **The Young Bucks**
Hull College: **The Bishops**
Hull University: **Here & Now / The Mekons / Patrik Fitzgerland**
Lancaster Duke's Playhouse: **Mike Westbrook Band**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **Dawn Watcher**
London Blackheath Bluecoats Club: **After The Fire**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Racing Cars**
London Camden Music Machine: **Zaine Griff**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Jockstraps & The Swingers**
London Ealing College: **The Cruisers**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Books**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Parliament / Funkadelic**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Secret / Shrink / Nicky Shy**
London Marquee Club: **Ivor Biggun / Johnny G / John Spencer / Duffo**
London N.11 Orange Tree: **Jeremy Taylor**
London Royal Albert Hall: **Stephane Grappelli / George Shearing**
London Sheen The Derby Arms: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Tennis Shoes**
London Tottenham Ct. Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Cliff Richard**
London West Hampstead Railway Hotel: **Handshake**
London Woolwich The Tramshed: **Tony McPhee's Terraplane**
London W.14 The Kensington: **Beaver**
New Brighton Cielsea Reach: **Juggernaut**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Art Failure**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gaffa**
Nottingham Trent Polytechnic: **Those Four**
Nuneaton Fleur De Lys: **Mathews Brothers**
Perth Blaergowrie The Gig: **Chris Barber Band**
Plymouth Woods Leisure Centre: **Streetband**
Preston Piper Club: **Dave Berry & The Cruisers (until Saturday)**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **Max Boyce**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **Cafe Jacques**
Wakefield Unity Hall: **The Rubinoos**
Walsall Dirty Duck: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Windsor Theatre Royal: **Midnite Follies Orchestra**
York Grey Hall: **Generation X**

Wednesday

Aberdeen Ruffles: **The Doomed**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Brujo**
Birmingham Museum & Art Gallery: **Fashion**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Rainmaker**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Bradford St. George's Hall: **Jasper Carrott**
Bridge of Allan The Alangrange: **Underhand Jones**
Brighton Dome: **Lindisfarne**
Brighton New Conference Centre: **Rod Stewart**
Cambridge Technical College: **Samson**
Canterbury Odeon: **Frankie Miller's Full Houde**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Chesterfield College of Art: **Spud**
Colchester Woods Leisure Centre: **Generation X**
Durham Ramside Hall: **Chris Barber Band**
Edinburgh Odeon: **Rory Gallogher/Bram Tchaikovsky**
Egremont Folk Club: **Steve Ashley**
Exeter New Victoria: **The Brainiac Five**
Exeter Routes: **Streetband**
Farnham The Maltings: **Downes & Beer**
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Harrow College of Higher Education: **The Bishops/Tradition**
Hatfield Polytechnic: **Crazy Cavan 'N' The Rhythm Rockers**
Hazel Grove Youth Centre: **Fast Cars/Stupid Steven**
Helensburgh H.M.S. Neptune: **Tokyo**
Jacksdale Grey Topper: **Forwards**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **Those Naughty Lumps**
Leigh Casino: **Jet Harris/Vintage**
London Acton White Hart: **The Dole/U.K. Subs**
London Bellingham Saxon Tavern: **Grand Hotel**
London Camden Brecknock: **The Young Bucks**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Matumbi**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **O.K.**
London Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Dog Watch**
London Cockfosters Trent Park College: **Gonzalez**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Phil Ram Band**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Parliament/Funkadelic**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Blitzkrieg Bop**
London Peckham Montpelier: **Blue Moon**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Dana Simmonds & Greig's Folk and Blues Showcase**
London Rainbow Theatre: **UK Subs/Menace/Mothers Pride/Adam & The Ants**
London Shepherds Bush Trafalgar: **Gino & The Sharks**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **David Blosse Band**
London Tooting The Castle: **Vaguely Attractive**
London Victoria The Venue: **Alberto Y Lost Trios Paranoias**
London West Hampstead Railway Hotel: **C Gas 5/Screens**
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: **Chas & Dave**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **The Boomtown Rats**
Manchester University (Phoenix): **The Tunes**
Norwich Boogie House: **Cafe Jacques**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Some Chicken**
Nottingham Tiffany's: **Gaffa**
Poole Chequers Inn: **Fringe Benefit**
Preston Polytechnic: **Supercharge**
Sheffield Limit Club: **China Street**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **The Rubinoos**
Solihull Golden Lion: **Special Clinic**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Staindrop Black Swan: **Artie Trezise & Cilla Fisher**
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***TAJ MAHAL** is a rare, but always welcome, visitor to this country. And the US bluesman, who's now deeply involved in West Indian roots music, returns here on Monday to play a one-off concert at London Rainbow. Worth seeing!*

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FROM U.S.A. only U.K CLUB APPEARANCE
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WED 13 THUR 14 FOR 2 NIGHTS ONLY, ENGLAND'S NUMBER ONE REGGAE BAND

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Each night at 8pm and 11.30pm, except December 17, which will be a Matinee and 8pm performance. Tickets £3.50

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ZAINE GRIFF

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Thurs Dec 7th SCARECROW + WILDLIFE	Sunday Dec 10th JOHN GRIMALDI'S CHEAP FLIGHTS
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Sat Dec 9th £1.00 STRAIGHT 8 + NEON HEARTS	Tuesday Dec 12th SNAX
	Wednesday Dec 13th THE MONOS

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TAKE ME TO the LIMIT TEL 730940 WEST STREET SHEFFIELD

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NEON HEARTS
Friday December 8th
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(doors open 8 pm, band on stage 10 pm)
Saturday December 9th
ZAINE GRIFF
Monday December 11th
FREE DISCO
Tuesday December 12th
DEAF AIDS
Wednesday December 13th
Reggae Night —
CHINA STREET
Thursday December 14th
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Students Free Monday, Discount Tuesday and Wednesday
Open 9 pm-2 am

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Norbreck Castle, Blackpool
Friday, December 8
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Saturday, December 9
The Revolution, York
Friday, December 15
Crawfords, Milton Keynes
Thursday, December 28
The Nags Head, High Wycombe
Saturday, December 30
The John Bull, Chiswick

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Out of touch with anger (there will be rooms)

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Pre-Christmas dates
6th December
Upstairs at Ronnies
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(Free tickets from 01-203 4632)
8th December
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16th December
Jackson's Lane Rock Club
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Xmas Party tickets 80p.
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Keith Pearson's Right Hand Band

with to apologise for their non-appearance on Monday November 27th at The Hermit, Brentwood — Got delayed by cabbages.
See you on the 18th December for the Party.

NORTH EAST LONDON POLY (Waltham Forest)

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JOHN GRIMALDI'S CHEAP FLIGHTS

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Rainbow

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C GAS 5
+Screeens

Saturday December 9th £2.00
DAVID KUBINEC'S EXCESS
+ Angelo Palladino

Thursday December 7th £2.00
IAN GILLAN BAND
+ Samson

Monday December 11th
from Ireland
SPUD
+ Chou Pahrot
free admission for one with this advert before 10.30. Normal adm. £1.00

Friday December 8th £2.00
TRIBESMAN
+ Rail

Tuesday December 12th £1.00
ZAINE GRIFF
+ The Press

Wednesday December 13th £1.50
BLACK SLATE
+ Brimstone

Thursday December 14th £2.00
THE ADVERTS
+ The Innocents

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THE CLASH
THE SLITS
+ Phil Rambow
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Christmas Party
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THE JAM
+ special guests
Jab Jab
+ Gang of Four
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Saturday Dec 9th 60p THE STICKERS	Wednesday Dec 13th 75p BLITZKRIEG BOP
Sunday Dec 10th £1 RICO	Thursday Dec 14th 60p ESSENTIAL LOGIC

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Friday December 8th
STRAIGHT 8
+ Support
Admission 75p Doors open 7.30 pm
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we no have a good time
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SATURDAY DEC 9th 8·30 p.m. £3

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Approach Road, New Barnet
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AERIAL ZONE
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WARM JETS
Saturday December 9th
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XMAS PARTY
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Compered by HTV's — Michael St John
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THURS 21st DEC LEEDS FFORDE GREEN
FRI 22nd DEC DUDLEY J.B.'S
SAT 23rd DEC KIRKCALDY

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MEDWAY COLLEGE OF ART FRI 8th
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ACKLAM HALL W11 THUR 14th
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SHAM 69
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Sat 9th December
Scandal are free on the 19th & 20th January and would like to play in Cardiff. If anyone can help, ring 01-804 2768 eves.

From page 41

Dolce Vita", "Beat The Clock", "My Other Voice" and "The No. I In Heaven Song".

The set will provide any stragglers (like myself) still concerned at the vacillating fortunes of the Brothers Mael with their most compulsive — and propulsive — encouragement since Sparks' scintillating 1974 "Kimono My House" Island debut. More soon. Suffice to say, the album is as decisive a freefall from formula for Moroder as it is for Sparks.

Meanwhile Moroder ponders his and his peers' newfound producer power.

"Our role in recording disco is becoming more and more important. The actual *sound* is uppermost now. In this respect we are, I guess, likely to be criticised but honestly I really see not much difference between our way and that of someone like Phil Spector. Both our intentions and our artists are different from rock musicians who write and play all their own material, so we cannot be taken in the same way.

"Which producers do I respect? This guy Chinn (of Chinnichap) is good — with Nick Gilder's 'Hot Child In The City' he is both commercial and sophisticated, the best balance. Also, Billy Joel's producer, Phil Ramone, he is very special. One group and their sound I loved though, this was Dr. Buzzard's Original Savannah Band (albums available on RCA); they have split, but were so new, so polished, so well done.

"Whom am I wanting to produce? Barbra Streisand or Diana Ross. Because they are the best. I am dreaming, of course. . ."

And when, if at all, will the burgeoning disco bubble burst?

"That I just can't say," Moroder shrugs expansively, "my own aim now is to make extremely good disco songs with that little bit extra. But, whatever may happen, it's really hard to believe that in five years' time nobody will want to dance.

"Maybe they are bringing back the tango or the waltz. Who is knowing? Not me."

PAUSE. MORODER checks his watch, realises he is half an hour late for a mixing session, lets Jill snap him downstairs in the studio before courteously absenting himself elsewhere.

But let me tell you something. Meeting Moroder and finding him as straightforward and pragmatic about his work encouraged me. Enormously.

I had baulked at the prospect of the interview — for fear of having him confirm that the 'disko' mind-priests were right after all, that, yes, "I Feel Love" *was* intended as a piercingly incisive commentary on Man and Machine and Modernity, that all we have left to ourselves are, as the stiflingly pretentious and presumptious Ultravox (themselves often cast as another relay station in the New Europe network) would have it, *systems* of romance. Or dance.

There are times — now, for instance — when I worry that the bulk of music press 'criticism' is, *comme on dit*, not only out to lunch but out to every meal in the week. Much too much of it refuses to accept the canons of popular taste. Which wouldn't be so bad in itself (empiricism *is* good for you) if only this rejection of populism wasn't so rife with virulent narcissism and elitism.

Which is why, in turn, I resent the meaningless Euro-schtick that has been slapped on Moroder and, crossing the floor, I resent writers playing self-exclusive mind-games with fashion and fancy. . .

There will, I suppose, always be those who feel the need to rationalise. We Westerners think too much. But how, as our own Danny Baker has pointed out, can anyone reasonably expect to review disco *sitting* down?

Of course there's as much, maybe more, bad, carelessly and shoddily conceived disco as there is good. But so what? The same could be said of rock, funk, soul, jazz even, whatever. Amanda Lear, for instance, with all her inane gobbledegook about 'intellectualising' disco, is probably as (s)exploitative as, let's see now, any pseudo-punk poseur (and we must repeat: Amanda Lear is big in Italy and Germany).

But so it goes and will go as long as this thing called money makes our world rotate. And you still want the world and you want it now? Don't make me laugh.

Moroder's approach to disco has something in common with Parliafunkadelicment's consciously radical debunking of funk. It doesn't take itself too seriously. It is, I believe, fundamentally positive, subversive even.

Naturally Moroder is doing very nicely for himself but, as intimated earlier, his sense of responsibility to his work and his insistence on maintaining standards puts many supposedly 'aware' and 'concerned' rock artists to shame.

AND DISCO as soul and R&B? *Pace* the purists, but homogenisation is and will remain an occupational hazard or, depending on your point of view, an occupational advantage of any music industry geared to mass consumption. I admire artists who are prepared to try and raise standards in the public arena. The two extremes can and must continue to co-exist.

Moroder's own public contribution deserves a far fairer and far less fanciful hearing than it has hitherto received in critical circles. Or maybe it doesn't matter. Like, say, Northern Soul, so much disco is direct-inject: from factory floor (ho, ho) to dance floor, bypassing the critical grill and grid. End of rant and rave.

Disco? Giorgio Moroder? It's too late to be hateful. It's not too late to be grateful. Over and out.

ON THE TOWN

Quis custodiet Ipsos custodes?*

Devo

Hammersmith Odeon

It makes much sense — a proposition such as Devo, coming from a nation which can be convinced to believe that peanut farming is a practise which could possibly inform the separate practices of presidential office. Too much post-Nixon paranoia, or what?

I bought my poke of popcorn in the foyer and took my seat near the stage. I thought I was going to giggle at the Devo show, being long of the opinion that the usual poles of opinion concerning and aroused by Devo were mirthlessly misguided. They were, surely, on a line from the best of the early surrealist cinema, through The Marx Brothers to Marvel Comics (more specifically Steve Gerber and his Howard The Duck creation). Serious sillinesses, surely?

At the root of this was the Spudboy character — naturally, from the surrealist/Dadaist dictum that it was the Idiot not the Intellectual who was worthy of symbolism, onwards — saying, none of us are like messiah rock stars, none of us are like psuedo-intellectual rock stars, none of us are that fabled, fascist ideal superman — we are but Spuds one and all, lumpen, unpleasant.

Their parody of repression and the means whereby it is brought about — the phys-fit lines of totalitarian states, the car and carpet catatonia lines of consumer states, and, the two combined, rock music — was spud on. A little inadequate, a little arty, but flaws of course are necessary: no flaw, no feet, no walking, that's curfew.

Established through the implementation of terminology . . . by devolving, by lessening, taking away words, altering what remained, sharp little tweeks like — this is so good — *"jonee jumped in his datsun"*. That's "Johnny B Goode" turned into a black hole, all the ridiculous myths of the rock and roll lifestyle-language punctured in one sneaky snippet. The same thing is achieved with rock's wallowing picture of sex, sexuality, and sexual organs in something like *"then you took your tongs of love/and stripped away my garment"*.

Well, I sensed something was wrong when I saw the four people sitting in front of me. Four blockheads — spudder than the average boy — who looked as though they should have been drinking too much real ale in some pub, dressed in their dinky lil' Devo coveralls with "Bedford Devo" writ large on their backs. Looking around, I realised they weren't alone.

When the first of three Devo films started to roll, the audience were up and involved, fists punching the air, eyes bulging, a chant of "DEE VOH! DEE VOH!" echoing around the hall. First the "Come Back Jonee" film, followed by "Satisfaction", and "The Truth About De-evolution" — a successively stronger reception for each suggesting that had the band chosen not to play in flesh but show home movies all night, not many people would have been disappointed.

But finally they did show . . . Hailed as superheroes. After a limp few songs' overture, they "took off" with "Too Much Paranoias" and "Praying Hands" — the audience participating in the latter's *"the left hand's diddling/while the right hand goes to work"* physical jerk along with vocalist Mothersbaugh.

But surely vocalist Mothersbaugh intended that song as a parody of such businesses — *"they pray for no man/ok . . . relax . . . /assume the position/go into doggie submission"*. In other words, Devo may be apeing the motions, but their audience are still *going through* the same old (reaction) motions, Pavlovian to the last.

Forget pastiche, this might as well be a Kiss concert.

Nowhere better was this brought home than with Mothersbaugh's "guitar solo" in "Too Much Paranoias": he speeds to the front of the running board laid across the photographer's pit as the band stop playing, and this grotty, geeky little wimp with his stupid, awkward looking guitar — he and his instrument the complete antithesis of a "guitar hero" — triggers out spiny little blasts of prepared, distorted, fizzy noise, making hilarious meat of the archetypal HM bump/n/grind imitation intercourse at the same time — in his pooty yellow overall and welder's goggles, yet.

But the audience react to it *as a heroic guitar gesture!* The thin line between representation and revolution, or what?

Every picture tells a story *Pic: KEVIN CUMMINS*

Anything Kiss can fool you with, Devo fool you better . . . Pic: ROB HALL.

Paradoxically, by dissecting Society's lack of individuality, they inadvertently perpetrate the same thing. They now have an audience utterly under their control, and it's quite frightening to think that a slick show and spiky ideological terminology can so fully overwhelm a large section of people, especially as Devo's stage show as it stands at the moment — albeit a joke, albeit a sociological jape — shines brightest in three qualitative ways: asexual, regimental, and physically fit.

And those blockheads in boilersuits wanted to be *a part of it all*. If, as Devo have hinted, they enjoy urging an audience on to new levels of self-degradation, then I for one am not interested. All Mothersbaugh needed to do at the climax of the show was say something along the lines of "Look at you, look at the state of you. *Why are you* behaving in such a stupid way?" and one whole, harmful, section of rock relationships (based on manipulation and ignorance) would have been destroyed. Otherwise, Devo just leave you numb and empty. They don't involve anything other than Devo, you don't leave with thoughts other than ones about Devo, period, but then I can't speak for those who obviously consider them something special, something . . . *("i been dipped in double meaning/i been stuck with static cling.")*

Do you hate your audience? Will you send me a communication, Devo?

Ian Penman

Rod Stewart

Manchester

The Kings Hall at Belle Vue is an enormous aircraft hangar slap in the middle of a fun fair. It's where the Northern working classes have been coming for Bank Holidays since time immemorial.

So it's the perfect place for Rod Stewart, perhaps only overshadowed by Elton John as *the* populist rock star of the '70s, to begin his British tour.

The foyer is crammed with Rodnee lookalikes brandishing tartan scarves (Royal Stewart and traditional), St Andrew's flags, and even a lone "Scotland for the World Cup" badge. So much tour paraphernalia is on sale you could blow a wage packet on it. No usual programme, there's just a glossy World Tour coffee-table effort at £1.80.

The show? Well the bad news is that Stewart's current band play sub-Faces toned-down HM that's about as imaginative as a wet weekend in Blackpool.

Carmine Appice, perched over a drumkit big enough to fill your sitting room, even plays a solo lasting about half an hour replete with much amplified toomfoolery and gong. The bassist acts like a refugee from AC/DC, throwing himself awkwardly across the grand piano; and Billy Peek does a great Chuck Berry with his Flying V, but are three guitarists *really* necessary?

Now the good news.

Once appreciating this is just entertainment, for a rock show on this scale it's particularly well presented.

The staging is massive with surrounding velvet curtains embellished with the *RS* insignia in gold, natch. The lighting is superb and the sax player and pianist (when you can hear them) gutsy and tasteful respectively.

Apart from the new fare, Stewart also chucks in the familiar. Inevitably most of these renderings degenerate into singalongs, occasionally allowing the massed thousands do all the singer's work.

Even so "I Don't Wanna Talk About It", "Maggie May", "I'm Losing You", "Sailing", "You Wear It Well" and "Twistin' The Night Away" sound almost as good as on first hearing, years ago, except the arrangements are unnecessarily extended.

The finest moments are the current single where the band lock into a wide-screen disco Stax/Motown rhythm; and Millie Jackson's "If Lovin' You Is Wrong", which Stewart handled with sensitivity.

Part of the ambiguously moralising trio of songs in mid set, the third is an overlong "Ballad Of Georgie". A lamp post suddenly appears and Stewart wears a leopard skin top, tight satin breeches, silly hat and sash.

In fact Stewart's favourite stage ploy throughout is to wave his slinkily clad ass at the audience. But the answer to the implied question of "Do Ya Think I'm Sexy?" is that he did little in that direction for me. He's neither more nor less than the average football supporter who's diminished his libido with all those over-publicised Atlantic Crossings.

The innocent, raw sensuality of the early albums (particularly "Gasoline Alley") is totally shot. Perhaps that's inevitable, but does he *have* to amend the lyrics to one of The Temptations' finest numbers to *"I don't wanna lose ya / Honey, I just wanna screw ya"*?

Stewart and his band frequently bored me, occasionally surprised me and sometimes delighted me. Throughout the audience were on key and great.

—Ultimately punters 'ave more fun, I guess.

Ian Wood

Olivia Newton-John

Rainbow

Olivia Newton-John's last night of an eight-week trundle through Japan, Australia and Europe was pretty poor.

I felt sorry for her.

On this occasion she had the presence and wit of an obscure, badly-placed performer from a 1971 *Opportunity Knocks*. It was pretty pitiful. Pretty uneventful. Pretty vacant.

Her climb to superstardom has not been kind to her. She is just not equipped to cope with live performance, although at the moment no-one notices. One day, they will, these drunks and football fans, jealous of Travolta and the boys in her band, these padded suburbanites appreciative of the colour in Livvy's cheek and scornful of the state of the Rainbow. They'll notice her limited stage choreography, her terrible linking, her overscrubbed artificial look of perfection and polish.

She is just not real enough. It's difficult to go on. I'm an old fan.

Her seven-piece band plus three girl back-up singers were spread over a triple-layered, covered stage construction that looked like a particularly severe crazy golf course. These people played their instruments and sang.

Livvy (a female Val Doonican) skipped, smiled, shuffled, giggled nervously, chattering about water, age, moms and dads. We all had to clap for Cliff 'cos he gave Livvy her first break.

Conspiracy, conspiracy, choke.

Livvy's set was predominantly soapy C/W tunes — she sang and looked like a dehydrated, deflated Dolly Parton — with a bare ballad or two and a threat of raunch. For the greasy tune Labi Siffre played Travolta (at least it wasn't Cliff) — twice they ran through "You're The One That I Want" and the first time round was by default a highlight.

Other "highspots" were a suprising version of "Jolene" where Livvy actually let herself go, and a boppy "If Not For You" which I actually bought on Pye blue label, when Livvy was not far right of Lesley Duncan and Clair Hammill.

It was pretty unamazing. The best thing that happened to me all night was that I got rid of a nasty pimple on the side of my nose.

Paul Morley

* *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* Basically, who shall guard the guardians? It's a Latin situation. There was a minor debate about the use of this headline. The Sub who originated it was doubtful, feeling that such an obvious tag would be regarded as something of a cliche. But on being informed that "None of the buggers speak English, let alone the ongoing tongue of Quintilius Fabius Marcellus", he decided it was safe to go ahead.

Deutschmark rallies despite speculation

Boney M

Hammersmith Odeon

Tonight Boney M delivered their Manifesto: "We always say: There is No Business like Show Business, and there is No Time like Boney M Time. Because Boney M Time is Anytime, and Anytime is Boney M Time!"

Get out of that one, Metaphysics fans. What we have here is known as Entertainment and what we're supposed to be doing is Having A Good Time, because having a good time is What It's All About and is everybody happy? Bet your life they are.

Middle England turned out in strength this evening. There were Mums and Dads and kiddies, pre-Christmas treated. There were suburban regiments of young marrieds, perfumed and Sketchley-fresh, giggling girls from convent schools and awkward youths in anoraks. There were many Asians but nearly no blacks.

Infallible hitsters, Boney M know this market well, have attuned their act to its every preference with a finesse that's nearing perfection.

The repertoire combines the inevitable ("Ma Baker", "River Of Babylon") with the predictable ("No Woman No Cry", Leo Sayer's "When I Need You") and more bizarre inclusions like Neil Young's "Heart Of Gold".

There's the astonishingly popular "Brown Girl In The Ring", the distasteful "Belfast" (both songs performed with identical jollity) and what's certain to be our next Xmas monster, Harry Belafonte's 1957 atrocity, "Mary's Boy Child".

Genuinely impressive is a slow number, sung by Liz Mitchell, "Still I'm Sad": an eerie spectacular of coloured lights and billowing, impenetrable mist that envelopes stage and stalls alike. Almost lost my choc-ice.

Most hilarious was the old cabaret melodrama, "Big Spender". Enter, stage right, the energetic Bobby Farrell, cutting a dash tonight in fur-lined glitter-cloak, and Marcia sings *"The minute you waked in the joint I could see you were a man of distinction!"* Yes indeed, though it was the ballet tights that gave him away on that score, no doubt.

Boney M, it hardly needs saying, are polished and slick and professional.

But musically they're awful. Pioneer purveyors of the electronic nursery-rhyme, they've put popular music back by three decades with brain-numbing ditties of irresistible idiocy and sinister efficiency. It's sparkling dreck; gimmicky, synthetic music conceived with a cold eye to the Deutschmark.

And everybody loves it. "Get up and dance!" they're told and, young and old, they soon oblige. Gamely, inhibited English limbs strike compromises with the rhythm; they clap and sing and, every so often, glance about to reassure themselves that everyone else is doing the same. . .

They are, of course.

Paul Du Noyer

No Dice

Marquee

Tonight the Marquee is packed with Beautiful People: the over-20, middle-class, casual-smart set wearing brushed suede jackets and carefully-coiffured 'natural' hairstyles. They make me feel uneasy: I *hate* the RICH.

This audience is entirely appropriate for No Dice, who will soon be rich themselves. But I have other reasons for disliking No Dice. One is the sexist poster which advertised this gig. Any band who have to use a woman's legs to sell their music are *dumb*.

Back to the music, alas. No Dice play well-crafted, energetic rock. They look clean-cut, pretty, arrogant. The tender-butch faces of machismo. Roger Ferris sings like Rod Stewart for much of the time (this is not a compliment), and acts like Rod Stewart all of the time (this certainly isn't). He preens, flexes his muscles, waves his arms, swings the mike stand . . . .

The music provokes a similar comparison. Hackneyed rockers, clapalong pop, funky-sweet ballads. At the end they do some rock'n'roll and it's all too beefy and tortuous.

No Dice have confidence, and an excellent keyboards player. They may be very successful. That may be all they deserve. It's nearly the 80s and they're still playing the 60s.

No Dice. No news. No thanks.

Graham Lock

Chas and Dave

Rock Garden

Chas and Dave smash the truly fatuous notion that great rock 'n' roll is synonymous with a permanently extended tongue. After all there comes a time when said organ withers at the roots.

Covent Garden is real inner city for these boys, and the audience was appreciative but oddly subdued. Chas gave a near-faultless exhibition of '70s Edmonton boogie and polyrhythmic neo-existentialist belly-slapping. And Dave's stolid bass runs plugged the few gaps left by Micky Burt, whose drumming was typical of the operations' latent muscle.

It's the most enjoyable con in the world, really. I'd bet the wily old bastards no more fell out of bed and wrote "Massage Parlour", "Big Fat Rat" and the rest than the Stones just plugged in and came up with "Brown Sugar". It may *sound* as natural as talking, but the heart, mind and sinew at work in every song are the giveaway.

Will success spoil our heroes?

Well, as with Mr Dury the dangers of professional Cockneydom loom, but the risk seems minimal when person and persona are so close. No-one is 'himself' onstage, but Chas and Dave have the art of artlessness down better than anyone.

And it may even effect Zandra Rhodes who has recently suffered a recurring nightmare. The ghosts of haute couture waft by until the face she seeks appears. "Tell me", pleads Zan, "this bondage chic has run its course, what *will* the New Look be?"

"Beard, cigar and beer belly," replies the sage. "Just like Chas and Dave, mush."

Order yours now.

Harry George

George Bodner

MONEY B: Demonstrating how Rasputin cured the chronic haemophilia of Crown Prince Alexis.

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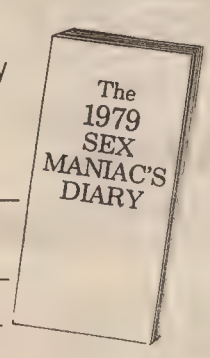

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Wild Horses

Glasgow

Eight years ago Wild Horses would've been a supergroup. Any new band made up from the ex-members of even relatively obscure outfits got to be a supergroup. The idea being, presumably, that projects involving lots of famous, talented people were guaranteed artistic and pecuniary success.

Considering CSN&Y were the most successful supergroup (i.e. musically) it should be apparent to those who aren't offended why the term was finally dropped as meaningless.

Wild Horses include former members of Thin Lizzy, Rainbow and Lone Star. They are an average sort of hard rock band, worse than Thin Lizzy, better than AC/DC, blazing no trails in lyrical themes and producing a similar amount of sound in an hour as the state of Ohio does in a day.

The natives of the boring bit in the middle of America seem to have an infinite tolerance to this form of punishment, Wild Horses will doubtless be touring there soon and we'll never see them again.

Wild Horses couldn't drag me . . .

Through the twin miracles of cheap wine and quaaludes as soma substitute, American pop kids have developed a crude form of the Huxley/Farren concept of "The Feelies", where you lay back, sensory awareness near coma levels, and let the sound jumble your molecules with those of the chair (in Flann O'Brien's *The Dalkey Archive* some people are nearly 50 per cent bicycle from riding over cobblestones; in America they're half chair) awaiting those rare moments when the riff matches your electro-encephalographic patterns and you see the white light.

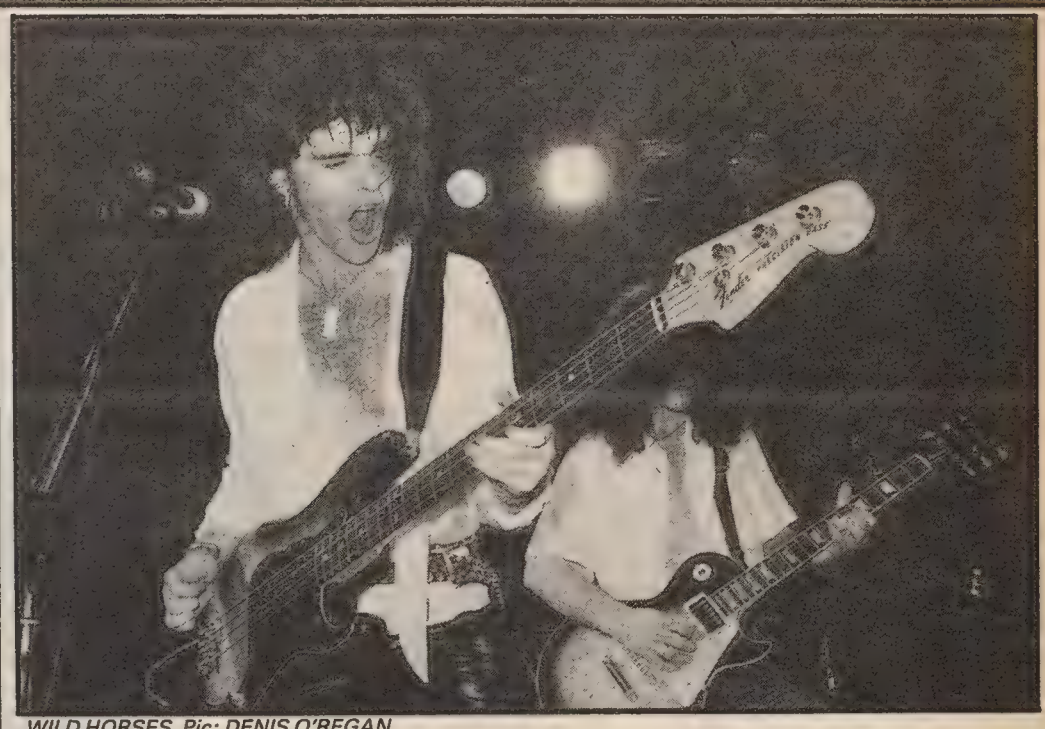
The band got a good crowd reaction, though considering that the two front men, Robertson and Bain were playing their home town, the response, as Jimmy Bain remarked several times, was positively mild.

Fashion note: in contrast to the new psycho-Tiller-Girl kicking dance practised by the punks at the previous night's Jolt gig, the HM freaks down the front often broke into a sort of spontaneous neanderthal pogo. Nothing is ever permanently discarded.

For Wild Horses I have only faint praise. They're not *bad;* but neither do they qualify in any way for special attention. A few songs ("Street Girl", "Reservation") will probably end up as stage favourites, but they should write more soon to replace the encores (Eddie Floyd's "Saturday Night", Joe Walsh's "Rocky Mountain Way") both of which seemed anticlimactical to me.

Supergroups always were a disappointment.

Glenn Gibson



WILD HORSES. Pic: DENIS O'REGAN.

Stadium Dogs

Nashville

Playing sub-Beefheart for Alternative Aliens, prag VEC may have gone down well, but the group and the audience (science fiction punks) struck me as depressingly contrived; endorsed by the mass exodus after their closing number.

It left poor old Stadium Dogs with a half-empty house.

A Swindon band, Dogs boast one Jon Perkins (late of XTC) on keyboards and an interesting three-pronged vocal assault force. Paul Griffiths and Kirk Thorn on guitars flank bass player Pete Cousins in the front line, while Kevin Wilkinson on drums brings up the rear.

They played a long set of about 17 songs, many of which were good, and all of them clever. But the cumulative effect was curiously directionless. The sound was thick and layered concealing most of the lyrics, and the volume almost unbearable.

It was repeatedly easy to pick out familiar riffs and phrases purposefully plundered from the rock mainstream. Perkins seemed to play "Nutrocker" throughout the set, particularly on "Panic In The Year 5001" and "Easybeat".

But at least "Valvehead" was a variation on "Baba O'Riley", and "Why Diamonds" finished with a rolling electric piano break of some distinction. "Don't Split Your Levi's Janet" was (I hope) a satirical stab at The Stranglers' sexist songs, with Perkins doing a passable imitation of the Cornwell snarl.

But despite the white wall of noise they continually pumped out, their sound was weedy and without any soul. They also made the fundamental error of trying to regain the waning attentions of the audience by playing louder and faster.

I don't normally remain coolly dispassionate throughout a rock gig, but I managed it that night.

Neil Norman

Advertising

Bedford College

The low-ceilinged Small Hall is far from packed. You need an IQ of about 200 to find the way in, but those students who have turned up are standing in rows like stuffed turkeys, gawping, drinking and occasionally tapping a toe, as students are wont to do in their wilder moments.

Onstage, sweating, are the real turkeys, Advertising, in the middle of their latest comeback to live gigging.

They needn't have bothered, really. They're better on record. (You can turn them off). The myth says if it's trivial it must be OK. Horseshit. Tonight, so far as I'm concerned, Advertising are eminently trivial but rarely OK. Their songs are light and catchy, but don't catch *me*. Their lyrics might be witty and clever, but *I* think they're just smart-ass. For I take a jaundiced view.

The truth is, this job is *difficult*. You need skill, energy and versatility. Advertising don't have the latter — two guitarists who also play one-handed keyboards are inadequate substitutes. For ten minutes or so, they're amusing; then their determined chirpiness becomes wearing. And their set is distressingly uniform — the new songs resemble the old songs, and the old songs just sound old.

The audience, after talking amongst themselves for most of the set, stridently demand two encores. But it's not significant, they just want their money's worth, as audiences will. Advertising show no sign of transcending the limits of a genre which is usually exhausted after three songs. A pop group who have little to offer except a slick irony must have very little faith in pop.

To think I missed James Brown for a bunch of idiots who not only admire Petula Clark and hope to appear on the Eurovision Song Contest, but actually *sound* like they admire Petula Clark and hope to appear on the Eurovision Song Contest. Life can be so cruel.

Graham Lock

Swift

The Plough

Jazz-rock isn't fashionable at the moment, but Swift could change that.

They're nearer jazz than rock — but funky, exciting and immensely versatile. They're also the most brilliant musicians I've heard on the pub circuit.

Brendan O'Neill (drums), Hugh Johns (piano), John McCullough (bass) and Lawrence Dundas (guitar) have been together for three years, and their experience shows in some marvellous rhythmic interplay, particularly on "The Long March" and "Mizpah".

Pete Thomas (saxes, flutes) joined only six months ago, but contributes some good sax and writes a couple of the numbers — notably "Peckham Pig" and the furious stop-start rhythms of "The Hard One".

Other highlights were Hugh's piano solos, building crescendo upon crescendo; John's absurdly beautiful bass solo on "Viva Freelimo" and Brendan's consistently superb drumming.

If you like jazz, or simply good music, make sure you see them. What else can I say except an appreciative *wow?*

Graham Lock

Agony Column

Rock Garden

Onto a recent upsurge of band names under the

Do you ever feel like hiding your face?

For you: a few clear hints on getting to the spot.

When you've got spots, naturally your face is something you'd rather hide.

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Probably you've heard a lot of advice. Probably you've tried many things – liquids, creams, soaps, ointments, diets, you name it.

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Maybe we can clear the way a little with a few straightforward tips that might be just the answer for your particular skin.

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This could be the day you should try Propa P.H. – the clear, medicated lotion that's America's best-seller.

2.

Don't dodge. Stay with it, and give the product a chance to help you.

3.

Be kind to your face in other ways. Like with good cleansing, fresh foods, exercise, fewer fats: they can all help.

4.

There's nothing that will give you a perfect complexion *overnight*. But, used properly, Propa P.H. often shows a real improvement on spots and blackheads within 3 days.

5.

Waste no time. Ask at your chemist for Propa P.H. Use it as instructed on the bottle. And get to the spot, fast.

"abstract" banner (Punishment Of Luxury, Performance Anxiety, Joy Division, et al), tack on — but loosely — that of Agony Column.

Their master-plan is a total success — they do actually read like an agony column, every number being an expose of anguish, about as black and white, flat and consistently drab as newsprint, to which readers/listeners can react with feelings that veer between sympathy and disdain.

But their second master-plan, Agony Column as entertainment, fails to make the grade. The band come over solely as a platform for the stilted mime, distracted lyrics and neurotic soul-baring of their frontman Malcolm Raeburn.

The less orthodox their arrangements are (verging on Wire/XTC) the more they work against their music, with strings of jibbering rhythms falling apart at the seams and leaving the vocals floundering in mid-air.

On the other extreme, they finish with a bunch of speeded-up standard rock patterns, "Sometimes For You" and "Mister Sister", that are only moderately rousing by being undeniably banal.

That said, which admittedly doesn't leave them much breathing space, there were intermittent glimmers of hope in "Life Is Motion" (with Raeburn slating the "stationary sods" out front), and "Love Is A Blanket Expression", where they managed to hit on a rare balance of heavy backing, immediate warmth and really strong, memorable chorus lines.

Much as their lyrics suit a minimal backing, they still put across an under-rehearsed garage-band sound — which might lend itself to the breeze-block acoustics of London's Rock Garden but wouldn't be half as endearing on a larger stage.

They left me with the feeling, as all agony columns tend to, that planet earth is nothing but a lukewarm breeding ground for repression, mania and wholesale bum deals, and we'd all be well-advised to hoof it elsewhere before the cosmos crumbles to dust.

Mark Ellen

Charlie Ainley

Dingwalls

Little Known Factoid Dept.: Charlie Ainley and his Wide Boys revived the EP with "Watusi" in '73. Since then he's been with Shakin' Stevens, made a US-only album and toured there.

Three nights in Liggersville, Camden Town, seems an inappropriate re-launch for Mr. A's unassuming talent, but he rides it well.

The band is more than the pricey bunch of pros it appears. Barring Paul Martinez, Chas Hodges' replacement on bass, they all played on Ainley's new album "Bang your door". It shows.

Video monitors pander to the bar-propppers, so any attention's earned. An even-featured, uncharismatic figure, Ainley relies on his voice and the commitment and cohesion of the musicians behind him. It's enough — just about.

The singer recalls Steve Marriott, minus the pantomime blackface, but lacking equally the Artful Dodger's awesome — and still unrealized — potential. However, he occasionally achieves a huskiness that's pure Ainley and juggles the standard rock components successfully in his songs.

Howie Casey (of Macca fame) is one of three under-used brass, Helen Chapelle and Vicky Brown ("38 and she looks like *that*" — a member of China Street) do the Sweet Inspirations just fine, but Richard Worthy's the pick.

Hopelessly uncool — a sort of Reggie Perrin with sidies — the former Wide Boy is a master of traditional guitar styles, from the hard-riffing "Doctor" to the contemporary Carl Perkins of "Trouble With The Law". On "Pig Farm Blues", he invokes both the Johnny Burnette and Yardbirds versions of "The Train Kept A-rollin' ". If he builds round Worthy and works on his lyrics, Charlie Ainley could have himself a going concern.

Harry George

Adam and The Ants

Marquee

"They're the only *real* punk band left," an ardent Adam and The Ants supporter told me. "They're the *only* ones who've stuck to the small club circuit and their Kings Road followers."

Indeed the Ants' loyalty to their original fans may be why they're still on the club run; but I doubt it. They're simply not good enough to graduate. The support band Local Operator aren't likely to go much further either. They tediously plodded through some early '77 punk, while the audience chatted amongst themselves.

Adam and The Ants were greeted by a roar of approval, flying glasses and fists as they went into three almost identical numbers which were obviously old favourites with the clientele. Having had the same followers since they first tottered onstage at The Man In The Moon, they needed no introduction. And it was tough luck for those who weren't familiar with the band.

Instrumentally they're fairly proficient in that they keep time; and if they'd just started out there'd be hope for them. But for God's sake they've been going for *two* years.

Their music ranges from monotonously fast heavy rock to deathly slow funereal rhythms with Adam Ant's vocals as flat as the music. The band members don't put much into it either. Matthew Ant on guitar and bassist Andrew Warren are perfunctory and Adam aimlessly cavorts around his microphone, once going over to Matthew's mike to harmonise on "Boil In The Bag Man" (who's a cliche now?).

"Press Darlings" was their best number. Neither as grating nor as monotonous as the majority of their songs, they actually have something to say with Adam Ant loudly protesting about the injustices to him in print. At least he sings this with conviction and even Warren glared angrily from behind his beautifully coiffured fringe.

Towards the end the band woke up and the audience pogoed ecstatically, brandishing the steel combs which the management's search had failed to reveal.

A new one called "The Day I Met God" was greeted enthusiastically, and their set improved as Adam crooned about being *"carried away"*; but not before they presented their one and only single "Young Parisian", and the final encore "Be My Guest".

But let's face it they're just *not* going to make it. Punk's dying, and Adam and the Ants are dying with it.

Deanne Pearson

JAPAN. Pic: DENIS O'REGAN

Japan through narrowed eyes

Japan

Music Machine

When the dust has settled, the dry ice diffused, and the last wisp of peroxide locks has left the stage, all that can be said about Japan amid hoots of derisive mirth is that they're just *exquisitely* awful.

Computed on an instant panel, their presentation is near-immaculate, their 'star quality' tragically high; but a tentative tap on the door marked 'material content' finds them permanently out to lunch.

For the uninitiated, the band are a skilfully hand-picked bunch of chintzy waifs whose leisure hours are equally divided between the blow-wave salon and the cosmetics counter. Three of them look like New York Dolls, the other two like less-painted members of Kiss: an image they defend as a brave new stance.

But as the initial slot for ambi-sexual romp was created and filled by the Dolls several years ago, you could hardly call it new; and, as shown by their boundless sense of compromise, it's not exactly brave either.

Six months back, Japan were dragging a listless heavy rock show round the circuit, studded with pretentious tripe from their debut album "Adolescent Sex".

Their present set now sees them flirting with reggae and funk in a new-found guise of 'political awareness'. At first it seems a welcome move away from their original bass-heavy, slogging onslaught, but soon appears to be the shortest, safest and most effortless pretext for their outlandishly weedy stage presence.

It's appallingly superficial, it blatantly conflicts, and hopefully, no-one takes it seriously.

The music is just as conflicting.

"Rhodesia" favours a metallic, clinical dub rhythm, a funk bass/drum pattern and an ill-fitting space synthesizer and heavy rock guitar. Vocalist Dave Sylvain's disregard for rhythm ensures that his catarrhal dronings reduce the whole chebang to a mincing electric death march.

Likewise "Love Is Infectious" — where layers of unconnected jarring sounds are stacked up under more glutenous vocal drooling — is just a mass of chaotic noise.

Japan serve the one useful purpose of highlighting the worst, most synthetic and misdirected aspects of rock. Their acceptance in New York clubs is a tribute to their chichi, glamour posing; and in Japan (the country) to a music-starved sense of patriotic delusion.

In Britain, it can only be a matter of minutes before someone *really* takes them to the cleaners.

Mark Ellen

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From previous page

The idea of Thursday's selection, more so than the other two nights, was, presumably, to represent a cross-section of "great British music", and proved an unmitigated disaster.

Of the maximum three and a half thousand turn-out, shivering in sub-arctic conditions, Lindisfarne pulled the Geordie-sympathisers in their late 20s, John Miles pulled the mid-teens contingent, Frankie Miller pulled a few pints, and no-one knew The Rubettes were even on the bill.

Aah . . . **The Rubettes** — they were lousy, but they did it in *style*.

The four well-scrubbed lads churned out a series of glossy, bouncy medium chart hits and age-old covers, crooned in nasal yankee tones, and all firmly in the mould of American country pop.

"Let's pretend we're having fun," they suggested warmly, before rooting, fingers delicately poised in lugholes, for a dreadful accapella version of Neil Young's "After The Gold Rush". The drummer then stepped down to play guitar, completely cocking it up, and the curtains began to close before they'd even started their last number.

All in all, it was a catastrophe, and by far the most entertaining act all night.

Next, a decidedly boozed **Frankie Miller** swayed onto the stage.

Apart from Johnny Nash's "I Can See Clearly Now", the band set about vibrating the superstructure with cascades of badly-balanced, thick-eared R 'n' B. Whatever his Otis Redding/Joe Cocker vocal style, he just hasn't one ounce of charisma as a performer, and if his idea of a great comeback is to bawl out a merciless, plodding version of Lennon's "Cold Turkey", his days could be severely numbered.

The new-look **John Miles** followed, minus curls, plus moustache — a kind of albino Dicky Betts, for a selection of soft-focus, pristine, living-room rock with fireworks.

At least he was well-lit, well-balanced, and had the advantage of a fine voice and a clear, if unadventurous, guitar style. Still, the very last of his genuine rock pretentions are now engulfed in a hazy, mock-celestial pose that finds him frequently showered by strobe sunbursts while tinkling on the keyboards, and ensures that *Jackie* readers will gum his photo to their bedroom walls.

And so to **Lindisfarne,** mumbling things like "Eeee, it's a bit bloody parky in 'ere", and playing "bum-shufflers for the ladies in the audience". Roughly translated, this means dredging up an endless rack of one-time hits, and failing to inject any instant nostalgia into them for those too young to remember, by playing with zero enthusiasm and even less conviction.

I'd like to have stayed for "Fog On The Tyne," but I just couldn't last the distance.

M.E.

For the final day in this fantasy series, where a mixture of has-beens and want-to-be-spread-thinly-with-jam played exact spiritless sets for "connoisseufs" and irate adults, I turned up a little late.

But let me tell you, what wafted through entrances 22 and 23 as I entered was not attractive. **Nick Van Eede** sang (pornographically caressed) "Stairway To Heaven", so that gets rid of him, and the **Movies** were politely bland, so that gets rid of them. Or at least until a distinguished colleague fairly analyses their class, discovering that if you gurgle at Dire Straits, you'll cry for the Movies.

Obviously, when Mel Bush (and Capital Radio) talk about Great British Music, they're ostensibly concerned with cordial m.o.r. entertainers who could jam with Basil Brush without any objecting too much.

Adjusting my perspective accordingly, I responded positively to the personality vigour of **The Real Thing.** This means I crossed and uncrossed my legs at two-minute intervals.

But imagining I was staring numbly at a widescreen TV set I was almost intrigued by the part-nourishment mostly-waste-product tingling funkzak of Real Thing as they confidently bubbled and eased through a scented set of hits and things, exposing themselves all but physically.

The 'discerning' audience were willingly lifted into Real Things' unreal and impermanent world. Rows and rows of quivering dolls smiled and clapped. They were needed more each day, apparently.

The four happy soliciting Liverpudlians, backed by five well-intentioned musicians, without a worthwhile pair of trousers between them, sang smoothly to an undoubted professional triumph. Bells could be heard; they threw hats to the audience. I was expecting Tina Charles to come on and sing a song, but she never did.

The Rich Kids followed — Uriah Heep fed through a Poly Styrene fantasy. They were an embarrassment.

"You've had some pop. You've had some funk, now you're gonna get a hell of a racket!" Exclaimed Midge Ure, helpfully. Oh, if only it were true.

Sharp boys, they're the soft boys. Are they real? They looked like a tube of smarties, played like a well sucked pineapple chunk, and went down like a one-minute egg. They didn't wear good trousers, and that's the kind of thing you're led to expect from the Kids.

It you only but knew it, **David Essex** is a genius — his work saturated with metaphysical menace and terrifying platitudes, concerned with deviants and decadence.

What one finally misses in his work, however, is the ability to modify his romanticism (in which he over-indulges himself under the disguise of linguistic gusto) or his sense of fun (which spills over into facetiousness). But this performance proved once and for all that he is the missing link between David Cassidy and Peter Gabriel.

The set was well paced and well played. Typically, Essex has assembled a fine collection of session musicians as if in honest appraisal of the incompleteness of his songs, the paleness of his voice. The Real Thing, mixed and used well, strengthened Essex's chummy, small vocals.

Essentially, he doesn't need to exert himself — at Wembley 7,000 girls actively adored him. And he does care. I thought he'd lost his perception for controlled rock theatre, but that was just me being spiteful.

The group is allowed a lot of scope and attention — the balance probably working against Essex. He knows that, and he knows that with this group he could hardly fail on any level. "Rock On" was memorable — throbbing, bleating, Alan Wakeman's sax agitated and adventurous, Phil Palmer's guitar clipping and poking. Even Essex sounded good — the Real Thing doing a careful, crucial job.

The sound all night was inventive and tense, genuinely idiosyncratic rock music. Wakeman and Palmer were given space and used it, drummer Barry De Souza pressed and pulled neatly and young bassist Herbie Flowers was as cute and deceptively unsteady as ever.

I don't know whether to believe myself, but it was a hard, rarely flimsy set that no other similar entertainer would have had the courage or desire to bother with. Essex deserves respect. He even (sure it was more the bands superiority than Essex's adequacy) overcane the limitations of the venue. Few could do that.

He had the worst pair of trousers of the night — his groin was like a packet of boiled sweets, his thighs like wads of cotton wool — but he triumphed.

P.M.

Cafe Jacques

Edinburgh

While interest is chiefly being focused on bands evolving out of the New Wave spawning ground, Cafe Jacques are an interesting example of older musicians whose delayed entry into the marketplace now offers some of the most arresting and satisfying 'mainstream' rock around.

Possibly *the* definitive marriage of rock and funk, their multi-layered songs are clever and complex yet possess enough honest muscle to retain immediacy and offset their lack of direct appeal.

Powered forward by the rhythm section of hard hitting busy drummer Mike O and new bassist Keith Wilkinson, the upfront aggression is supplied by guitarist Chris Thomson, whose distinctive throaty vocals add much to the atmosphere they evoke.

Rich textural variety is provided by some precise creative work from chief writer Pete Veitch on keyboards and their latest recruit, former Cado Belle guitarist Alan Darby. He's still slotting into existing structures, though he contributes some choice playing on the excellent "Dark Eyed Johnny".

Darby and the rest of the band best show their true inventive qualities on the new jam number, "The Riff". Its basic simplicity and funky directness offer an enjoyable contrast and allow some accomplished but disciplined musicianship to flow through.

The rest of the set is a good balance between old and new.

There are favourites from the first "Round The Back" album, such as Mike O's "Meaningless" and the dramatic closer "Lifeline"; the recent single "Boulevard Of Broken Dreams", and modern material from the forthcoming "International" album. These range from the aggression of "Can't Stand Still" and "Knife Edge" to the romanticism of "Station Of Dreams", with a touch of humour on the "No Hoovers" medley.

Cafe Jacques' lyrics are rich man's rock'n'roll: visions of international jetsetting and martinis on hotel balconies, fast cars and ski resorts, tuxedoes and cocaine. Yet they're not decadent smoothies, and the intriguing undertones of gangster violence and back alley dirty deeds are never far away.

The unfortunate appearance of a stripper for "Sandra's A Phoney" provides an unexpected low point in the evening: it's a gratuitous, offensive and totally unnecessary cheap thrill. It's a weak song anyway and the incident effectively destroys the increasingly impressive momentum, leaving the band to start from scratch with only two numbers left.

This stupid and deplorable episode aside, the time is right for the sophisticated vigour and melodic rhythms of Cafe Jacques: a band who for once really can lay claim to a unique sound.

Ian Cranna

Pennie Smith

Deafened by volume/stupefied by drugs/comatose with boredom. Delete that which applieth not.

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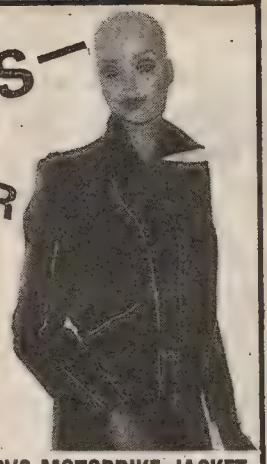

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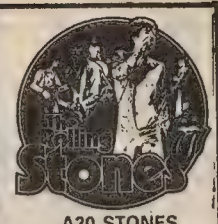

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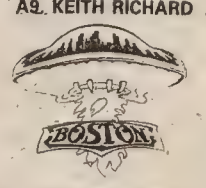

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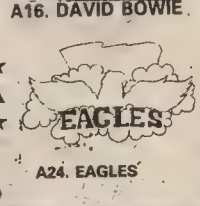

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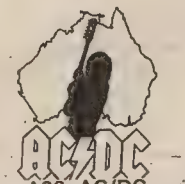

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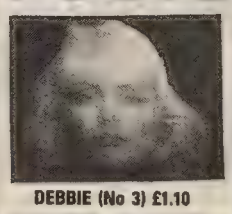
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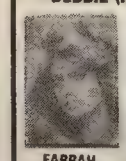
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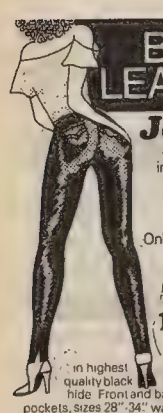

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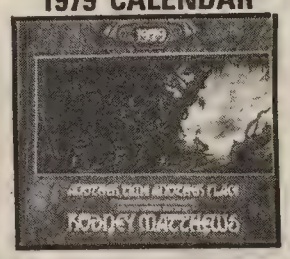

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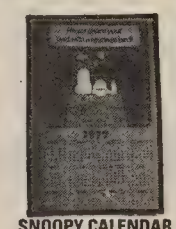
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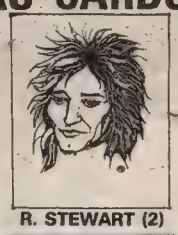
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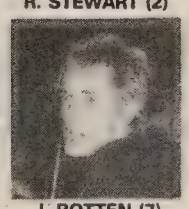
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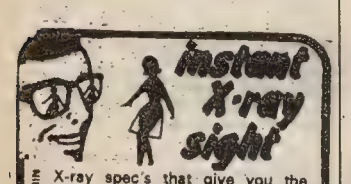

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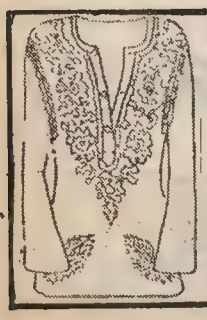

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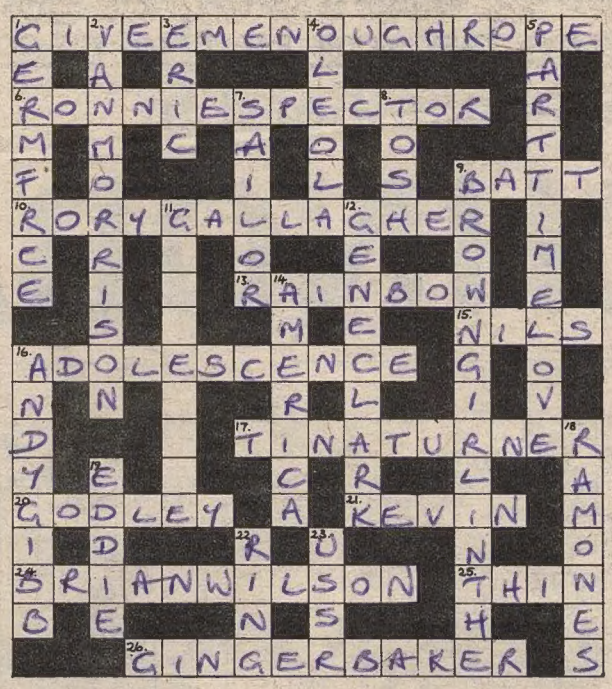

ACROSS

1 The Sound of the Westway, 1978 style (4,2,6,4)
6 Ronettes vocalist who marred loopy genuis Phil (6,7)
9 Mike, Womble-in-Chief
10 Harry G Allegro (anag 4,9)
12 Venue/Band
16 As in Lofgren
19 See 1 down
21 Sexy half of the "River Deep Mountain High" partnership (4,6)
20 See 21
21 & 20 He and Lol Creme were the 5cc who left the mothership to go their own way
24 Brains low in (anag 5,6)
25 Skinny like Elizabeth!
26 He played drums to Eric's guitar and Jack's bass (6,5)

DOWN

1 & 16 across The Frantic Five's antisepticised 45 (4,4,11)
2 Ron, Ron, Mavis (3,8)
3 The Wreckless one
4 Rod Stewart's song for the Argentianian failures (3,3)
5 Elton's bit on the side! (4,4,4)
7 Roxy Music surrogates who had hits with "Glass Of Champagne" and "Girls, Girls, Girls" until their boat sprang a leak!
8 Reggae star in shot drama!
9 & 22 How could anyone forget the flipside of "Rivers Of Babylon"? (5,4,2,3,4)
11 Unorthodox form of communication used by Marvin Gaye on an old Tamla classic!
12 Member of original Byrds who went on to record albums with The Gosdin Brothers and Doug Dillard (4,5)
14 Country / Band
16 Younger bro' of the disco clan with the Midas touch (4,4)
18 Here's a cute one, crypto-fans: Eno reversing between a backwards planet produces Big Apple fun-punks!
19 First name of US rock legend killed in car crash at age 21
22 See 9 down
23 "Back In The . . . ." is reader N Kruschev's '60s fave rave.

ANSWERS NEXT WEEK. LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS BELOW.

ACROSS: 1 Dolly Parton, 6 "Blue", 7 Alex Harvey, 9 "Haitian Divorce", 10 Edgar Winter, 11 Sham, 13 Move, 14 (John) Entwhistle; 15 (Pink or Eddie) Floyd. **DOWN:** 1 "Da Ya Think I'm (Sexy), 2 "Love Bites", 3 "Pyjamarama", 4 Television, 5 Hugh Cornwell, 8 Cortinas, 11 "(Da Ya Think I'm) Sexy", 12 Mink (De Ville).

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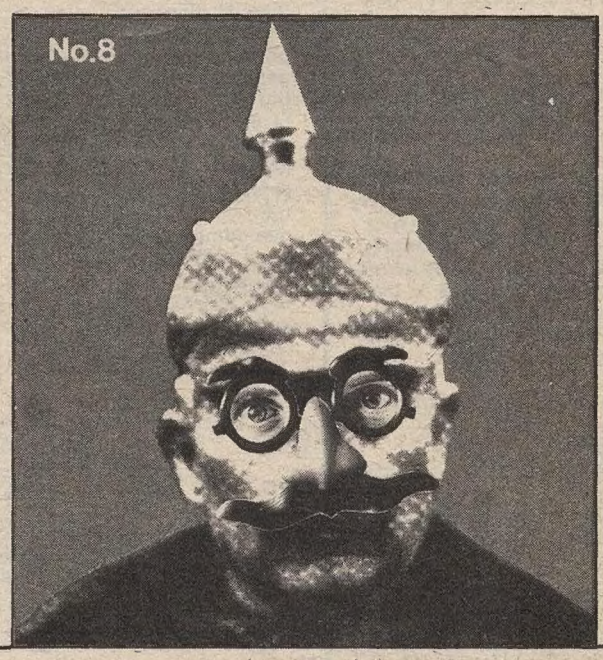
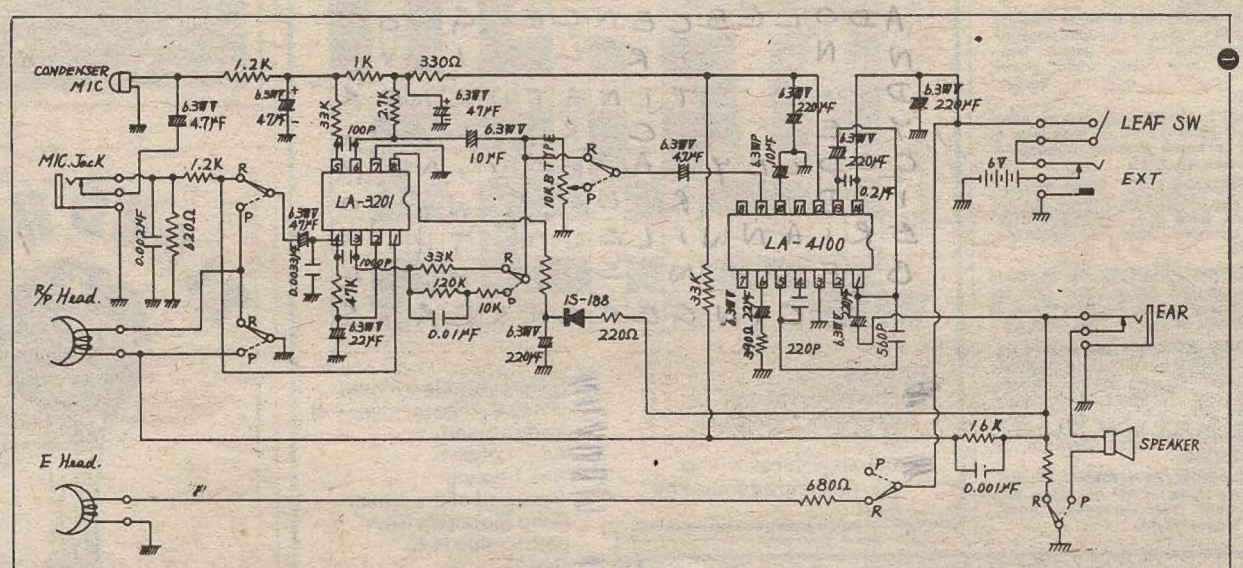


DISGUISE A KAISER
Cut out and keep this wacky picture, kids.
There are more to come and you could get lucky.

As thousands of readers roar out their rage and their pain, we at NME explain the difference between the old masthead and the new masthead in

TECHNOBAG



NEW MASTHEAD

Would you print a silly letter at the beginning of the Bag instead of hiding it at the end?
PHILIP (no address given)
No . . . no . . . not at all. Be my guest. Make yourself at home — CSM.

Is it too early to say that we hate your new masthead?
HORACE 'N' TIM, Leics.
Much too early. Try a bit later on down the page. — CSM.

Looking through the Bag, it seems that The Clash are coming in for a fair amount of stick. What is particularly striking about it all is the level of *naivety* in evidence and I feel a few points should be made about it.

Firstly, glib political sloganeering is (and has been) a fairly common occurence within rock music. Countless people have emerged as culprits (from the Stones' "Street Fighting Man" down to Chinnichap's "Teenage Rampage") yet strangely The Clash seem to be suffering the brunt of the criticism. In my view someone like Tom Robinson whose politics, unlike The Clash's, deal with *specific* political views, aims and desires *should* be taken to task. After all, The Clash do *not* actually tell anyone what to do (i.e. wear S.W.P. or R.A.R. badges) whereas Robinson, in a totally over-the-top, almost hysterical way, does.

Secondly, anyone who views (or viewed) The Clash and other "militant" bands as a viable alternative to the established (or establishment) bands was critically underestimating the power of (a) the music business and (b) money. In general, radical bands either mellow and get rich (as the Stones did), get beaten (as The New York Dolls or Sex Pistols did, whatever they may say!), or fade away. None really continue, or if they do, it is not in trips to the U.S. or producing Top 30 albums.

Thirdly, why attach so much importance to the stance and its viability? I don't know about anyone else but I find Strummer's lyrics difficult to penetrate at the best of times, it's still great music so why bother? In the same way though Pete Shelley's romantic leanings don't do a great deal for me I've bought both albums by Buzzcocks and have no complaints at all.

To sum up, partly through their own doing, The Clash seem in a bit of a dilemna. A lot of people want them to remain urban heroes and true punks. It's a worn-out stance, a dishonest stance, they try it, it falls to bits from time to time and then everyone gives them a good pasting.

For The Clash to be a well-above average rock band seems good enough for me. Why not everyone else?
R. ROBERTSON, no address given.
Maybe because The Clash's initial promise was to be more - than - just - a - rock - band - however - wonderful. Still, judging by early results from the *NME* poll, a large proportion of our fab readers would seem to agree with you. — CSM.

Can I be the first to say I don't like the new masthead?
JEREMY DOG-TURD, Edinburgh.
Sorry, mate. You've been scooped. (Oh well) . . . — CSM.

To all the miserable sods who say The Clash don't care about their fans let me say this: on Friday at the Derby gig me and my mate spoke to all the members of The Clash (you can stop the gasps of wow! and wuppeee! 'cos the Sluts, sorry Slits never spoke a word to us). I also got Paul Simenon and Nicky Headon to sign the cover of "Tommy Gun" and Joe Strummer tried his hardest to get us in to watch the soundcheck until a foreman said there was no way anyone was gonna get in before 7.30. Even so, after the foreman had buggered off Joe Strummer got our mate, who hadn't got a ticket, in for nothing.

If that's not caring what is? Print this so that The Clash know there are some fans in England who will stay fans of them for a long time to come yet.
CRAIG (A punk), Derby.
But on the other hand . . . — CSM.
Can I be the first to say I hate the new masthead?
SCROTE, Wisbech, Cambs.
First since when? — CSM.

I think a few inaccuracies (that's putting it mildly) are in need of correction, regarding the letter from Henry of RASAR *(NME 2/12/78).*

Of course, what else can one expect from Belfast's very own radical chic emporium? A cause to suit every taste, and the only place in town, my dears, to be seen perusing one's pseudo-left wing lit. (You'd love it, Julie).

Taking your letter point by point, Henry, yes, people do get kicked in occasionally by the RUC and soldiers. But I'd take my chances with them any day given the choice between them and the IRA or UDA, the so-called protectors of the people. People defending their rights to live? I live and work in a Republican area and my right to live has never been in need of defence from anyone except the IRA.

I got kicked in because I had Protestant friends, and when the IRA come collecting for funds door to door, if you dare refuse, you get a brick through your window. You can't even buy a tit mag as innocuous as *Playboy* on the Falls Road or in Andersonstown. But then these are minor problems compared with what happens if you are a dope smoker, or a homosexual, or any other practitioner of foul vices contrary to the puritanical Republican code. Somehow a bullet or a Black and Decker drill through the kneecaps for any of the above transgressions holds less appeal for me than being arrested by the cops or by the Brits. That's repression, Henry. *Real* repression.

The moronic peace of the now departed peace movement? Is any kind of Peace, especially in Northern Ireland, deserving of the tag moronic? The peace movement grew from one woman risking her life by standing alone on the Andersonstown Road asking for signatures protesting against the IRA for the death of three babies. And within one week she had done more to unify the two communities in the North than Unionists or Republicans had done in seven years.

Incidentally, they have not departed. They merely do not hold public gatherings any more. They are more active than ever, and doing things that you could never imagine, even in your wildest dreams. The thing is, these people try. They are far from total success, but all the same they do try.

And what they do to get the results they desire takes a lot more raw guts than sitting behind the counter dispensing your "more - socially - conscious - than - thou" literature and trendy sew-on badges.

As for the remark on fur coated (?) politicians, I agree completely, but to cite the Peace People as a cause of Sectarianism??? Are you blind, deaf and dumb as well as bigoted? Ask Betty Williams about the time five men and women kicked her unconscious on her own doorstep, for having the audacity to suggest anything as unthinkable as Catholics and Protestants living together.

Police state? The ghettoes of Falls and Shankill, Cregana and Bogside are the *real* fascist strongholds in this country, where people live under the iron rule of the "urban guerillas". You should see the style half the IRA men in Anderstown live in, and they don't even have jobs, yet they can run two cars and open shops and pubs.

You're rocking against State and Church repression? Rocking for survival? Rocking to mobilise yourselves? Well, why not rock against the gunmen while you're at it? Oh, but then Henry would get a hole in his kneecap wouldn't he?

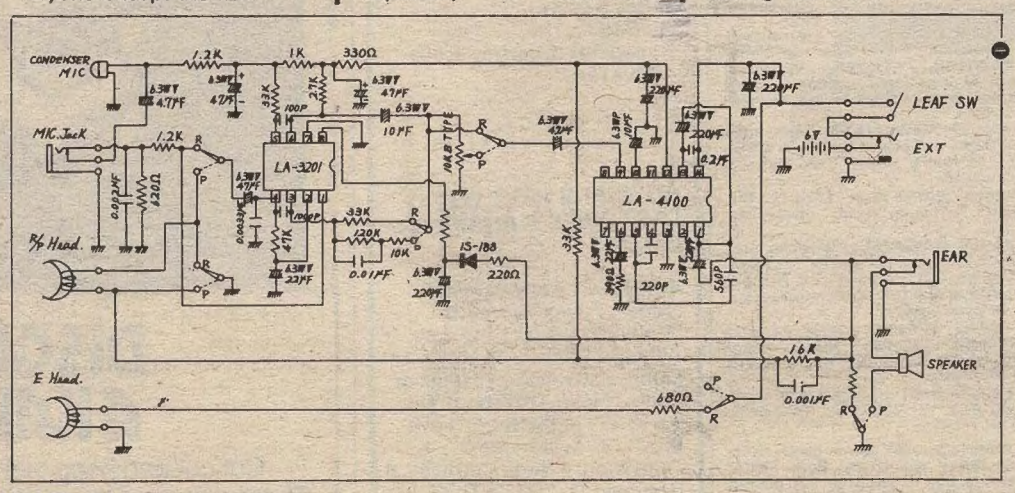
This isn't a game, for God's sake! It's for real. One cannot adopt pseudo leftist anti-establishment poses in this situation, it's far too serious. Your letter, Henry, is typical of the misinformed opinions of the Burchills and the Redgraves and thousands of others of their kind on topics such as this.

It's not people fighting against an oppressive state or regime. It's working class people like ourselves being exploited by the terrorists as as to keep the violence simmering at such a level, so as to create a mildly anarchic situation, which enables them to run their money spinning operations.

It's gone beyond any cause or political ideal than may have been here at the start, and everyone who thinks otherwise is living in another galaxy. I'm not taking sides, I'm just telling it like it is.

Musical footnote: A D.J. friend of mine was beaten up by "the boys" for playing Lennon's "Happy Xmas' War Is Over" at an Xmas disco. Repressive, eh Henry? Rock on m-a-a-a-a-a-n!

Somewhere on this page is concealed a letter from a person in Truro who takes this man seriously. Pic: MICK ROCK.



OLD MASTHEAD

JIMMY, Belfast. (Yes, I am afraid to print my full name).
To Phil McNeill (we won't put "Dear" because we certainly don't think you're that): how dare you call Queen "one of the more unwelcome relics of the ogre battle"? They are not "glitter slags" either. Why do you bastards always slam Queen? Is it because of Freddie's outburst of bad language at Wembley this year, in which he said you were all "a load of fucking wankers" which no doubt you are. How come then if the album is supposed to be so bad, that it is No. 2 in the Radio One chart? "Mustapha" is really different and you still give Queen a bad review. The album is nothing like "News Of The World" — in fact it is a hundred times better. Why don't you listen to Queen's album a few more times instead of listening to it just once? You can't judge an album on one hearing and I'm sure that's what you did. Queen are not in the business for the money. They really care about their fans — and their fans care about them — which is more than we can say for the filthy gobbing punks. So next time there's a new Queen album out don't bother to review it at all.
FREDDIE'S No. ONE FAN, Truro.
Yeah, the rest of us thought Phil'd been to easy on Queen as well. — CSM.

May I say, before the myth that I "tried to have the Hot Gossip Dancers banned from the telly" becomes irretrievably established, that I did no such thing at any time.

The fact of the matter is that this Association complained of the inclusion of one particular dance sequence — prostitutes, including one dressed as a child — during an early evening programme.

One letter of complaint was sent privately to the producer of the Head of Light Entertainment at Thames TV. It was then used as a publicity gimmick by Kenny Everett.
MARY WHITEHOUSE, National Viewers And Listeners Association, Surrey.

A Tribute
So
Farewell
Mr Case Jazz Scribe extraordinaire
Here's well to
the young
Mineer Tho'
Your columns were not
always decipherable twas
fun
trying to understand
Brian Case an
Unusual name not
unlike Briony Chase a
small backstreet in Stoke
I
wonder if
it
will rain when
he
Leaves.
THE DUMMY E. J. THRIBB, Somewhere near Richard Ingrams, Chester, Cheshire.
It has, squire. It has. — CSM.

Do you need a speed-reading course to understand Tony Parsons?
AMPHETA MIN, Aberdeen.
Not bad for a Pict. Next? — CSM.

I've just seen The Clash at Bristol — can I be the first to start The Clash Backlash-Backlash?
RON WARZYNSKI (THE RENMANTS), Bristol.
Just as long as you don't say anything about the new masthead. — CSM.

Chief Engineer: CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY
The Bag, NME, 5-7 Carnaby St., London W1.

T-ZERS

As the Season Of Goodwill draws ever closer and the weather grows fouler and fouler by the minute, the encroaching chill has — by some kinda kaaaazmik paradox — awakened a new warmth in the frostbitten heart of *T-Zerz*. Yes, tiny frozen friends, this week we dedicate our column to the nice people of rock, those caring, sharing human beings who are alive to the new consciousness and who truly make this festering, squalid rock world of ours a nicer place to be. So warm your stiff blue digits with the pulsating comfort of *T-Zerz*, think nice thoughts and awaaaaaaaaaaay we go . . .

Let's start with those nice **Buzzcocks,** who have been busily collecting all the postage stamps from off their fan mail and donating them to *Blue Peter* to buy bicycles and medical kits for suffering mothers and babelings in Tanzania, which admittedly pales before the staggering generosity of weird, whacky, zany **Mike Oldfield,** who laid no less than £500 on 20-year-old **Celia Merryweather** to help finance a trip to explore the Indonesian jungles. In turn, both these acts are eclipsed by a decision taken by one **Vernon Presley** of Memphis, Tennessee, United States, Planet Earth, Universe, etc., who has placed a collection box by the grave of his son **Elvis** so that passers-by and well-wishers can participate in the horrendously expensive task of paying for the upkeep of said grave. After all, poor ol' Vern needs all the help he can get . . .

Our Achiever Of The Week award goes to **Caroline Kennedy,** offspring of the well-known dead President of the same name *(I don't remember a President Caroline—Ed)* who has lost no less than 20 lbs of ugly flesh in the last few weeks (anybody finding the missing 20lbs please contact *T-Zerz* immediately) and thereby hangs a tale. Caroline also qualifies as Sufferer Of The Week, because her weight loss was so drastic that she kept waiting outside New York's maxichic Studio 54 disco for almost ten minutes before anybody recognised her and let her in. See: no matter how bad a time you think you're having, there's always someone worse off than you somewhere . . .

We here at *T-Zerz* bet that Caroline Kennedy wouldn't change places with those lovable wastrels **Steve Jones** and **Paul Cook** ("the real hellraisers of the **Sex Pistols**", etc., etc) who are e'en at this very moment (synchronise watches, kids) rehearsing with (wait for it, gasp) a new singer who, claim the Dramatic Duo, is "better then **Rotten**". We hope they defer the announcement of his identity (at present mysterioso) so that wa can continue to spread the entirely spurious rumour that the man in question is ex-Roller **Les McKeown.** Meanwhile, in their other identites as members of **Phil Lynott's** on-again-off-again--on-again-fall-over band **The Greedy Bastards,** Steve and Paul will be playing several dates in Eire in December with none other than **Elton John** guesting (maybe he's the new Pistols singer. Nahhhhh, couldn't be. Could it?) . . .

Steve and Paul's old pal **Sid Vicious** got interviewed on *Nationwide* last week (not saying a lot, according to Our Man At Home In Front Of The Telly When He Should Have Been At Work), and the prog also featured **Malcolm** "Legs" **McLaren** singing **Max Bygraves'** "Hands" in a disgusting checked suit (not-as executives of EMI, A&M and Virgin would have thought — a suit made out of cheques). This latter spectacle was an excerpt from the legendary boring movie *The Great Rock And Roll Swindle* . . .

GETS ITSELF TOGETHER IN A STUDIO IN STOCKHOLM

. . . Abba's, to be precise. T-Zers locates the long lost LED ZEPPELIN in Sweden, where they are recording their new album at Abba's Polar Studios. Zep go Eurobeat? El Zeppo have also been spotted perusing Messrs Duane Eddy and Jerry Lee Lewis in concert as well as propping up the bar every night in the boozer round the corner from Polar. Local rumours have it that album will be a lo-o-ong time coming. Pic: STEFAN WALLGREN.

And a seasonal dream come true: **Bob Marley,** World's Best-Known and Best-Selling Rastafarian, finally gained a visa to visit Ethiopia after being turned down two years ago. Bashful Bob, on holiday in Kenya with his manager **Don Taylor,** made it across the border just in time for the Civil War. Just goes to show that his entire life doesn't consist of Babylon-By-Bus . . .

This'll kill ya (heh heh): **Sylvester's** next major project is nothing less than the first disco opera, and the whole ghastly shebang opens up off off Broadway (so far off Broadway it'll probably be in New Jersey) early next year. It features such an extravagant laser display that the entire audience will have to watch the show wearing special protective goggles (which is probably the best way to watch Sylvester, anyhow) . . .

Also requiring protective goggles (according to early reports) is the new **Bowie** movie *Just A Gigolo* previewed in *Thrills* page 11) and considering that the soundtrack features three new'n specially recorded numbers by **Manhattan Transfer,** ear-muffs are also recommended . . .

Hold on: our Generosity Desk reports that **Stranglers** manager **Ian Grant** donated autographed copies of his charges' various elpees to Littlehampton Village Fete. "No More Heroes" was won by a village copper . . .

Fresh from the announcement of his upcoming productorial triumph with the **Tom Robinson Band** and his London gigs, **Todd Rundgren** will be applying his talents as cosmic cosmetician to the new **Patti Smith** album, which will include such songs as "Frederick", "Revenge" and "Seven Ways Of Going." Meanwhile, Patti's drummer **J. D. Daugherty** is pounding the traps in the studio for **Tom Verlaine,** and **Lenny Kaye** is preparing his second volume of "Nuggets" for Mer Records . . .

More hot garf from the incest capital of the world (New York, dummies): ex-Doll **Sylvain Sylvain** (currently playing in ex-Doll **David Johansen's** band) currently having his demo tapes considered by Blue Sky Records, while ex-Doll **Arthur Kane** has joined ex-Doll **Jerry Nolan's** new band **The Idols.** Ex-Doll **Johnny Thunders** was not available for comment and ex-Doll **Billy Murcia** is dead . . .

Meanwhile a familiar word to *T-Zerz* fans), the same fair city will be subjected to a four day stint at the Bottom Line from the "Be Stiff" package (minus **Mickey Jupp,** who's in an outgoing **David Bowie**-type non-flying situation) starting December 15; the whole event co-sponsored by radio station WNEW (say it fast in a deep voice) and the Mayor's office. It seems that Stiff are donating greenbacks to help fill in some of the potholes (or speedholes or smackholes) in the Big Apple's rotting sidewalks . . .

"In 'ere Bill — dontcha remember?" BILLY IDOL receives instructions on use of mike from helpful passer-by on Gen X's return from Zeplike lo-o-ong lay-off. Pic: MIKE STONE.

Debbie Blondie appears this month on the cover of *Cosmopolitan* (says our reporter at home reading women's magazines when she should be at work cutting up pop stars) and inside she states that she doesn't make any money out of all those posters of her but she wishes she did and that she's "always been followed by perverts. Always the sick kind. In public places, flashers. I remember once when I was a child. It was at the zoo and I was with my mother. This man came over and whipped open his coat. Disgusting." Yeah, know yer audience, Deb, that's what we always say except when we're saying . . .

Meanwhile, **Ringo Starr** has opened an art gallery in Rathbone Place, London but unfortunately he was prevented from attending the opening night on account of he didn't want to pay his UK taxes. The cuddly ex-Beatle is insulating himself from the sorrows of homesickness by making beautiful music *(about time too — Ed)* with lean lithesome actress **Shelley Duvall** . . .

Other pop stars involved in cultural ventures include **Cher,** who's just opened her very own Hollywood roller-skating rink called "Hell On Wheels" in simply downhome Hollywood, and proving that someone has a nice word for **Elvis Costello, Bebe Buell** ("I can count my lovers on the fingers of one hand") sez, "He's the most totally honest, upfront guy I've ever met. The thing is a real guy like Elvis is what I've always wanted." What she says about **Rod Stewart** we can't bring ourselves to repeat, though "D'ya Think I'm Sexy" is to be made available in the USA as a 12" disco single, playing no trifling 8 or 10 minutes, but a marathon 23 minutes. Our man at the movies dropping popcorn on the people in the stalls below reports that *They Shoot Horses Don't They?* was filmed in 1969 . . .

Knock knock: at a promotional playback party for the **Jimmy Morrison / Doors** album "An American Prayer" held in Philadelphia, Elektra invited along a medium and held an impromptu seance to try and contact Jimbo. All that happened was a loud explosion and a black cat jumping down from behind a large photo of the man. Jim Morrison is alive and well and running a small bistro on the left bank of the Seine. *(Oh no he's not — Astral Ed)* . . .

Meanwhile (as they say in Akron), those ex-**Doors** not currently running bistros on the Seine (well, guitarist **Robbie Krieger** and drummer **John Densmore)** were in Dingwalls checking out **The Retainers** (a **Kokomo** offshoot) when who should they run into but **Phil Lynott, Steve Jones** and **Paul Cook.** A few wets were consumed and a jam was mooted, The Retainers were approached (gear for the use of) and all was declared cool. However, someone forgot to inform The Retainers' drummer who packed up his traps and sodded off, and thus a jam potentially as magnificent and memorable as the one **Jimmy Page** had with **CSNY** in 1974 never took place.

Shaaaaaaaaame *(Pity about Bruce Forsyth — snickering Ed)*. . .

New heights of coloured vinyl excess achieved by West London reggae label Greensleeves' edition of **Dr Alimantado's** classic waxing "Best Dressed Chicken In Town" which comes directly from their hearts to you on chicken coloured vinyl. Good job it ain't a scratch'n'sniff cover . . .

LOWRY

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This week		Last week
1	PIL	5
2	Clash Police	3
3	Smirks against Travolta	6
4	Buzzcocks	9
5	The Jam	4
6	Love	1
7	Bites	2
9	999	—
10	X Ray Spex	—

New Releases

30p Drunk Punk

25p Tapper '76, African Herbsman, What you see it what you are, Gen X45, Rock against Xmas, Merry Wanna.

20p (I want) more rope, Sham 69, Cabaret Voltaire, Prag-Vec, Lightning Raiders, Pink Fairies Love, The Doomed, Spizz Oil, Germ Free, Kraftwerk, Tony Parsons, Julie Burchill.

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Patti Smith

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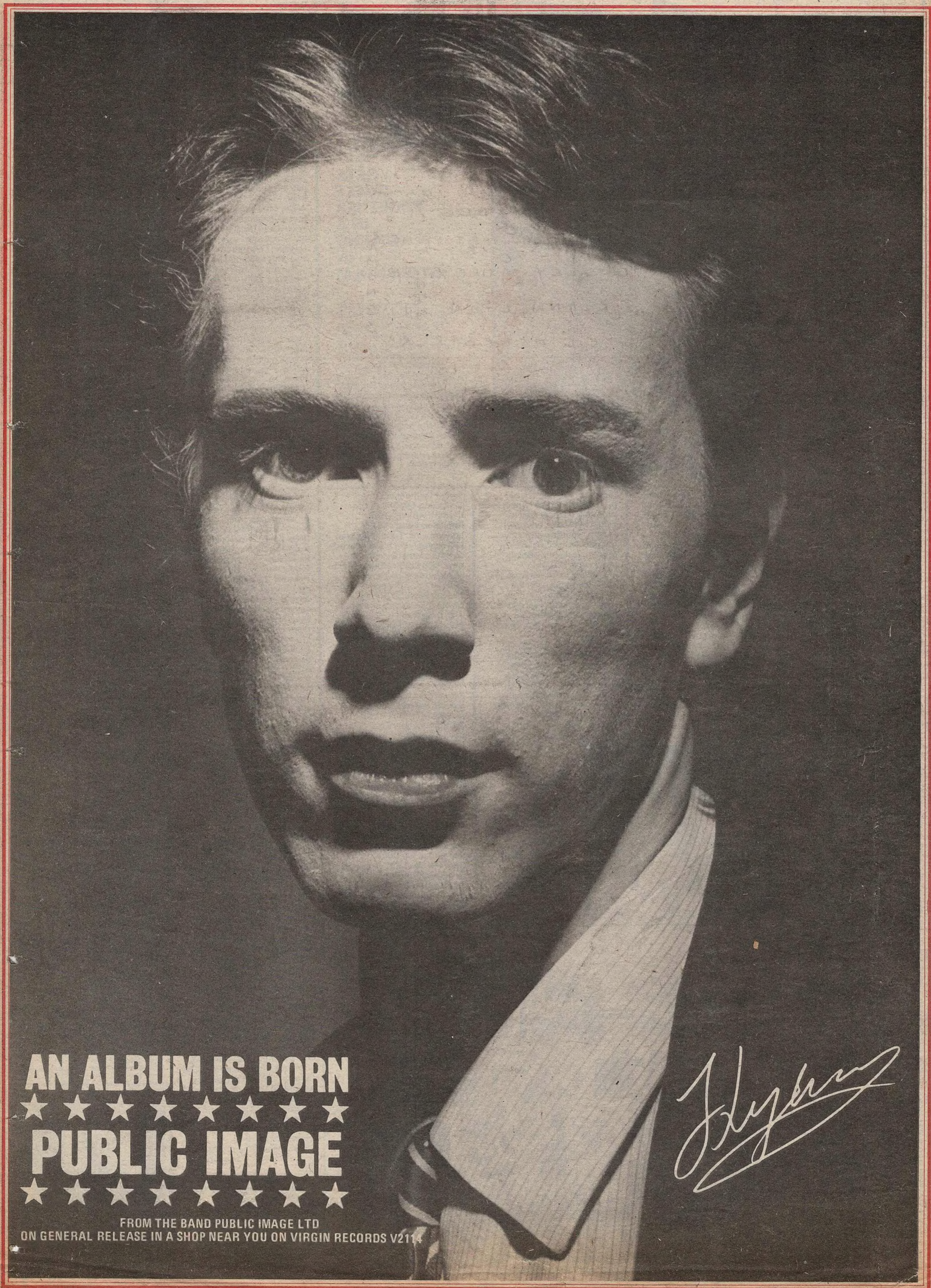
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